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THE ENGLISH

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EVAN MACCOLL,

Author of "Clarsach Nam Beann."

WITH

A Biographical Sketch of the Author,

By A. MACKENZIE, F.R.S.S.,

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A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE AUTHOR.*

EVAN MACCOLL was born on the 21st September, 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inveraray, Argyleshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Dugald MacColl, being one of them. The bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things; and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to

*Written for the *Celtic Magazine* of 1880, by its editor, Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Inverness, Scotland.

him singing Gaelic song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Bàn Macintyre, every line of whose compositions he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land, and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how, when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighbourhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his "Address to Loch Lomond;" his "Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe," which appeared in these pages; his "Loch Duich," and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Dugald MacColl, possessed of a manly presence, fine personal appearance and great natural intelligence, was received among, and lived on close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise quite inaccessible, for his children; for parish libraries in those days were things undreamt of. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal

of such books as Blind Harry's Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trenck's Autobiography, and other works of a similar character. He was descended from an old family—the MacColls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan—a small but heroic branch of the race of Somerled of the Isles. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so, at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of *Domhnull mor a Gharbh-choirre*—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowall—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her store of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and was withal thoroughly familiar with her Bible, and led a life of much active benevolence ; and for her memory the bard cherishes the most tender filial feelings and affection. She is also said to have been somewhat of an improvisatrice, and her leanings in this direction, coupled with her frequent exercise of the gift, give a bent and tone to the boy-mind which time, an ardent soul, and carefully directed thought have fully developed, if not perfected in the man.

John Mackenzie, in his " Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards," informs us that the poet's

" parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoymont of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth." Of the bard himself, with whom he was intimately acquainted, the same writer says :—" At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast." He " however greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home." The same author continues :—" His father, Dugald MacColl, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a

taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. MacColl bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works he was thus put in possession of were the 'Spectator,' 'Burns's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his coparishioners."

The means taken for the publication of this first effort, as related to us by the poet himself while his guest in Canada, is worth telling: The bards were not at the time held in high esteem in his native district, and this fact, of which he was well aware, coupled with the subject and nature of the song, made him unwilling to make it known even among his most intimate friends. He,

however, felt conscious that his effort possessed some small merit, and was anxious to submit it to the local critics, which he did in the following manner :—Taking into his confidence a young friend, who was an excellent song-singer, Evan taught him his first attempt, without however letting him so far into the secret as to name the author. The same evening a *ceilidh* " of lads and lasses " was held in the house of a poor widow who lived rent-free on the farm of Kenmore—that on which our bard was born—and Evan's friend engaged to sing the song during the evening, while the bard decided to remain outside, and hear, through the chinks and crevices with which the walls of the primitive domicile was pretty freely riddled, not only the singing of the song but the criticism which was sure to follow. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, waiting the result, which to him was of the utmost consequence. The song was sung ; it was received with loud and unanimous applause, and its unknown author, whom every one became anxious to discover, was praised without stint. Evan heard the whole ; he felt himself a bard, and became supremely happy, and the genius of which this was the first-fruit broke forth from that moment with the result so well known to the lovers of genuine poetry throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever Highlanders are located, and to all of whom the name of Evan MacColl is long since a household word.

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard,

in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account:—

"My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie of whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of, £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C the ab abs, and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I, in common with all little ones of similar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English version, mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for *our* First Book of Lessons! Our next was the Book of Proverbs, then the New Testament, and afterwards the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith's History of Rome, in the case of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift's writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm-book for such of us as might wish to attain to a know-

ledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get his hips soundly thrashed, You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not all of us then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make all trespassers on that rule carry on their breasts, suspended by a *gad* made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents, with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

"The nearest parish school being separated from my father's house by a considerable extent of rough moorland, which made his children's attendance there a thing scarcely to be thought of, it was lucky for me that, after picking up all the little knowledge possible at the school just described, my father, while on a visit to some relations in Appin, there fell in with and engaged as a teacher in our family a young man, to whom I am indebted for almost all the education, worthy of the name, ever received by me during my schoolboy days. My worthy tutor had been for several years a teacher under the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands, but was, at the time of making this engagement with my father, waiting for a promised situation as book-keeper in one of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch's estates in Jamaica, to which island, after a year spent with us, he went, and where within a period of two short years he died. Poor Alexander Mackenzie Macleod—for that was his name—was a man of rare, ripe Celtic scholarship—a man who well merited being held by me in most loving remembrance."

MacColl's mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive texture; and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, is his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day set apart for killing the "*Mullag-gheamhraidh*," or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food, to

him a day of special horror and anguish. On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the necessary proceedings were over, It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular littte knight-errant in the defence of his favourite wild-birds and their brood from the harrying propensities so common to most boys ; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be-despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted, we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "*Creag-a-gharaidh*," given to the public a few years ago, that

> These were the days a planet new
> Would joy its finder less than *there* I
> To find some blackbird's nest, known to
> Myself alone in Creag-a-gharrie.

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, MacColl was early trained to all the various duties and labour incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle, being, for many years, implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "Mairi Chreagh-a-gharaidh," the praises of which have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of

its spoils. And, further, his father, in addition to the labour demanded by the cultivation of his small holding at Kenmore, was seldom without a road contract of some kind, or another on hand, generally the making or repairing of roads within the policies of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray. During the last ten years of the father's residence in Scotland, before emigrating to Canada, in 1831, he held a contract for keeping a considerable stretch of the county roads in repair, to which he confined himself exclusively in that particular department. These repairs were usually carried on during the winter, and the bard and his brothers had to work along with the other labourers employed, thus making the whole year to them one unceasing round of hard and active labour. The bard was thus employed for several years—years however during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed.

When his father, accompanied by all the other unmarried members of his family, emigrated to Canada, Evan could not make up his mind to leave his native land, even to accompany those whom he loved above all others in the world—he having already secretly resolved that before following them, he would try to leave his countrymen at home something to be remembered by,—a poetic volume, in short, the materials for which were daily growing on his hands. How well he succeeded in his purpose remains now to be shewn.

His first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of *The Mountain Minstrel*, containing Gaelic songs and poems; and his earliest attempts in Eng-

lish. Though the name of MacLachlan and Stewart appears upon the title page, the work was entirely published at the risk of the Author. It was well received the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

During the next two years he wrote several new pieces both in Gaelic and English, and in 1838, the Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, published the Gaelic work now known as "Clarsach Nam Beann," containing all the Gaelic productions of the bard till that date. Simultaneously with the "Clarsach" the same firm brought out the first exclusively English edition of the *Mountain Minstrel*, the first edition of which, we have seen, was partly Gaelic and partly English. A second edition of this *Mountain Minstrel* was published in 1847, and another in 1849; but neither of these produced any great financial result to the author.

On the appearance of his two volumes in 1838, MacColl was hailed as a rare acquisition to Gaelic literature, and his right to stand in the front rank of modern Celtic bards was at once established and acknowledged. Of his *Mountain Minstrel* or "Poems and Songs in English," some of the best contemporary authorities in Britain wrote in the very highest praise.

The late Dr. Norman MacLeod, reviewing it in an Edinburgh paper, writes:—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work

is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and striking, images and comparisons so beautiful and original, feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man." Hugh Miller, says, in the *Inverness Courier*: "There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of MacColl, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song. Comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick and tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a webb of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius," Dr. Browne, author of "The History of the Highland Clans," noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote:—"Genius wherever it displays itself, constitutes nature's title of nobility, with heaven's patent right visibly stamped upon it, and thus levels all other distinctions. Here, for instance, we have it breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt,—one, who, obedient

to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions which external nature had kindled up in his bosom; and who, with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools, has thrown together in his *Mountain Minstrel*, more gems 'of purest ray serene' than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dulness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south."

This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of "Festus" and of the "Angel World." "There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the *Mountain Minstrel*, which seem to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume, are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

Our minstrel having thus established for himself a name which his countrymen "will not willingly let die" the time to leave his beloved Lochfyne-side, not for Canada, but England, at last drew near. For, having been in the spring of 1839, through the influence of Mr. Campbell, of Islay, then M.P. for Argyleshire, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native home an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so

often occupied his poetic mind, for a sphere of life which, with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes and feelings.

In 1850, the health of our bard having become somewhat impaired, he obtained six months' leave of absence to enable him to visit his friends in Canada, and at the same time recruit his overworked constitution. Shortly after his arrival there he happened to come in contact with an old friend of his father's family, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, then a member of the Canadian Government, and was by this distinguished countryman invited to transfer his clerkship in the Liverpool Customs for a somewhat better position at the time in the Provincial Customs of Upper Canada. Unfortunately for him, we think, he fell in with this friendly suggestion, and was shortly after, appointed to a situation at Kingston, a position in which he remained until 1880, when he was superannuated.

Promotion in the public service in Canada, being a matter almost entirely dependent on political influence,—and the Liberal party,—that to which MacColl owed his appointment, having, unfortunately for him, been left in the cold shades of opposition, with but a very short interval during the whole of his official life in that country, his portion at the "public crib" was never much to boast of. We suspect that a further barrier to his advancement lay in a suspicion that not a few of the political lyrics anonymously contributed from time to time to the Reform press, were from his pen. It is certain that the bard never pro-

fessed to be much of an admirer of his countryman Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative party there; and this being the case, he made it a point of honour never to solicit any favour at his hands. Yet, Sir John, who had it so often in his power to befriend him, can hardly be excused for not acting towards him in a more generous spirit than he seems to have done. It was hoped that when, in 1874, Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Liberal party, came into power, MacColl's well-established claims to promotion would result in some lucrative place being at once given him. A promise to that effect was cheerfully made; but yielding to political exigencies, Mr. Mackenzie delayed its fulfilment, more clamorous claimants having to be provided for,—while the bard, too modest to press his claims, and altogether too confident that the time would come when his patience would be amply rewarded, kept vainly trusting on until the upset of the Mackenzie government, in 1878, suddenly put an end to all his hopes of preferment.

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, whom we (on this side of the Atlantic) had almost permitted to die out of remembrance, but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard, of no mean powers himself; for it is not often that one poet can be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a Biographical Sketch, written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson's work on the Scottish Bards, published a good many years ago, by the Harpers, of New York.

"MacColl," writes Sangster, "is considerably past the middle of life, but bids fair to weather the storm of existence for many years to come. In private life he is, both by precept and example, all that could be desired. He has an intense love for all that is really good and beautiful, and a true, and manly scorn for all that is false, time-serving, or hypocritical; there is no narrow-mindedness, no bigotry in his soul. Kind and generous to a fault, he is more than esteemed, and that deservedly, by all who properly know him. In the domestic circle, all the warmth in the man's heart—the full flow of genuine feeling and affection—is ever uppermost. He is a thoroughly earnest man, in whose daily walks and conversation, as well as in his actions, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is acted out in verity. In his friendships, he is sincere; in his dislikes, equally so. He is thoroughly Scottish in his leanings, his national love burns with intensity. In poetry, he is not merely zealous, but enthusiastic, and he carries his natural force of character into all he says and does. Consequently, he is not simply a wooer, but a worshipper of the muse. Long may he live, the 'Bard of Lochfyne,' to prostrate his entire heart and soul in the Temple of the Nine."

Among MacColl's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, first and foremost, John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties," allowed, like many more of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late Robert Carruthers, LL.D.,

he met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr. Alexander MacInnes, the artist, then a resident of Inverness." He met Hugh Miller too more than once, the last time being at the old Cromarty homestead, celebrated in his "Schools and Schoolmasters." He also spent some time with the brothers Sobeiskie Stewart, at Eilean-Aigais, and drank with them out of a *cuach* once the property of Prince Charlie. In Glasgow, he could claim among his friends James Hedderwick, of the *Citizen;* Dugald Moore, author of "Scenes before the Flood," and "The Bard of the North;" Alexander Rodgers, the author of "Behave yourself before Folk," and many other popular songs and lyrics; and last, but not least, the Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, the gifted author of *Leabhar Nan Cnoc,* and editor of the celebrated *Teachdaire Gaidhealach.* In Edinburgh, the late Dr. Robert Chambers made him the lion of a dinner party at his own house, in Princes Street, to which were invited a dozen of the then literary stars of "modern Athens," the poets Gilfallan and Vedder being among the number. In Liverpool, he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of James Phillip Bailey, the author of "Festus," and the late Robert Leighton, author of the "Christening of the Bairn," and other well-known poems. "When first I knew Leighton," MacColl writes, "he was quite a raw, unsophisticated callant, fresh from Dundee, and with seemingly no conception of the poetic power afterwards developed in him."

In London, he was intimately acquainted with James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael;" Fraser, of *Fraser's Magazine*, and Hugh Fraser, an Invernessian, the publisher of "Leabhar Nan Cnoc." These, in all, form a circle of literary friends, though not altogether our most brilliant stars, with whom the Bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

MacColl has been twice married, his first wife being Frances Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, while his present worthy and hospitable partner is of Highland parentage, though born in Canada—her father, James MacArthur, as also her mother, MacCallum by name, being natives of Mull, in Argyleshire. Of a family of nine sons and daughters, Evan, the poet's eldest son, has been educated for the ministry, and is now pastor of the Congregational Church, at Quebec. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already familiar with some of his daughter Mary's productions, and her fair promise as a poet to become worthy of her sire. Fanny, another daughter, is a teacher under the Ontario Board of Education, while the more youthful members of his most interesting family give ample promise of proving themselves worthy of the stock from which they sprang.

The Mountain Minstrel.

THE

MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

A MAY MORNING IN GLEN-SHIRA.

Lo, dawning o'er yon mountain grey
The rosy birth-day of the May!
Glen-Shira knoweth well 'tis Beltane's blissful day.

The Maum has donned its brightest green,
The hawthorn whitens round Kilblane,
And shews Dunchorvil's crest its own heath-purpling sheen.

Hark! from yon grove that thrilling gush
Of song from linnet, merle, and thrush!
To hear herself so praised the morning well may blush.

The lark, yon crimson clouds among,
Rains down a very flood of song;
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

Yon cushat by Cuilvocan's stream
The spirit of some bard you'd deem—
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.

Thrice welcome minstrel! now at hand,
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band:
A choir like this might grace the bowers of fairy-land!

Now is the hour by Duloch's tide
To scent the birch that decks its side,
And watch the snow-white swans o'er its calm bosom glide.

Now is the hour a minstrel might
Be blameless if, in his delight,
He Druid-like adored the sun that crowns yon height!

O May! thou'rt an enchantress rare—
Thy presence maketh all things fair;
Thou wavest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

Thou comest and the clouds are not—
Rude Boreas has his wrath forgot—
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

The foaming torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl, that faintly murmurs still.

Thine is the blossom-laden tree—
The meads that white with lambkins be—
Thine too the nether world that in each lake we see.

Cheer'd by thy smile, the herd-boy gay
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,
A gleaming glory to the seas,
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

Around me in this dewy den
Wild flowers imparadise the scene,—
Some look up to the Sun—his worshippers, I ween:

Some here and there, with modest grace,
Yield to the butterfly's embrace,
While others coyly share the bee's more rude caress.

Above—around me—all things seem
So witching that I almost deem
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious! frail
Thy skill in fitting strains to hail
The morn that makes a heaven of Shira's lovely vale.

MY OWN NATIVE COT.

My own native Cot, aye so dear unto me—
Whose hearth to the homeless was always so free,—
Though long from it roaming, and far from it too,
That home of my childhood is always in view:
That home where the stranger found welcome unbought,
That home where sweet fancies came to me unsought,—
Its place in my heart nothing else e'er can fill:
God bless the old Cot at the foot of the hill!

Methinks I still see the sweet neuk of bright green,
Where calmly it nestles, half hid and half seen;
I hear the bees hum in the sycamores fair
That vied with each other to shelter it there;
The burn wimpling nigh it still sings in its glee,
The gowan and primrose still bloom there, for me:
Illusions, alas! yet my heartstrings they thrill:
God bless the old Cot at the foot of the hill.

Though much in the city I well can admire;
Though song, wit and beauty to charm me conspire;
Yet love I far better the birch-belted lake,
And the song of the thrush in the balm-breathing brake.
Then give me again the old homestead to see,
Its threshold though lowly is holy to me;
The warm love I bear it death only can chill:
God bless the old Cot at the foot of the hill.

JESSIE OF CARLUNNAN.

I OWN that in the Lowlands fair
  Blooms many a winsome marrow;
But for a charmer past compare,
Give me Carlunnan's Jessie dear:
Love's queen, when she would gods ensnare
  Might well her graces borrow!

Her mouth and breath find emblems fit
  In June-time's opening roses;

Her eyes are of the hue deep-set
In spring-tide's dew-gem'd violet;
The Greek's ideal nymph complete
Her form all-perfect shows us.

No wonder that such love for her
Within my heart is springing;—
But that I know that maiden fair
Oft blushes her own praise to hear,
How glad I'd make her beauty rare
The theme of all my singing!

AN AUTUMN DAY ON LOCH LOMOND.

Lake of peerless grace and grandeur,
All enchanting Lomond rare,
Fondly to thee would I render
Praise befitting scene so fair.

Matchless mirror of the Highlands,
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy Islands—
Heaven above and heaven below.

All, from margin unto margin,
Sleep'st thou in thy glowing grace,
Calmly-fair as might a virgin
Dreaming of some chaste embrace,

Lo! where, watching thee serenely,
Takes yon Ben his kingly stand!
Hills that else were great look meanly
In Ben Lomond's presence grand.

How yon group in grand confusion,
Now seem piercing heaven's concave,
Now seem in as grand profusion
Overturned in Lomond's wave!

See yon eagle skyward soaring—
Air's proud empress lightning-eyed:
Lo, she swoops! The prey alluring
Was her image in the tide.

Here, the wary heron seemeth
Watching me with careful look;
There a salmon sudden gleameth,
In his spring to catch—the hook.

Hapless trout! Exultant angler,
Vaunt not *too* much of thy skill:
Thou hast met a sturdy wrangler,
One that yet may thwart thy will.

Coasting Innis-chailleach holy,
Mark yon otter wide awake!
Doubtless there the knave sups duly
On the best of all the lake.

Where the insect-chasing swallow
Hither-thither skims thy breast,

And yon wild duck—timid fellow—
Flaps his wings in awkward haste,

See with what an air of scorning
Sails yon swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than Eastern bride!

Little recks the yeoman yonder
What to *me* such rapture yields!
More to *him* than all thy splendour
Are his own gold-tinted fields.

'Tis for him yon maids the *corran**
Ply among the yellow corn,
Cheered on by the chorused *oran*†
Of such happy labours born.

Hark now! 'tis some youthful shepherd
Whistling all his cares away
Near yon fold where lately upward
To the milking went his May.

Nature now is hushed to silence,
Ceased the sportsman's pastime fell;
Ill becomes his licensed violence
Heath-clad Fruin's fairy dell.

Now thy face, loved Lake, is beamless;
Dies the daylight in the west;—

* Reaping-hook. † Song.

Never mind, my beauty blameless,
Stars will soon bedeck thy breast!

Vanished is the ray that crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransomed,
See how Vesper now doth smile.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming;
Just the very time to hear
Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,
Fairy minstrels piping near.

From his lair the fox is stealing,
Quits the owl her hermit cell;
Vision fair, past all revealing,
Dear Loch Lomond, now farewell!

August, 1836.

RAVEN TRESSES.

Of fair flaxen ringlets oft sung I the praises,
Oft found my heart caught in the auburn's loved mazes;
But of all the sly snares cunning Cupid possesses
There's none like one woven of dark raven tresses.

Yes—raven-black hair that, a wavy web weaving,
Would in vain veil the bosom below it fond-heaving
Like a sunbeam that bursts through some dark cloud's caresses—
A contrast delightful to dark raven tresses!

To see them, Louisa, *thy* fair shoulders hiding,
Or down to thy waist in their glossiness gliding,
What mortal can wonder that Beauty well guesses
Her spells most bewitching are dark raven tresses!

The poets, fond fools! in the days 'clept the olden,
Described Love's own queen proud of locks that were golden;
But had they seen *thee* they would own that the Graces
Misjudged in not giving her dark raven tresses.

Then choose whoso will beauties auburn or flaxen,
Give me, when I mate—be she Celtic or Saxon—
A girl who can add to the sweetest of faces
The rarest profusion of dark raven tresses.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE PASSAGE OF THE ACT ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES.

HURRAH! thrice hurrah for the news just received!
A victory rare in Truth's cause is achieved;—
One link more is broken in slavery's chain;—
Heav'n grant quick destruction to those that remain!

All honoured be they through whose labours beloved
Britain finds a foul stain from her forehead removed:
Shame on her past record!—'tis high time indeed
Man's possession in man should be dropt from her creed.

No more in her Isles of the West far away
Shall the slaver accursed find a mart for his prey :
There's a price on his head ;—he must henceforth steer shy
Of a coast where, if caught, like a dog he must die.

Of profits unhallowed no more left to boast ;
Hark the howl of the hell-hounds whose harvest is lost !
By hell only pitied, long let them howl on ;
Their traffic was worthy of demons alone.

O, for the quick advent of that happy time
Foreseen by the prophet of Patmos sublime—
That time when, as brothers in loving accord,
Earth's tribes all shall joy in the smile of her Lord !

THE RIVER BEAULY.

Of all the witching scenes the North
Can boast of well and truly,—
Haunts which no bard of any worth
Would fail to honour duly,—
There's none, I ween,
To match that scene
Where quits it's Dream, the Beauly,
And laughing leaps into the plains
Where plenty smiles on happy swains.

I've stood by Foyers' thundering leap,
Seen Lora's rush astounding,

Heard the swift Brander's moaning deep
'Mong Cruachan's caves resounding:
These have their share
Of grandeur rare,
But, Beauly, thee surrounding
Are scenes that might Elysium grace,
The beauty-spots on nature's face!

'Tis grand thy crystal flood to view
Benvaichard's borders leaving,
Nor less to see the Strath below
Thy fuller flow receiving;
But grander far
To see thee where
Its narrowing bounds thou'rt cleaving
Through rocky ridges opening wide
In very terror of thy tide.

Now through the Dream's dark gorges deep
Methinks I see thee going,
Half hid 'mid woods that love to keep
Fond watch upon thy flowing
From rock to rock,
With flash and shock,
And fury ever growing;
A giant fettered, it is true,
Yet bound all barriers to subdue.

O for a home on Agais fair
Nigh which, anon, thou wendest

Thy way, proud-rushing on to where
In thy great might thou rendest
The one more chain
That strives in vain
To fetter thee, and lendest
Unto the Dream thy grandest gift of all,
The gleaming glory of Kilmorack's Fall!

O scene most magically wrought!
What minstrel pen can paint thee?
Thy charms, fantastic beyond thought,
Art never could have lent thee:
Enchanting spot,
I wonder not
The muses love to haunt thee;
And long, loved Dream! may they delight to stray
Through thee with tuneful King-descended Hay.*

Majestic stream! methinks I see
Thee now, past all commotion,
Like virtue to eternity,
Glide calmly to the ocean.
Soon in thy grave,
The German wave,
Shall ever cease thy motion—
Cease? deathless flood! till time shall cease to run,
Thy race is finished, and yet but begun.

* John Sobieskie Stuart Hay, author of "The Bridal of Kilchurn" and other poems of great merit, and who for some years resided in the vicinity of the scene here alluded to.

THE CASTLE OF LOCHAVICH.

A WEST HIGHLAND LEGEND.

The Castle of Lochavich (better known in the traditionary lore of the West Highlands as "Caisteal na h-ighinul ruaidh") stands on a little islet lying close to the western shore of that lake—a lake whose legendary associations, altogether apart from its romantic beauty, may well justify a pilgrimage to Glendovan, the valley in which it is situated. Tradition points to Innis-luna, the islet already alluded to, as having been in Ossianic times, the scene of a rather tragic occurrence—that which forms the subject of a poem well known to all students of ancient Gaelic poetry as "*Laoidh Fhraoich.*" There is no question whatever as to Lochavich having been at a period much less remote, the scene of the leading incidents related in the following poem, and which in all their main features form "an ower true tale."

LOCHAVICH'S banks are fair to view,
The swan loves well its bosom blue,
And well the angler is aware
His paradise of sport is there.
Yet, pilgrim to that solitude,
However sceptical thy mood,
I would not counsel thee to bide
On Avich's breast at twilight tide,
And least of all, to ply the oar
Near Innisluna's haunted shore.
It is an islet green, where lave
The birch her branches in the wave.

And towers a time-worn pile—although
The winds wail through its chambers wide,
It looks upon the flood below,
With something yet of feudal pride.

When night resumes her dusky sway,
The shepherd shuns yon beechward way ;
The hunter, lated and alone,
May well with quickened pace move on
Whenever meets his watchful eye
That pile unhallow'd frowning nigh.
For there between him and the tide,
A maiden form doth often glide,
Now with a low beseeching wail,
Now silent as a cloudlet frail
Dissolving in the moonlight pale,
Till sudden passing from his sight,
She startles with her shrieks the night!
"It is the Nighean ruadh," he says—
"Protect me, Heaven good!"
And while he yet doth wilder'd gaze,
She sinks into the flood.

But listen, stranger, while I tell
A legend old of Dovan-dell,
So may thy doubting mood give way
To a wise wish that Heaven may
Be from all ill thy shield and stay.

Glendovan's Chief—a chief far-famed
For daring deeds unblest,—untamed
And fierce as wild boar of the wood,
Lived in Glendovan's solitude.
Where, in a wild, barbaric way,
Five hundred clansmen owned his sway.
Alas for them, or friends or foes,
Who would stout Ardan's will oppose!
A chief was he who never long
From strife his hand could stay:
The leader of a reiving throng
Who ne'er distinguished right from wrong—
His creed was that unto the strong
The weak were lawful prey.
But now at length grown grey in strife,
With foemen thirsting for his life,
And deeming insecure, I ween,
His home ancestral in the Glen,
He plans that on yon isle ere long,
Shall tower a castle stout and strong,
Where, if in war no longer famed,
He'll pass life's winter still untamed.
When Art can wield his father's brand,
And chiefs contend for Runa's hand,
(Fair Runa, his sole daughter mild—
The Sunbeam of Glendovan styled)—
Stern Ardan on his castled rock,
His stoutest foe right well may mock.

What speck is that upon the wave ?
Where fleetly glides yon *biorlinn* brave ?
It hastens off to Erin's shores
In search of Patrick of the Towers.
No castle then on Albin's coast
  Could match with those by Patrick plann'd,
And Erin of no towers might boast
  Like those which own'd his master hand.

Famed Patrick found,—himself and son—
(A youth he fondly doated on,
Though loving harp and song much more
Than all his sire's masonic lore—)
Together with the strangers sail;
Straight steers their bark for Erraghael,
And by propitious breezes borne,
Safe reaches now the coast of Lorne.
On haste her crew o'er waste and wild
To where, 'mid hills o'er hills high-piled,
Lochavich fair in sunshine gleams—
Lochavich that forever seems
Calm-listening to the voice of streams.

Glendovan's chief was glad to see
Wise Patrick, and they soon agree
As to the site—the plan—the fee;
Nor did sage Patrick lose a day
His skill masonic to display;
Grim Ardan ill can brook delay.

"Why, Fergus, is that frequent sigh?
That dreamy, unobservant eye?
Thy duty fitly to fulfil,
Needs all thy wonted zeal and skill.
My cares are doubled since the day
Thou'st taken to this moody way.
It seems, my son, as thou wouldst have
Us never more to cross the wave,—
As if the day our task is done,
You'd have it only just begun!"
Ah, Patrick, thou art old as wise,
'Tis long since love could wake thy sighs;
But yet experience might thee shew
What woman's witching smile may do,
And how in vain would youth defy
Th' omnipotence of Beauty's eye.

But to my tale and Fergus:—Fain
Would I describe in fitting strain
How thrilled beneath his minstrel art
Each fibre of the Highland heart;
How—oftener than his father knew—
His evening walk he would pursue
To where, begirt by rock and brake,
An *airidh* overlooked the lake,—
A scene whose features wildly fair
Young Runa loves, and oft is there
With maids who milk her father's flocks,
The while they vocal make the rocks,

With songs whose melody so sweet
Alone might thither tempt his feet.
Nor did their lilting charm for nought,
The youth who thus their presence sought;
For often, when encouraged by
A word or glance from Runa nigh,
He'd touch his harp, and sing, the while,
Some thrilling lay of Erin's Isle.
The wondering shepherds praise his skill,
Confessing Torran's fairy hill
Could boast no minstrel to compare
One moment with that harper rare!
Their fair companions though they praise
Less loud, list with as glad amaze;
Or rude or gentle—one and all
His music held in willing thrall.
Another and another strain
Succeed,—so charms he heart and brain,
The briefest silence seems a pain!
But why, like wavelet in the light
  Of sunbeams on the lake,
Heaves Runa's gentle bosom bright?
  Can song such tumult wake?
Ah Runa! be upon thy guard!
  Thou lov'st the music well,—
Yet frequent sighs may well be spared,
And blushes more than tell the bard
  How much he doth excel;—
Then tempt him not 'gainst fate to cope:
Alas, what will not minstrel hope!

Time passes on; the builder's skill
Is shewn to be unrivalled still,
And Ardan's castle soon shall stand
The stoutest structure in the land,
And soon, too, Patrick hopes to hail
Once more his native Innisfail.
Alas, poor Patrick! never he
That land beloved again may see.
He little weens that when he has
His task complete, and would be gone,
Resolved is Dovan's chieftain base
To rob of life both sire and son!
Why should o'er ocean's distant flow
The guerdon of their labours go?
His steel is sharp—yon rock is steep,—
His gold shall never cross the deep!
His daughter sees his brow assume
From day to day a deeper gloom.
And strives in winsome way to chase
That gloom unwelcome from its place.
As well that maiden fair might try
With smiles to chase the cloud
That in its sable canopy
The thunderbolt doth shroud.

One night, when oft the cup went round
Grim Ardan's table plenty-crown'd,
Strange whisp'rings reached young Runa's ear—
She heard what it was death to hear;—

"'Tis fixed—this night must be their last;
Let fox and cub alike be cast
Together o'er yon rocky steep—
The lake below is dark and deep.
The gold with which they hope to swell
Their purse, will portion Runa well!"
Poor Runa! well thy heart may quake,—
What can be done for Fergus' sake?
Another hour may seal his doom;
Yon lake may be the minstrel's tomb.
O that he had but time to fly!
O that some warning voice were nigh
The idol of her secret sigh!
He whom, alas! she cannot tell,
Yet feareth much she loves too well.
Silent she stealeth forth: Ah me,
What may not in extremity
By woman's love accomplish'd be!
One minute, and whate'er befall,
The revellers in Ardan's hall
Unconscious prisoners will be all,
And Fergus ere the dawn of day
Be from Lochavich far away.
'Tis done! she locks the pondrous door,
And quitteth now with quick'ning pace
That home to which in life no more
She may her path retrace—
Resolved her lover's life to save
Or with him sleep beneath the wave.

'Twas midnight: Just behind yon Ben
The crescent moon had set;
Upon Lochavich's breast serene
Her parting smile seemed yet
To linger, as if loth to die
Amid such sweet tranquillity.
Fair lake, no grief disturbs thy rest;
Young moon, no terrors thee molest;
And thus ye both can calmly sleep
Unheeding of her anguish deep
Who—as some fear-struck doe might fly
From hounds whose bay betray them nigh—
Speedeth the lake's green margin by,
Till now, in Innisluna's sight—
Her lover's resting place at night—
She halts, and sends her voice where, woe!
The flood forbids herself to go—
A trembling voice that yet may reach
His tent on Innisluna's beach.

THE WARNING.

O Fergus, wake!
Hence quickly take
Thy flight, for death lurks by thee!
A ruthless knife
That seeks thy life
Gleams at this moment nigh thee!

Awake ! awake !
Beyond the lake
Afar thy flight betaking,
Else wilt thou sleep
That slumber deep
From which there's no awaking !

Such was the fateful warning wail
Of Runa's anguish born.
Can Fergus hear it and yet fail
Its meaning dread to learn ?
He heareth, haply, yet may he
Suspect her but some lone Banshee
Who fain would frighten him, maybe,
And, haply, thus he may
Within his tent list, laughingly,
That warning sent his way.
O that she had but wings to fly,
Or shallower the tide ;
Then, spite of maiden modesty,
She'd soon be at his side !

Ye streamlets, why so rudely rush ?
Ye birds of night, your discords hush !
What if too late her voice he hear ?
What if dread Ardan's step is near ?
The thought is horror, well I trow—
Alas, Glendovan's flower !

Why bears the tide no friendly prow
To waft thee to the bower
Where seemeth it thy presence fair
Alone can wake the sleeper there ?
O fatal sleep whose end unblest
May be a dagger in his breast !

Again across the tide is sent
Poor Runa's warning cry ;
When lo ! a torch from out his tent
Is waved in fond reply ;
And though the bearer of it be
Too distant yet his face to see
She knows, and shouts, " 'Tis he, 'tis he ! "

Dear is the long-expected rain
Of summer to the thirsty plain,
And joyful to a mother mild
The accents of a long-lost child ;
But to the lover still more dear
The voice of his heart's chosen near ;
And O the rapture 'tis to prove
The depth of Beauty's long-hid love !

Thus Fergus feels, as out into
The darkness hurries he ;
For well young Runa's voice he knew
Was that which broke his slumbers through :
Now for her sake to do or die,
Resolves he, gallantly.

As on, across yon narrow tide,
He hastes to where her voice doth guide:
Fast plies his hand the bending oar,
And fast his skiff flies to the shore,
Where half expects he soon to prove
Her fears a mere excess of love;
Yet Runa, if good cause he find
For flight, shall not be left behind.

Lone maiden! why dost thou renew
That tone beseeching? dost not view
Thy lover nearing quick the beach?
O Heaven! a well-known voice doth reach
Her ear,—it is—it is her sire!
A scornful laugh reveals his ire.
He heard her cry: The wolf is meek
Compared with Ardan's fury wild,
As forward hastens he to wreak
Revenge on his own child.
His brandished steel now flashes nigh,
Yet—"Fly! devoted Fergus, fly!"
Was still that maiden's anguished cry.

In vain, O Fergus, thou art brave,
In vain thou rushest on to save
Thy Runa from her father's sword—
His minions thine own blood have pour'd,
But with thee dies Glendovan's lord.

On fair Lochavich's western shore
The traveller still may see

Two stony heaps—the swelling store
  Of more than centuries three.
One marks—so say old senachies—
  The spot where Ardan fell;
The other, where his daughter lies
  With him she loved so well.
The herd-boy yet, in passing by,
  Adds to each cairn a stone;
The pilgrim, with a pitying sigh,
  Thinks of the early gone,
And brands with execration brief
Thy memory, Dovan's demon-chief!

GLEN-URQUHART.

Hail, thou Arcadia of the North!
  Glen-Urquhart lovely, well I trow
Yon sun above thee ne'er looked forth
  On any landscape fair as thou.

When Nature's seeming negligence
  Left rough Stratherrick what we see,
Meseems as if in recompense
  She made a paradise of thee!

This path, so prodigal of flowers,
  Yon dark-blue lakelet zephyr-curled,
Those murmuring streams and greenwood bowers
  Seem all as of some brighter world.

'Mid scenes like this, methinks, was given
To minstrels first to strike the lyre:
'Mid such, methinks, the Sons of Heaven
Learned Earth's fair daughters to admire.

'Tis well such wooers are no more
Permitted thus on earth to rove,
Else would they haste to yonder bower,
All rivals for fair Ellen's love!*

ANNIE'S EYES.

My Annie's form, my Annie's face
Fain would my trembling pencil trace;
But Fancy will not compromise—
She bids me sing of Annie's eyes.

Theirs is the dew-drop's gleaming glow,
'Neath lids more fair than flakes of snow;
Love's star, just seen when daylight dies,
Reminds me well of Annie's eyes.

Ye bachelors who boast the skill
To ward off Cupid's darts at will,
How would your vaunting change to sighs
By one love-blink from Annie's eyes!

---

* The "Fair Ellen" here alluded to was a sister to Patrick Grant, Esq., once proprietor of the estate of Redcastle, and who, at the time these verses were penned, made his home in Glen-Urquhart, on the banks of the beautiful Loch-Meikley.

The more I look, the more I see
How wondrous is their glamorie;
Himself he would immortalize
Who'd fitly sing of Annie's eyes.

Enough from them is one sweet glance
To set me in a blissful trance;
Her starward watch let Science prize,—
My sweeter watch be Annie's eyes.

Had she been of that group renowned
For Beauty's prize once rivals found,
Methinks the Trojan's verdict wise
Would take its cue from Annie's eyes.

The patriot will forget the soil
That nursed him, bards the muse's smile,
And saints their hopes beyond the skies,
Ere I forget my Annie's eyes.

THE FINDHORN.

(Dedicated to the memory of the late Lady Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, for whose album these verses were originally penned.)

FINDHORN the Beautiful!
Fain would I sing thee;
Praise is the dutiful
Homage I bring thee.

Child of the Mist and Snow,
  Nursed 'mong the mountains,
Well loves the red deer to
  Drink at thy fountains.

Glassing the skies above,
  Yonder thou glidest;
Now, in some piny grove,
  Sudden, thou hidest.

Here, with a rushing might,
  Rocks thou art rounding;
There, like a flash of light,
  Over them bounding!

Calm in the distance, now
  Rest thou seem'st craving,
Darnaway's forest bough
  Over thee waving.

What though a-near thee
  No orange grove springeth?
What though to cheer thee
  No nightingale singeth?

More love I to mark
  What is thine in full feather,
The song of the lark
  O'er the bloom of the heather!

O witching Relugas!
O Altyre enchanting!
The Findhorn, in you, has
Good cause for loud vaunting.

What stream e'er was given
A neighbourhood fairer?
What maidens 'neath heaven
More lovely than *there* are?

But hark!—'twas the whirr
Of the night-hawk, bold rover!
The bat is astir,
The lark's vespers are over.

The angler, spoil-bringing,
Now homeward proud paces;
'Tis time I ceased singing
Of Findhorn's wild graces.

1838.

DEFINITION OF A POET.

A PLAYER strange on life's rough stage,
Now saint, now sinner, and now sage;
A dreamer oft of creed unsound,
And yet a prophet frequent found;
A wayward wight of passions wild,
Yet tender-hearted as a child;
A spirit like the lark endowed
To sing its sweetest in a cloud;

A soul to whom, by Beauty given,
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven!
The friend of Truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of Fiction;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;
The moralist high-toned, withal
Oft bound in Pleasure's circean thrall—
The vices he can ban so well
Himself the weakest to repel!
A vapour in the whirlwind's pow'r,
A dewdrop glittering for an hour;
A flow'r whose pow'r to charm is due
More to its fragrance than its hue;
Such aye has been from days of old
The traits and types that truest shew out
That strange compound of mud and gold;
That Rara Avis called a poet.

STAFFA VISITED.

Off with Morn's first faint ray our trim bark west away,
Like a ghost from the Dawn, was flying
Before a fair wind which, from Ulva behind,
O'er the solemn sea went sighing.

On, on speed we now where, far off, on our bow
Loomed that Isle of which fame spoke so loudly—
On, where wash the wild waves Staffa's columns and caves,
Fast and faster, our way we go proudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's Cliff took slight note;
Nor, although its blessed shore was so nigh us—
Could Columba's own Isle for a moment beguile
Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed world,
Mid the waves round it joyously dancing
Stood that Isle which all there well indeed might declare
All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy wierd beach, wond'rous Staffa, we reach—
Now we kneel with devotion beseeming;
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and dark,
Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming;
And now wend we our way where above us, in play,
Wakes the seamew a clamorous chorus,
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo!
Fingal's Cave in its glory before us!

What vain fool would compare with that fabric rare
Palace, Church, or Cathedral splendour?
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze
It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.

No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with thee,
Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn!
He who sees not God's hand in thy record so grand
Never will in the holiest volume.

O the joy of that hour! O the heart-stirring pow'r
Of the music so wildly romantic
Which the light summer gale in yon pile blended well
With the sough of the moaning Atlantic!
Still in fancy's charmed ear that wild anthem I hear—
Still, the echoes that answered our voices,
As we hymned our delight at His goodness and might
Who could fashion such things to rejoice us.

Witching Isle of the West, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough nor the harrow;
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow.
What, to thee, is the spring of which bards love to sing?
What, to thee, how the harvester speedeth,
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth?

Thine are no gowan'd leas—thine no bloom-kissing bees,
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning;
Thine is never a thrush in the hazel bush
Glad-greeting the Maytide morning;
But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,

And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave
'Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Yet withal, thou wierd Isle, heaven help him thou'dst wile
In the winter to voyage by thee,
When the west winds rave, and a ready grave
Finds the bark that would dare to nigh thee,
And from Skerrievore comes the ceaseless roar
Of the mountain-waves over it bounding,
While thy echoes reply to the seabird's shrill cry
Heard afar 'mid that music confounding!

It is then one might hear with a trusting ear
What the Isleman believes in devoutly—
That, though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,
On thy pillar-propped throne seated stoutly,
In the hurricane hour, when the storm-fiend's full pow'r
Breaks upon thee in surges snowy,
Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,
As if fearing their force would o'erthrow thee!

When but yet a boy, the most cherished joy
Of my heart was the hope to view thee;
Ne'er did Moslem pine for far Mecca's shrine
More than I for a journey to thee.
The long fret is o'er—yet for evermore.
Shall the glamour by thee cast o'er me
Flourish fresh and fair in my memory, where
Thou shalt seem as if still before me.
1836.

IONA.

THRICE hallowed island of the wave,
Saint Callum's chosen home and grave,
Iona! as he thee surveys,
One well may feel all pray'r and praise;
No pilgrim reaching thy loved bound
E'er bent the knee on holier ground!
I look around, and ages gone
Return in all their glory on
My raptured sight; the Present seems
  As nothing to the Past:
I wander in a world of dreams
  Too beautiful to last
'Mong such sad proofs as here I view
Of what remorseless Time can do—
Time, that withal, Columba's name
  In fond and fresh remembrance saves,
While kings and chiefs, once known to fame,
  Beside him sleep in nameless graves.

Here, as with reverent steps I tread—
Now lingering 'mong the mighty dead
Where saints and heroes, carved in stone,
Seem almost as still living on—
Now viewing sad yon sacred fane
Which, spite all spoilers, Celt or Dane,
Tow'rs still the glory of the scene—

Or wandering where good Oran toiled,
And, strong in Truth, the Druid foiled,
Ere yet from darkness and from sin,
He learnt far distant tribes to win —
Here feels my soul a holy glow—
I glory in the Long Ago ;
Here, did the Truth my aid require,
I'd champion it through flood and fire ;
Here, spite of Time's reforming skill,
Could wish the Past were present still,
And thou, long desolated I,*
The heaven that thou were wont to be !

O could my muse, unskilled to sing
Of mitred priest or sceptered king,
From hoar Tradition take her cue,
And paint thy past in colours true,
My verse of nobler deeds would tell
Than ever graced Crusading zeal,—
Brave deeds outmatching far away
The noblest of our own proud day ;
Triumphs by mighty men achieved,
By meaner men now scarce believed,
Yet meriting in song sublime
To flourish green throughout all time !

* I, an island: Hence *I-Chaltum-Chille*—the name by which the Western Gael generally designate Iona.

Iona blest! some bard whose lyre
Is touched with true poetic fire
May yet complete what in this lay
I far too feebly would portray.
The Druid, were the picture true,
In the dim distance might we view
Within his stony circle where
Now towers yon sacred fane in air ;—
The noblest of that noble band
Who pagan soil made Christian land—
Good Callum-chille would once more
Steer his frail currach from thy shore
Intent on spreading gospel light
Where erst was darkness deep as night ;—
Some godless Viking's pirate host
Once more would hover round thy coast ;
While quickly, too, to thy relief
Would muster many an Island chief ;
The war-axe would strike sharp and sore,
The Norsemen, scatter'd evermore,
Would go in song indignant down
To fitting infamous renown !—
Nor should forgetten be the fair—
Whose virgin lives passed peaceful here
In deeds of mercy, praise and prayer,—
Who, living, loved, and piously
Bequeathed, in death, their dust to thee.
'Tis evening's hour : The sun has gone
To rest his ocean couch upon.

Lo! where Dunchalva's distant pile
Is crimsoned by his parting smile—
A loving smile that seems to say
How gladly would the God of Day
His wonted rest a while delay,
To gaze a little longer space
On loved Iona's hallowed face.
In sober sooth, I'd like to know,
Of all our earth to him can show,
Where looks the sun in all his round
On spot more worthily renowned;
Where sees he any coast so fair
As thou hast for thy setting rare,
Thou gem so worthy of his care.
Oh, take the whole resplendent view
Of islands cradled mid the blue
Of ocean, from far Barra's crest
To where the clouds on Cullin rest,
And Jura's sister-summits three
Love in the path of stars to be,—
What man with any soul at all
A sight so charming would not thrall.
Who would not leave earth's furthest strand
To gaze upon a scene so grand.

Farewell, Iona! Yonder, lo
My bark awaits, and I must go;
A little space, and envious night
Shall hide thee from my loving sight.

Yet, hallowed Isle, thou'lt ever be
A memory beautiful to me—
My Mecca to which often I
In thought will wend my way,
Much wishing that, whene'er I die,
My last long slumbers may
Be on thy bosom : who can tell ?
Once more, enchanting Isle, farewell !

1836.

MAGGIE, THE PRIDE OF LOCHGAIR.

Of all the dear charmers that be
Now blooming in Scotia fair,
The fairest and dearest to me
Is Maggie, the pride of Lochgair.

Her form is the sum of all grace,
Her heart is as warm as 'tis pure ;
One look at her sweet, smiling face
Is to love her, and love evermore.

Methinks I now see that loved one—
Her tresses of gold in full flow
O'er shoulders as fair to look on
As sunshine on Sligachan's snow.

When she moves 'mong the girls on the green,
Dancing there to some heart-stirring lay,
I could fancy her Fairyland's queen,
Such grace all her motions display.

She sings—and what tongue can declare
The thrilling delight that is ours ?
For ne'er was heard lilting so rare
Outside of celestial bowers !

O would that less rich were her kin,
Or I lord of Glassary known !
I then might despair not to win
And wear this bright pearl as my own.

Courage, heart ! Maggie's kind as she's fair,
And the Cannuck land fertile and wide ;
Who knows but this lass of Lochair
May yet bloom 'mong its bowers as my bride.

ON A LADY PLAYING THE HARP.

She knelt beside the harp—her hand
Swept o'er its quivering wires,
And soon, as if some fairy band,
Unseen, beside her took their stand,
Assisting with their lyres,
Such tones melodious filled the air
As made it almost heaven to hear.

Anon, as if in envy of
The harp's rich harmony,
She sings—it is a song of love,
And while her fingers gently move
The wires, I think of thee,

Malvina, when in Selma's hall
Thy song was of thy Oscar's fall.

What mortal man with ears to list
Those sounds divinely sweet,
But would forever listen, blest,
And feel as if he would have kissed
The ground beneath her feet?
Such was the witching spell profound
In which she all her audience bound.

Dear woman! what mean bard unblest
Would not thy praises make
His chosen theme o'er all the rest?
A world with thy fair presence graced,
A world where Anna's fingers chaste
Such raptures can awake,
With all its heavy sum of ill
There's much of Eden in it still.

DONALD AND SAWNEY.

A DIALOGUE.

'TWAS at last autumn's Falkirk fair
Two rustics waged a battle rare;—
The one, a drover stout and stern,
Was from the braes of far Muckairn;
The other chap, as stout as he,
A Lothian farmer seemed to be.

Their labours for the day quite ended,
To a near "houf" their way they wended,
Where, while the glass goes often round,
And both in talking mood are found,
They joke and laugh and boast by turns,
Of Ossian this, and that of Burns.
Nor long it was till themes as good
For wordy warfare fired their blood,—
And Lowland thrift and Highland pride,
And mountains high and carses wide,
And bonnets blue and tartans gay,
And "rig and fur," and hodden gray,
Alternate, in the well-fought fray
Provoked the jibe or waked the boast,—
'Twas doubtful which prevailed the most.
So much premised;—who had the best o't
May from what follows here be guessed at.

D.—Give me the land of mountains high bedecked with purpling heath,
And glens like to that happy one where first I drew my breath,—
Where, be he rich or be he poor, the stranger roaming there
Finds Highland hearts and Highland homes to give him welcome rare.

S.—Awa wi' a' your mountains rude where the wild eagles be!
Gude laying hens an' stacks o' corn hae far mair charms for *me*.

As for your welcomings, I think he is a fool, right plain,
Whase brose wad any belly fill till first it filled his ain.

D.—Confusion to such selfish ways! I hate men coldly calm—
The same thing listening to a speech, a sermon, song or psalm;
The man with all his thoughts and cares concentered in himself
Is but a poor man after all, no matter what his pelf.
Not thus you'll find the manly Gael,—though nursed amid the storm,
His sympathies are wide and deep—his heart is ever warm;
No selfish wish e'er finds *his* breast, except the wish to be
The bravest aye among the brave, the freest 'mong the free!

S.—Preserve me fra a Hielander, tho' clad in a' the pride
Of philebeg and bonnet blue, and skian-dhu by his side!
His voice is like his beard, so rough,—an' then, his bare, grit knees—
Ye'd think them, as he gangs the street, a pair o' birken trees!

D.—Trees here or there,—one thing is sure,—his is the honour high
Which never yet betrayed a trust—much sooner would he die,—
His too the songs that tell of sires unmatched in days of yore;
The tyrant's dread and Freedom's guard is still the Gael's claymore!

S.—As for his sangs, I've yet to ken that sangs can fill the pot;
An', sure, wha wad for "honour" bleed must be a muckle stot:
I think the lad that hauds the pleugh an' swingeth well the flail
Mair worthy o' his kail an' beef than Ossian was himsel'!

D.—No doubt you do; yet kail and beef, though good in their own way,
The man to whom they're all in all maun be but sorry clay.
Here's to the soul that brooks no guile, the heart that knows no fear,
That paragon of life and grace—the Kilted Mountaineer!

S.—Gudsakes! did ever mortal man give ear to sic a blaw!
A cock upon his ain dunghill could not mair crousely craw;

But keep your poortith an' your pride,—thank heaven I was born
Wi' common sense an' plenty, in the land o' carse an' corn!

LOVE IN HIDING.

'Tis well for lovers such as I
Love has a rare variety
Of ways his presence to make known,
Else might I often sigh, Ochone!
My Mary has such wilful ways,
It were enough a man to craze,
But that her lover's vision true,
All vain disguises piercing through,
Sees in the breast of that dear one
A heart that beats for him alone.

I know it, when at Gloaming's hour
She meets me in yon garden bower
With well-feigned start and bashful air;
She never thought to meet *me* there!
I note the love-light in her eye,
And stop her feigning with a kiss—
One which, of course, she'd sooner die
Than give, yet giveth ne'ertheless,
Though under protestation grave
'T would be the last from her I'd have!
A dire lookout—but never mind,

A secret solace quick I find,
When to my love-tale, told her there,
She feigns to give a heedless ear,
Though in her bosom's fond unrest,
My suit's best answer is expressed.
My pleading done, she giveth me
A look that settles all the plea;
And after being kissed anew,
'Mid maiden blushes not a few,
With fluttering heart she springs away,
Much wondering what "mamma" will say.

When in some social circle free
She finds some other girl with me,
I know she loves me by the care
She takes to keep a distance rare,
Vain-trying, in her maiden pride,
The shadow on her brow to hide.
When in her praise my verses flow,
The light within her eyes well show
A joy her lips would quite disclaim—
A revelation all the same
To me that, hide it as she may,
She loveth well both bard and lay.

'Tis thus, despite the willing ways,
Familiar to that darling dove;
My songs are all in Mary's praise,
My hopes all centered in her love.

ON VIEWING TOBERMORRY BAY.

SWEET Tobermorry Bay! well may
Thy beauty in the poet's lay
  Oft find expression free.
No storm-tossed mariner am I,
And yet I feel a perfect joy
  Thy bosom fair to see.

How grand, when waves without run high,
To see thee, their wild tumult nigh,
  Enjoying slumber calm!
Nought to disturb thy peace profound,
Save airs that from the groves around
  Delight in stealing balm.

Yon pebbly shore of rarest sweep,
Near which the salmon, in his leap,
  Oft stirs thy placid tide,—
The woods that grace thy margin fair,
The streams whose murmurs charm my ear,
  As on to thee they glide,—

Yon Isle that guards thee from the sea,
The fisher's song so full of glee,
  The sea-bird's joyous cry,—
All, all have bound me with a spell;—
To scene so sweet to bid farewell
  'Tis sweet to heave a sigh!

SHAMS.

THERE are some honest folks who would be
What nature never meant they should be—
Men who, themselves alone deceiving,
Are always mighty things achieving;
But since what they so fain would seem
Is what they really may esteem,
Poor souls! we bid them quick adieu,—
I see the Hypocrite in view,—
That knave in heart, though saint in face,
That creature basest of the base,
Yet finding favour oft, withal,
Where men more upright get the wall!
My muse unheeding who may blame,
Would make him, for the nonce, her theme.

Here goes he, solemn as an owl,
His forehead hid in priestly cowl;
There in Geneva cloak and bands,
Your ready reverence he commands:
So meek look both—you'd think they'd die
Ere either would have hurt a fly.
Alas to think that, after all,
There should be found less grace than gall
Within their hearts, as one may well
See from the mutual relish fell
They judge each other sure of h— !

What matters that? Do they not each
Of charity and mercy preach,
And ape the saint in such a key
As might make Satan laugh to see?
Small wonder that their flocks oft place
In bigot zeal the sign of grace,
And judge that man most grace-possessed
His neighbour's creed who damneth best!

If in the Ebenezer camp
You would appear a shining lamp,
You'd best consult my neighbour Jones,
Who shows his wealth of grace in groans;
Or, to make surer of thy name
Attaining quick to saintly fame,
Feign horror at a laugh or song,
Thy speech into a drawl prolong,—
Aim at a Pharisaic air,
Be very lengthy in thy prayer,—
Find in all pastime only evil,
Be loud in railing at the devil;
Nor will it harm thee to throw in
Something about the "Man of Sin,"
And how all good men soon cause common
Should make against "The Scarlet Woman."
If but, withal, you learn to prate
About "Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,"

And to the Church with liberal air,
Give of thy worldly wealth a share,

You may be all a rascal can,
Yet pass for a most godly man!

I might enlarge—for thick as peas
Are painted sepulchres like these—
Some of that hue, and some of this,
And some of colours mixed, I wis—
Here, in Episcopalian ground,
And there in Baptist borders found:
But let them pass: I would not choose
To press too hard on saintly toes,
Since not alone in churchly regions
Are hollow shams and shows in legions.
Think how they swarm in Fashion's train—
The Bench and Bar's red-tape domain—
The Court, the Camp, the Senate Hall,
And Marts commercial most of all:
Scarce one profession you may name
Where humbug rules not all supreme.

Leaving to bards more gifted to
Give to such shams the justice due,
I would, in winding up my lay,
One or two minor shams pourtray.

Would'st thou, at quite an easy rate,
Pass for a man of learning great?
The more a thing transcends thy reach,
The more pretentious be thy speech;
Commit to memory, carefully,
Quotations *classic*, two or three;

Seem quite familiar with the flames
Of mythologic gods and dames;
Get most great minstrel names by rote
From Homer down to Walter Scott;
Prate much about "the tale divine
Of Troy," and eke "the sacred Nine,"
"The Graces three," "Calypso's cave,"
And "Venus rising from the wave."
Affect to find Herodotus
Making of History quite a muss;
Keep babbling 'bout the wondrous store
Of Egypt's hieroglyphic lore;
Be great on "the Draconian Code,"
Nor quite forget "The Sapphic Ode."
If to all this thou should'st essay
A prompt, dogmatic Yea, or Nay
To leading questions of our day,
'Tis ten to one thou'lt soon be owned
"A man of learning most profound!"

Would'st thou, with parts however mean,
Wish to be thought a critic keen?
Get practised in sarcastic sneers,
Looks consequential, gibes and jeers.
Though by thee never read, yet still,
Feign finding "Orion" work up-hill,
The "Vestiges" a failure sad,
And "Festus" simply "prose run mad."

Talk of this bard as writing trash,
That other, writhing 'neath thy lash—
This novel, one of interest deep,
And that, first-rate to make one sleep.
Though thy sole standing with the Press
May be of the waste-basket class,
Hint that thou art of *The Review*
The "Veritas" or "O. P. Q."—
That even *Blackwood* could not stand
Without thy modest helping hand,
Chime in with those who labour hard
To make a myth of Selma's bard;
There's "Junius" also—subject grand
For sage conjectures second hand!
The Bacon-Shakespear question too,
To help thy purpose, much may do.
To make thy chances still more fair,
Thou might'st do worse than join that Club
Who once a week their learning air
At *The Athenic*, 10, Goose-dub.

MY THREE CHARMERS.

Oft myself I question which of
Three dear girls my bride should be:
Jeanie owns a treasure rich of
Golden hair well loved by me,

Raven-hued are Jessie's tresses—
Contrast sweet to sunny brow,
While not least of Maggie's graces
Are rich locks of auburn glow.

Let my heart be ne'er so joyless,
One fond glance from Jeanie fair
Sets it dancing: Jessie's smile has
A care-killing grace as rare;—
When a rougher mood needs smoothing
'Tis with Maggie I would be,
Finding in her converse soothing
For my choice a ready plea.

Jeanie has a wit excelling,
Jessie loveth speech demure;
Grace and goodness love-compelling
Meet in Maggie's bosom pure.
Law—not love—must rest the fault on,
If mine only *one* must be,
For, if free to play the Sultan,
Gladly would I wed the three!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG POETICAL FRIEND.

SING on, my brother minstrel young,—
Sing on, unheeding them
Who now may in thy rustic song
Find less to praise than blame.

When did the blackbird's woodland lays
The hawk forbearance teach ?
When was the fox e'er found to praise
The grapes he could not reach ?

A joy above all joys supreme
Does to the bard belong ;
Far more than India's wealth to him
His own proud gift of song.

Then sing thou on, regardless though
Thine yet be scanty praise ;
The time may come thy gentle brow
May wear unfading bays.

Be thine the patriot in thy veins
Oft in thy verse to shew,
Nor yet forget the sweeter strains
To Love and Beauty due.

Thus may'st thou win, spite fortune's slight,
A fame for ever growing ;
Not the least welcome stars, at night,
Are those through cloud-rifts glowing.

A SNOWFALL IN GLEN-URQUHART.

Offspring fair of cloud and cold,
Glorifying wood and wold,
Who could, mute, thy grace behold ?
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Painter matchless ! nought to me
Gives more gladness than to see
Earth thus beautified by thee :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Unlike Flora's offerings fair,
Partial spread, thy kindly care
Beautifies her everywhere :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

At thy touch, behold, to-day
The dark Holly looks as gay
As the Hawthorn does in May :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

See how 'neath thy gentle tread,
Bright as bride to altar led,
Bends the Lady-birch her head :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Yonder cascade, in its glee
Down the hillside dashing free,
Looks like darkness matched with thee :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Fields that late looked bare and brown,
Whiter now than Solan-down,
Well uphold thy fair renown :
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Let him boast of landscapes green
Who no Highland Glen hath seen
Mantled in the chaster sheen
Lent it by the snow.

Oh to be thus always nigh
When Glen-Urquhart lovingly
Dons the virgin livery
Of the falling snow!

Ha! thou ceasest—scarce a flake
Falleth now o'er bank or brake.
Good-bye, Meekley's lovely lake!
Good-night, snow!

CRAIGANTAIRVE.

A SCENE IN NETHER LORNE, ARGYLESHIRE.

WHERE, when comes the joyous Spring,
Is first heard the carolling
Of the songbirds loving well
'Mong our Highland woods to dwell?
Where first tries the tuneful thrush,
Perched on the yet leafless bush,
To drown Winter's dying sigh
In a flood of melody—
Merles and linnets glad as she,
Joining with her in her glee,—

While the skylark, no less gay,
Far among the clouds away,
Pipeth, in her heavenward flight.
Music such as seraph might
Almost fill with envy to
Listen to its thrilling flow !
Would you know ? then, hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where—when, after absence long,
The cuckoo resumes her song,
Is first heard her welcome lay
Bringing in the happy May !
Where—his harem's love to gain—
Joys to croon the heathcock vain,
With his wings outstretched wide—
Twenty fair ones at his side !
Where delighteth most the bee
On sweet blooms to banquet free—
Finding them abundant too
Almost all the long year through !
Would you know ? then hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where be the green woodlands where
Finds the roe his choicest lair ?
Where, the grassy hillsides green
First to don their emerald sheen,
And the clovered meadows fine
Dearest to the milky kine,

And the streamlets, clear and cool
Marged by birches beautiful
Whose wind-wafted fragrance rare
Miles around perfume the air !
Would you know ? then hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Scene beloved ! who here can view
All thy graces, ever new,
Would not pity men who toil
'Mid the city's sad turmoil,
Making "fortunes," if they can,
Careless how, so it be done !
Give to me to spend my days
Among Highland birks and braes,
Finding there the best of wealth,
Rural joys and rosy health,
And, when wedded, proudly find
Mine some mountain maiden kind—
One who, like the matchless flower
Blossoming in yonder bower,
Would make any place to be
Quite a paradise to me !

BRITAIN vs. AFGHANISTAN.

WRITTEN IN 1843.

'Tis grand to grasp the glaive
Some sacred cause to shield ;
'Tis grand to find a grave
In freedom's battle field.

Not thus fight they who seek
  Now, in ignoble strife,
'Mid Afghan's mountains bleak
  The Afghan's country—life.

O Britain! when will be
  Thy lust of conquest quenched?
'Tis infamy to see
  Thy skirts so blood bedrenched.

Rude though the Afghan be,
  He loves his native land,
And well may dread to see
  Its rule in thy red hand.

Let Kyber's fateful fight
  And Ackbar's blade of doom
Warn thee to shun the fight
  Where freemen strike for home.

The brave respect the brave—
  Thou seek'st revenge: For shame!
Go, sheathe thy braggart glaive,
  Aspire to honest fame.

If Afghan thou wouldst lord,
  Go blessing—not to slay,—
The Bible, not the Sword,
  Paving for thee the way.

How beautiful upon
The mountains then would be
Thy feet! This—this alone
Were conquest worthy thee.

MARY MINE.

THEY tell thee that I'm a deceiver?
A deceiver! Mary mine,
While this heart beats, never, never
Can it be aught else than thine.

What although of other Maries
I may sometimes sing the charms,
Not the less my heart's sole care is
To live only in thine arms.

Moons may change in yonder heaven,
Ocean still may ebb and flow;
But my love, so fondly given,
Change nor ebb shall ever know.

AN IMPROMPTU.

(On seeing in the studio of Mr. Alex. MacInnes, Inverness, a painting representing a very young girl—his own beautiful daughter—in the attitude of caressing a favourite Newfoundland dog.)

WAS ever mortal maiden half so fair
As thou, the form all-perfect pictured there!
If breath were thine, I'd almost wish to be
Myself a dog, to be caressed by thee.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

'Twas night: Dark lour
The storm-clouds scowling;
O'er main and moor
Wild winds rush howling;
Rocked Ellen's cot
In manner fearful;
Yet not for that
She there sits, tearful.

"My love is tossed
Upon the billow!
O that my breast
Were now his pillow!"
The storm increased—
Her heart beats wildly;
"Rest, rude waves, rest!
Ye winds, blow mildly!"

When just as die
All hopes within her,
In steps, O joy!
Her brave bread-winner.
Love's couch is spread,
Love's kiss is given;
The fisher's shed
Is now a heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED PARENT.

O THOU, whose love was dear as life to me,—
My first, best, fondest friend beneath the skies!
Though hence removed by Heaven's all-wise decree,
Yet seem'st thou still as present to mine eyes,—
The same fond look, the same endearing voice—
Thy face so fair, thy smile so sweet to see!
Alas, that all too late I've learnt to prize
Thy peerless worth!—a worth that well may be
Within my heart of hearts a treasured memory.

Methinks I see thee by the couch of pain,—
Thy presence fraught with healing—keen complaint
Changing to grateful smiles, or making fain
Some orphan'd home with needful nourishment.
How often o'er my bed of sickness bent
Thy form beloved—an angel seeming there,—
Night after night in weary watching spent
Counting as nothing, in thy tender care
That I should nothing lack a mother's love could spare.

How recreant I, could I forget the zeal
With which to me, in boyhood, day by day,
Thou would'st fresh fountains of delight unseal,
Making Instruction's path a pleasant way.
'Twas thine to show Vice smiles but to betray,
Thine to persuade me ever to pursue
The path of duty, nor from that e'er stray,
No matter what of sacrifice ensue—
Thine own example still to all thy precepts true.

If friends departed may permitted be—
To mingle sympathies with those they best
Loved on this earth, O be thou still to me
A guardian spirit, chasing all unrest
And sorrow from my oft despondent breast,—
Bidding me hopeful tread life's journey o'er,
Cheered by the thought that, when at heaven's behest,
Hence called, I'll meet thee on that blissful shore,
Where re-united friends are parted never-more.

DUNCAN'S-BAY HEAD.

(Written in a Visitors'Album kept at the Huna Inn, John O'Groat's.)

PILGRIM, not when skies are smiling,
And old Ocean lies asleep,
But when raves the blast despoiling
Should you view your headland steep.

When o'er liquid hills and hollows
Pipes the wind an anthem grand,
Heard o'er all the roar of billows
Breaking on the rock-ribbed strand,—

When, o'erhead, the storm-cloud's marge is
Brightened by the lightning's play,
And, far down, the foaming surges
Dashing, die in clouds of spray,—

When upon the distant skerrie
Cowers the cormorant in fear,
While the screaming seagull merry
Rides upon the wave-crest near,—

When the scud that o'er it sweepeth
The vext Pentland's visage veils,
Where some stout ship, nathless, keepeth
On her path, 'neath close-reefed sails,—

Then it is that fancy pictures
Haco and his galleys good
Swallowed up where oft, as victors,
Rose their war-cries o'er the flood;—

Then it is that *I* would, cheerful,
Tarry on your giddy height;
Then old Ocean's turmoil fearful
In my soul wakes wild delight!

Tides in which, with zest untiring
Sea-birds many-millioned feed,—
Wave-girt rocks more awe-inspiring
Than earth's proudest pyramid,—

Cliffy scaurs of rarest grandeur,
Crags where broods the eagle grey,
Chasms, caves, where wild waves thunder—
These thy charms are, Duncan's-bay.

1838.

TO MARY.

MARY, once my loving, fond one,
Though thou willest it to be
That all hope I now abandon,
More I blame myself than thee.

Had I, spite thy charms alluring,
Made thee less my all in all —
Never owned my heart, adoring,
Thine—thine only, past recall,—

Haply, the old oak tree under,
Mine were yet to oft enjoy
Thy love-lighted glances tender,
Smile for smile and sigh for sigh.

Was it that I made thy beauty
My choice theme in many a lay,
Making it my muse's duty
All thy graces to portray.

Was it that I thought of heaven
Far less often than of thee,
That my love so ill has thriven,
That no hope is left for me?

Think how, by yon river, queenly
Flowing thy loved home anear,
Thou oft promised, O! how vainly,
All thy life with me to share.

Think—but no,—the thought might sadden
Thee too much; so take thy way,
Of sad thoughts, that come unbidden,
Leaving me alone the prey.

LOVE'S LAST APPEAL.

FAIR maid of Adgartan!
Hear me while I fain
Would pour out my heart in
One appealing strain—
My last appeal to thee, if now I plead in vain.

Once thou'dst fondly question
Aught in my dispraise;
Once thine eyes could rest on
Mine with loving gaze,
Or droop, as soul to soul sent love's electric rays.

Though all unavailing
Now such memories be,—
Bootless as the wailing
Of the winds my plea,—
Song soothes the wounded swan—it, too, may comfort me.

As some gem enriching,
Lost as soon as found,—
As some strain bewitching
In a discord drown'd,—
As Eden fruit within some fair forbidden bound,—

As a starlet looking
On some wreck-strewn tide,—
With its brightness mocking
The destruction wide,—
So is to my fond heart thy beauty and thy pride.

What though all unmatchéd
Be thy mien and mould,
Would the slave less wretched
Feel if chained with gold?
The victim of the block, should crimson him enfold?

Tell, bewitching creature!
Tell me why thou art
Angel in each feature,
Tyrant in thy heart?
A rosebud that yet wills no odour to impart?

Suns were made to warm us,
Stars to cheer us shine,
Soars the lark to charm us
With her song divine:
O think not less to please such peerless graces thine!

Love, thou archer clever,
If thy shafts must fly,
Aim at Anna,—give her
In her turn to sigh,
Or teach me of thy grace her scorning to defy.

Ah, too well Love knoweth
The attempt were vain;
Much as Beauty oweth
To the minstrel train,
Weak is the pow'r of song where wealth her smiles would gain.

Memory, gift of Heaven
To the happy—gay!
My poor heart is driven
Mad beneath thy sway,
Thou vulture at my breast, exulting o'er thy prey!

Hopeless love, bright maiden,
Is a fever strong,
But the grave once laid in,
We sleep sweet and long:
Alas, that Lethe's stream flows but in idle song!

A STOLEN KISS.

No, Maggie! I'll take no denying:
Anear thee, my winsome wee witch,
What dullards deem proper decorum
I never could practise or preach.
Come, come, then! my sweet, blushing bright one,
What needs you should take it amiss
If from those red lips so inviting
I sometimes should pilfer a kiss.

Let gommerals, blind to thy beauty,
A better behaviour shew,—
'Twere nonsense to find in such fellows,
A rule by which others must go.
As for me, love, I must and *will* win it,
Whate'er be the price of my bliss:
Your mamma—will be here in minute!
Mag's lover, of course, had the kiss!

A WARNING WORD.

(Addressed to a friend who expected an appointment in a certain public establishment.)

If thou canst at once agree, sir,
To be what *I* ne'er could be, sir,
Bend thy head—the yoke is near;
Come, devoted one, come here.

Would'st thou (let me plainly speak, sir)
Kiss the foot that would thee kick, sir?
Treadmill toils, meanwhile, thy share—
Then, by all means, hasten here.

Wouldst thou for thy masters know, sir,
Things thou once would think too low, sir,
For aught else than scorn? Ne'er fear
Finding them in dozens here.

If the flunky thou whould'st play, sir,
Fawn and flatter all the day, sir,
In that case—that only—steer
Quick along—thy port is here.

Yet, for all such prospects cheery,
If thou comest, much I fear me,
Thou will often, sighing, swear
" Better I were hanged than here ! "

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

SINCE moralizing's out of fashion,
And gossipping the " ruling passion,"
Methinks it were but little harm here
To sing you of a certain charmer.

And first, it might be well to state here
How lords and lairds were " wooing at her,"
In youthful prime, when every charm
Of hers a monarch's heart might warm ;
How many Colins she had slain,
How many Strephons sigh'd in vain ;
How many sonnets in her praise
Were penn'd by bards of other days :
But lest ye'd think my tale too long,
We'll leave her " dancing days" unsung.

438015

Behold—her gay meridian past,
Her charms deceitful fading fast,
Her fond admirers getting rare,
Her hope fast dwindling to despair—
Behold her cursing pride and painting,
And wisely fall in love with *sainting*,
As many of her sisters do
When we, poor sinners, cease to sue.

No more she apes the peacock gay,
Attending opera or play,
No more she heedeth Fashion's call;
She hates to hear of rout or ball,
And thinks such scenes of sinful mirth
Should be quite banished from the earth.
How sad that not to hide but *show*
Their nakedness most girls dress *now*!
Deeming a kiss as nought unlawful—
And then the waltz—'twas really awful
To think how some she knows can prance
Unblushing through that wanton dance!
Woe to the hand that ever would
Its presence on *her* waist intrude!
No—never in her life would she
Admit of so much liberty;
She *always was of men* afraid,
And hopes to live and die a maid!

Behold her now a saint full-fledged,
On social problems much engaged;

So full of charity she's grown,
Each cast-off mantle, shoe, and gown
Is duly sent to clóthe the poor;
Pale Hunger, laughing, quits her door:
And then, she visits all the sick—
Was ever lady half so meek?
Condemns *Sir Walter*, quotes good *Boston*—
Was ever lady half so Christian?
She lives in very pious hope
To see the downfall of the Pope,
And wonders when his time is "up:"
She tells such interesting news
'Bout Juggernaut and the Hindoos,
With all that's done among the Jews—
And then, with what a grace she coaxes
Your mite to Missionary boxes!

Who could suppose that, after all,
Some will all this "pretension" call—
Hinting she cares about the Jews
As much as I for cast-off shoes,
And falls as short of saintly mark
As any damsel—in the dark!
They've seen her often, when at church,
Like any sinner nod and lurch,
However much the preacher there
Might merit more attentive ear.
'Twas but the other Sunday she
Attended in most holy key;

A psalm is given forth—our saint,
Smelling of perfume and of paint,
Turns up her book, when lo! that rake
Don Juan, carried by mistake!

Is't possible? Mysterious fate!
Behold her now in married state;
A swain who much admired her purse
Proposed "for better or for worse"—
She took him at his word, of course.

O Hymen, dread transforming god,
What changes follow at thy nod!
The angel forms of Cupid's day,
Become much like to mortal clay;
Enchanting syrens learn to be
Much in the curtain lecture key;
Adored Clarindas wear the *trews*,
And goddesses turn famous shrews.

But turn we to our saint—O fie
On mortal mutability!
In one short month the dame so graced,
So high among the godly placed,
Comes down to quite a different level,
Where—where, in short, she plays the d—l;
Forgets her charities and prayers,
For sick or naked never cares;
Is first each night to see the play,
Tho' last to church on Sabbath day;

Talks scandal—reads each new romance,
Nor thinks it any harm to dance!
So pirates, once their prize made fast,
Give their true colours to the mast;
So butterflies, for aught I learn,
To dirty grubs again return.

MY FIRST RAILWAY TRIP.

OUR fare is paid—'tween fear and hope,
We hear "Just to depart";
Our seats are ta'en—the steam is up—
And now we're on the start!

"Oh, fire and fury—how we go!
Thou magic-working thing!
What speed can match with thine? I trow
The eagle on the wing,

"Resistless, darting on her prey,
Glides not more swift than thee,
Untiring still, away, away,
Upon thy journey free!

"There! there! like Hecate on her broom,
Or Scott on Satan's back—
Or meteor through the midnight gloom—
Or arrow on its track,—

"Or Eurus on his car of clouds—
Or Lora's leaping tide—
Or rushing of the torrent floods
Down Cruachan's streamy side,—

"Or like the swift and sudden gleams
Of sunshine passing by—
Or fancy in excursive dreams,—
From scene to scene we fly!"

Thus far a bard. A pause ensued—
Some felt as on the rack;
Some, as if travelling in a cloud
Upon the whirlwind's back.

"Our nag's the boy!" some chap remarked—
"Needs neither corn nor stall.
No rest needs he, however worked;
My troth! but he beats all.

"Tell me no more of Gilpin's feat
At Edmonton so gay,
Nor yet of Johnny Cope's retreat
From Preston's fatal fray.

"Not swifter over field and fell
Our horse and we could hie
If demons after us did yell,
And we for life did fly!"

Thus on we go. What! can it be
Old Airdrie? By the powers,
'Twas but the other minute we
Left fair St. Mungo's towers!

Whiss! whiss! goes forth a deaf'ning sound,
Like breath of Polar whale;
Our Pegasus his goal has found,
And we the ground, all hale!

SELLARS AND HIS SHEARS.

(Mr. David Sellars—one of the most notorious of the agents engaged in the celebrated Sutherlandshire clearances—having, at an agricultural dinner attended by him, his health proposed by a nobleman present thereat, he is reported as having acknowledged, in a strain of unblushing self-glorification, the honour thus done him. The following verses are an attempted interpretation of the thoughts that must have crowded on him as he rose to express his thanks.)

HERE stand I before you, a veteran who
Has done good clearing work in my time.
Thank Heaven for laws that so wisely allow
The pursuit of a work so sublime.
That *was* a smart feat I accomplished of late,—
'Tis as true as his Grace declares,
That Ardtornish's* walls—*Donald Gorm's* proud halls—
I have stormed with my good old shears.

* In allusion to Sellars' then recent purchase of the Ardtornish estate, Argyleshire.

Those shears of mine all shears outshine;
Spite of every resistance rude,
They have "clear'd" your lands more than marshalled bands
Of the Roman or Dane e'er could;
Wherever they dip into the "clip,"
'Tis all up with the mountaineers;
Like a mist they're gone, while I flourish on,—
Then, hurra for old Sellars's shears!

But not always thus was my success;—
Where my first campaign began,
Though friend Nick and I all our skill did ply
To proceed with the "clearing" plan,
Firm as rooted oaks 'mid their native rocks
Stood those stubborn serfs for years,
Till the land's good Chief, to our great relief,
Brought the Sword to assist the Shears.

Then we stopt the plough, and the *Caschrom* too,
And we laugh'd, in our very mirth,
At the sight so gay, my cross-breed at play
Round a many extinguished hearth,
'Mong the witless lairds of the Glens and Airds
What a change in a few short years
By my Shears was wrought—for their lands I bought
Then hurra for old Sellars' Shears!

The Celt talks of a prescriptive right
To the land that he loves so well;
I love it too,—by old Nick! I do—
As the Celt to his cost can tell.

Sure, the hamlets burned, and the thousands turned
From their homes, amid sobs and tears,
Are enough to prove how this land I love;
Then, hurra for old Sellars' Shears!

My love of this land is written deep
In the Exile's wither'd heart;
While my ways are found with such success crowned,
From that love I will not depart;
Green depeopled Straths are the chosen paths
I would have for my fleecy cares:
Long may all who combine to such paths make mine
Share the luck of old Sellar's Shears!
1859.

AN EPISTLE TO A POETICAL FRIEND.

Written in June, 1848.

WITH meikle shame to think that I
Should have allowed your last to lie
Unanswered two whole months well nigh,
'Tis high time, Watty,
That I a fit response should try,
So, here goes at you!

And how have *you* been all this while?
Proving the Chartists all that's vile,
Or smartly stirring Tory bile
With Free Trade speeches?
Or quietly basking in the smile
Of "Yorkshire witches?"

Or may it be that you have crossed
The Channel, joining that brave host
Now crushing despot rule unblest
All Europe through—
Thrones built on blood and bayonets, tossed
The devil to?

Or have you been to Erin's strand,
Cheering her gallant patriot band
Fond-hoping for the hour at hand
She will once more
'Mong Europe's nations take the stand
She held of yore?

If there indeed, I hope that you'
May quickly join the minstrels true
Who, in *The Nation* pitch into
John Bull's rough hide;
To end his base misrule, to do
Or die, their pride!

For me, my rhyming days are o'er—
As well seek grapes in Labrador
As Bardic visions by the shore
Of Mersey muddy;
'Mid traffic's wretched stir and stour
No minstrel should be.

Who would become the Muse's pride
Must learn to woo her as a bride,

And never, never quit her side
At any cost;
Let meaner aims the heart divide,
And all is lost.

Oh for the days that once have been!
Oh for the Aray's wildwood Glen,
And thou, lost Harp! to wake again
The echoes near me,
And maidens bright and honest men
To charm and cheer me!

Though living in the humblest cot,
If by the Muse neglected not,
Princes might envy me my lot
So blest—so free;—
Let others in your cities rot,
The hills for me!

But wheresoe'er I live or die—
Doom'd in forgotten grave to lie,
Or, haply, up Parnassus high
Thy steps attend,
Believe me, till my latest sigh,
Thy faithful friend.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Occasioned by the death, at a very early age, of John Henry, the first-born son of Lord John Campbell, of Ardincaple, afterwards 7th Duke of Argyll.)

A SHADOW rests on Aray's strand,
  O'er all the West is wail and woe;
The heir to all MacCailean's land
  In death's relentless grasp lies low.
O youth so loved, so gifted! though
  The cruel grave has closed o'er thee,
Long by the Aray's murmuring flow
  Shall flourish green thy memory.

Oft, as we watch'd thy life's bright morn,
  How fondly did we hope to see
The statesman just—the warrior stern—
  A second "IAIN RUDAH" in thee—
The stoutest friend of liberty—
  The glory of the Campbell Clan:
Alas that thus so soon should be
  That day-dream bright forever gone!

We well could see, without a sigh,
  The whirlwind in its mad career
Uproot the dozened beach-tree dry,
  The gloomy yew or hemlock sere;
But when the oak of promise rare
  Is torn untimely from its place
Who, seeing, would not wish that there
  The tempest had shewn better grace?

Yon stately Pile may well be grey,—
  Deserted—desolate, though long,
From thee it hoped a better day—
  The flow of mirth, the voice of song,
The charity that has no tongue,
  The ever-hospitable board,
The steps of beauty mild and young,
  The presence of a gallant lord.

Oh, Death ! thou art a monster blind,
  For ever groping for thy prey ;
And oft, by sad mischance, doth find
  The young when thou shouldst get the grey—
Those who should never die, while they
  Escape who daily for thee sigh ;—
Ah ! why flew not that welcome way
  The dart which did our hopes destroy ?

Farewell, illustrious youth, farewell !
  Though deep and long be our regret,
An earthly thou hast surely well
  Exchanged for heavenly coronet.
O be thy last, long slumber sweet,
  By Enda's bark-frequented strand :
Our sun—our morning sun—is set !
  A shadow hath come o'er the land !

TO THE MORNING STAR.

FAIREST and proudest gem
Placed in Night's diadem,
Morn's happy usher! I hail thee with joy:
Hail to thy presence bright,
Over yon distant height
Queenly resuming thy place in the Sky?

Thou wakest the skylark—
Allured by thy smile, hark!
In heaven already how blissful she sings!
The fox—midnight rover—
Now steals to his cover,
The blackcock makes love where the cool fountain springs.

The elfin knights prancing,
The elfin maids dancing,
The witch at her cantrips, thou fill'st with dismay;
Ghosts from thy presence fly,
Owlets no longer cry,—
Wand'rer benighted, now smile on thy way!

Star of the golden gleam!
Where dost thou hide thy beam
When the young Morn her bright eyelids unclose?
Thou which like God's own eye
Look'd where I see the sky
Now bashful-blushing—one wide-spreading rose!

Quick in the twilight grey,
Vanish thy sisters gay,—
Gone is the light of thy own brighter eye ;
Yet shall I hail thy smile,
Over yon mountain pile,
Queenly resuming thy place in the Sky !

A DREAMLAND DELIGHT.

(Addressed to a fair friend who had sent the author a piece of bride-cake which, according to a custom prevalent among young people in some parts of Scotland, he was expected to place under his pillow, with the assurance that the result would be a very pleasant dream—one to be afterwards fully told to the donor of the cake.)

YOUNG Jeanie expects me to let her know all
That to me, yestreen, did in dreamland befall,
And now I right gladly respond to her call.

Alone on my couch in the deep midnight still,
When sleep had left fancy to wander at will,
"I dream'd a dream"—'twas a dream of bliss—
A vision such as I would not miss
For all that has ever yet been my share
Of joy in this waking world of care ;
Once more but to taste of that bliss so brief
I would suffer long years of despair and grief.

What was it, think you, was this dream divine ?
Seem'd I feasting with kings in some Palace fine,
Where from goblets of gold the red wine they drain,
And royalty smiles on a courtly train.
With the sceptre of Power in my potent hand,
Did myself seem the Chief of some far-famed Land ?
Did I deem I was own'd in the World's glad sight
A Hero unmatch'd in fair Freedom's fight ?
Or a Sage taught to bless and enrich mankind
With the wisdom and lore of a godlike mind ?
In the Temple of Fame was it mine to be,
The chief of the Sons of bright Poesy ?
Did I seem in possession of stores untold
Of the brightest gems—of the purest gold ?
Did some daughter of Beauty with hand of snow
Wake the harp to fond strains I loved long ago ?
Was I charm'd by the tones of some seraph Choir ?
Seem'd I list'ning the Angel of Love's own lyre,
As around him were join'd, in the Land of Bliss,
The Fond-hearted whose loves had been cross'd in *this* ?
In my Highland Home did I seem to stray ?
Was my step with the Morn on the mountain grey
When its peak with the sun is in glory crown'd,
And the rocks to the cries of the Chase resound ?
Seem'd my bark o'er the breast of the blue Lochfyne
Bounding fearless and fleet, as in days longsyne,
When a swelling sail and a heaving sea
Were a joy to my little bark and me ?

These be fancies I own, that might well delight,
Yet had nothing to do with this Vision bright.
Can you guess then, sweet girl, what could really be
The cause of a joy so supreme to me—
A joy far surpassing all others won
By me since my life on this earth began?
You cannot,—and so, although only to you,
I'll tell you my dream, without further ado.

I dreamt I was sitting, at gloaming's hour,
Within the sweet shade of a garden bower;
A maiden of beauty surpassingly bright
Sat near me—her eyes full of love's own light.
Brief time passed we there till her grace made me bold
To tell how I loved her;—my arms, while I told,
Found their way, unreproved, round her lithesome waist,
Her fair face meanwhile, fondly laid on my breast,
Half hid itself there like a bird in its nest,
And just as she owned her young heart all my own,
And just as I showered loving kisses upon
The chaste, rose-red lips of that dear darling one,
I awoke. Jeanie dear, if that joy of joys
It ever may mine be to realize,
You only can say, since the beautiful elf
Of that vision of mine was—your own sweet self!

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE, NEAR CHESTER.

SHAKE off, my soul, each earth-born care!
A glimpse of paradise is here!
Scene like this to see,
Wakes a doubt in me
How a curse can be on a world so fair!

Here—the blackbird sings like some spirit blest;
There—the skylark springs from her secret nest,
And in heaven away
Pours so sweet a lay
As might envy wake in a seraph's breast.

Let those who list far distant go
To gaze on scenes of sterner shew;
Enough for me
Is the joy to be
Where the winding Dee delights to flow.

Ye bards, let fancy wander free;
Think what earth's fairest spot should be;
Then hither stray
In flowery May
And view the gay reality!

24th May, 1841.

LINES WRITTEN IN "THE DINGLE."

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY, ENGLAND.

I'VE been mid scenes where horn and hound
Make hills and valleys ring all,
But ne'er in such a fairy bound
As thine, delightful Dingle !

Her sweetest bloom the "stars of earth,"
Here the wood minstrels mingle
Notes such as only could have birth
In Eden—or the Dingle.

Here, ever verdant shrub and spray
The richest odours fling all
On Zephyr's wings, while on his way
Flow'r-kissing in the Dingle.

Here sunny slopes invite the view,
Here, bowers where fond hearts tingle;
There, glides the Mersey, calmly blue,
Proud to reflect the Dingle.

Ye bachelors, come here, and then
I dare ye to live single ;
How can ye, where such nymphs are seen
As love to haunt the Dingle ?

"WHAT MEANS THY LONG ABSENCE."

WHAT means thy long absence, beloved Jeanie Stuart,
The home of thy childhood so far distant from ?
Far friends may be kind, yet the darling that thou art
Should surely forget not thy friends left at home.

Return, then, sweet truant ! my soul longs to see thee,
The bud always fair, now a rose in full bloom ;
The winter that now storms and scowls, would with me be,
Quick changed into summer, if thou wert at home.

Come, welcome as calm after storm on the ocean,
Come, fair as the dawn after darkness and gloom ;
Come, proving how vain was the fear that my chosen
Could ever forget me,—O come, loved one, come !

Come, proving how well may my joy and my pride be
Our sweet gloaming love-trysts once more to resume ;
Come shewing that death, only death, can divide thee
Again from thy lover,—then O hasten home !

SONNET.

THE PRIMROSE.

Of all the gems that Earth's green bosom grace,
Give me the Primrose, May-dew-drinking flower,
That loves not gay parterre nor gaudy bower,
But gives its beauty to each desert place.
So Innocence, rare guest in Palaces,
Blooms in yon Cot upon the bleak hill-side!
So sweet Content, unknown to Wealth and Pride,
With rustic toil her quiet dwelling has.
Loved Flow'r! thy term of life is brief, but thou
Enjoy'st it in the Seasons' golden age,
When the wood-minstrels chaunt on ev'ry bough,
And larks to Heaven make vocal pilgrimage;
I well may deem, of all things fair below,
Thy praise doth most their thrilling songs engage.

SONNET.

TO A ROBIN SINGING ON A NOVEMBER MORNING.

Emblem of Hope! thou minstrel sweet, that sings
When eild and sadness fall upon the Year,
And Winter tramples on the leaflet sere,
And flowers are not—Oh tell me what thus brings
Joy to thy heart? Dost thou in memory stray
To the bright May-time, when on wanton wings

Thy fond mate thou hast courted?—whenaɥɹysdə
Is musical as Heaven's own bowers, and springs
The skylark from the gowan'd sward to chaunt
Her matin song? Sweet bird! it so must be;—
Of present pleasures little canst thou vaunt;
Yet is thy lot an envied one to me,
To whom reflection much of sorrow brings,
Whose memory is a snake of many stings!

SONNET.

Address to J. Ferguson, of Carlyle, on reading his "Shadow of the Pyramid"—a volume of Sonnets descriptive of a tour through Egypt and the Holy Land.

BARD of the lay that tells of Egypt's land,
Who would not own the magic of thy rhyme?
Palace and pyramid and temple grand
—Titanic structures fashion'd for all time—
Gracefully conjured up at thy command,
I gaze enraptured on their forms sublime.
I see the chosen Chief, whose wondrous wand
Awed and confounded prince and priest and seer,
O'er the Red Sea majestic stretch his hand—
The foes of God and Israel pressing near:
The waves once more divide—God's chosen band
Walk safely through, while Egypt's hosts are drown'd:
Thy song is as if, 'mid the desert sand,
The harp inspired of Miriam thou hadst found!

DISENCHANTED.

So thou hast "changed thy mind," What then ?
A common thing in woman-kind,
To wonder at were quite as vain
As wond'ring that the wind
Can vary. If the minstrel sings,
'Tis for the balm that music brings.

No, Amy, if I now repine,
'Tis *not* that others bend the knee
In welcome homage at the shrine
Once sacred unto me ;
I grieve that I could ever bow
Where ev'ry fool may worship now !

And this is she I once could deem
A being less of earth than Heaven !
Alas, I only then did dream—
The veil at length is riven—
And I can see, through all thy smiles,
A heart of treachery and wiles.

Farewell, fair, fickle one ! A while,
A little while of bitter thought,
And I may learn to scorn the smile
That could with gold be bought ;
And thou wilt also learn to prove
That wealth's a poor exchange for love.

The stricken deer may seek the shade,—
'Mid scenes where beauty is not sold
My heart shall yet to joy be wed,
My love-tale shall be told;
Then, Image of the False, depart!
I tear thee ever from my heart.

TARLOCHAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

(PARAPHRASE FROM THE GAELIC.)

ONE advice I would give you, my son, in this strain—
It may serve when a-wooing you go:
Be not daunted too much by a seeming disdain,—
With deceit to the truthful your soul never stain,—
If you wear it at all, wear but slightly Love's chain,—
It may save you a many heigho!

Should you meet "a fine girl"—as fond fools it express—
Be not lured by her shape or her air;—
Snakes oft lurk among flowers—and if heedless you pass,
You may live, when too late, to exclaim "What an ass,
Not to think she might false be as fair!"

Beneath a bright landscape the earthquake may sleep;
In the rosebud a canker may be;
The river where calmest is always most deep,
And balmy the breeze that may oftentimes sweep
O'er a rock-bosom'd, ship-wrecking sea.

Then seek you in woman the charms of the mind,—
Those charms that with youth will not die;—
Mere rose-tinted cheeks, air or accent refined,
Must not win your young heart, or too late you may find
You have built on the ice—you have trusted the wind—
You have made your whole lifetime a sigh.

TO MAGGIE S., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

LET others hail this happy morn
As that on which a Queen was born;*
I hail it with an equal glee,
Because the birth-day blest of thee!
Of thee, thou bud of beauty gay,
Fit offspring of the happy May,
Whose smile is like its sunshine bright,
Whose step is as its zephyrs light,
Whose neck is as its lilies fair,
Whose breath is like its perfumed air,
Whose voice has borrowed from the grove
Its sweetest, softest notes of love.

Unlike the fate that threatens me,
Sweet One! may *thy* life happy be;
May youth sit long upon thy brow,
May virtue make thy heart her shrine;
And if thy tears should ever flow,
Be they for others' woes, not thine.

*The 24th May, Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Birth-day.

May worldly wiles ne'er come between
Thy heart and his who loves thee best;
But sharing fortune's happy mean,
With him and him alone, be blest!

And now, in ending this brief lay,
I cannot less than fondly pray
Thy next recurring birth-day may
That of thy wedding also be,
And the glad groom perhaps be—me!

TO ———.

THEY bid me forget thee—they hint, in their pride,
Mine can ne'er be the hand of my soul-wedded-bride;
And they heartlessly hope my beloved one shall be
The woo'd and the won of one richer than me:
But *true* love is strong in its faith, and I heed not
The tale that proclaims thou wilt leave me to mourn;
Oh! what to reward it can love like thine need, but
A love that is deathless and deep in return.

If another could love thee more fondly, more true,—
If for only thyself and not wealth he should woo,
I could then bear to lose thee, contented that thine
Were a wooer more worthy to kneel at love's shrine;
But so long as none other can love thee as *I* do,
So long as thou'rt gentle and fond as thou'rt fair,
Let them blush who would teach thy young heart to deny me,
And learn that I need not and *will not* despair.

A LAST FOND FAREWELL.

As some beacon-light, far-throwing
  Through a night of starless skies
Its blest rays, the seaman showing
  Where his wished-for haven lies.

Loved one! thus, when shadows dreary
  All around my pathway lay,
Came thy gentle smiles to cheer me,
  Chasing all the gloom away;

Giving hopes, however lowering
  My life's sky might sometimes prove,
I could aye find refuge sure in
  The calm haven of thy love.

Wherefore, thou delightful vision,
  Was thy stay so very brief?
Woe's me that a joy elysian
  Should so sudden change to grief!

Parted now, for ever parted—
  Malice well has played her part,—
I, the lorn and broken-hearted,
  Thou—I ask not what thou art.

Still within my heart adoring
  Lives thine image ever fair;
Like a rose in Winter flow'ring,
  Blooms my love amid despair.

So the sun, himself evanish'd,
Leaves his beams upon the hill;
So the wretch from freedom banish'd,
Tastes in dreams of freedom still.

Fare thee well! yon heaving ocean
Farther soon shall us divide;
Still, till death shall end its motion,
Thou shalt be my heart's fond bride!

THE CAPTURED BIRD.

A FABLE.

A MAIDEN once planted a cunning snare,
And she caught a wild bird of plumage rare;
And she tamed him so, that at last thought she,
"This bird has no heart for liberty;
Let me do with him whatsoe'er I may,
He has neither the wish nor the pow'r to stray."

When his mistress had kept this bird so long
That he almost forgot his woodland song,
And his forest mates, to him once so dear,
She thought she had nothing more to fear,
He had been so long her imprison'd slave,
So grateful for every crumb she gave,
That it seemed, be her favours however small,
He could not but choose to live still in thrall.

But not thus, from its native joys exiled,
Can a bird to its cage be reconciled;
The string that is play'd on too long may break,
And a yoke, tho' of gold, soon must tire the neck.
What flow'r can long bloom amid frost and snow?
What joy, without hope, can the fond heart know?
O no,—it is not from all joy exiled
That a bird brought up in the forest wild
Can be to such bondage reconciled.

One day she open'd his cage in play,
With a "Go, foolish thing, if thou wilt, away,"
Never dreaming her captive one inch would stray.
The fond bird heard the insulting word,
Aud his native pride was within him stirr'd;
So he flapped his wings to her wond'ring view,
And away, and away, fast and far he flew.
It was *then* that the sigh of his mistress proved
That the bird she lost was a bird beloved;—
He returned to his bower in the forest green,
And her captive caged never more was seen!

Moral.—Love is the bird, ye maidens bright,
Of which the minstrel sings;
Then, never may you with caprice light,
Or seeming scorn, or wanton slight,
Forget that he has wings.

WHERE DWELLETH HAPPINESS?

O WHERE dwelleth Happiness—where?
With the peasant in yon low-roof'd cot?
So sages and statesmen declare,
Yet the peasant knows *there* she dwells *not.*

Is her home then in palaces grand,
Proud Royalty's favourite guest?
With the gay and the great of the land,
Does she dwell 'mid the dance and the feast?

Alas! neath the coronet there,
Oft hid is a dark aching brow;
Oft the purple but hides in its glare
The choice victims of care and of woe.

Does she dwell with the famous in song?
Most of all there the search would be vain,
Since the strains that our raptures prolong
Are oft pour'd from a bosom of pain!

With the Learned and the Wise surely she
Makes herself no rare guest, one would deem,
Lo, the fool, as he passes, may see
She abides not with any of them:

Yet with Friendship she surely is found?
No—not there, to my sorrow, I know,
With Love, then? The feverish bound
Of my heart proves that Love is her foe!

Where, O where then at all dwelleth she ?
Alas ! since from Eden sin-driven,
Man here all in vain would her see ;
Her sole, chosen dwelling is Heaven.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM JUST PRESENTED TO A FAIR FRIEND.

Friendship's gift so fair to see,
What can I say worthy thee ?
Thou'rt a tablet far too fair
For aught else than fancies rare—
Tablet where, in sequence bright,
Rare gems of thought shall yet have place,
As, one by one, the stars at night
Come out, adorning heaven's face.

Book of beauty, let me shew
What should grace thy page of snow,
What the themes on which may turn
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Minstrel fancies "short and sweet"
Here may find admittance meet :
Patriots struggling for the right
Here, in verse, may win the fight ;
Tyrants who the world would thrall
Here, in verse, unpitied fall,—
Here, too, may the bondsman's wrong
Find a fitting voice in song ;

Here the artist's pencil may
All things beautiful pourtray;
Here the moralist may teach,
Here the lover may beseech,
To the idol of his heart
  Doing homage like a true man;
Never pleases minstrel art
  More than when the theme is woman.—
Woman—pearl of priceless worth!
Nature's purest, fairest birth!
Woman—to whose grace is given
To make Earth almost a Heaven!

Never in this book be penned
Aught that virtue may offend;
Let the knave in friendship's guise
Elsewhere vent his flatteries.
Dullards, pray keep distance wide;
Hands off, all ye slaves of pride!
Wits whose pens are dipt in gall,
Misanthropes and sceptics all,
Aught that ye might have to spare her
Least of all would Jeanie care for.

Type of infancy ere yet
Thought has its impression set
On the brow that may be found
Yet with the proud laurel crowned,—

Joyful as a mother may
Watch the dawn of reason's ray
Growing into perfect day,
Thus may thy fair mistress see
All that she may wish in thee
Growing, till thy glowing pages
Prove thee all her heart presages.

LINES WRITTEN ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

WHAT though my muse be more at home
On mountain side than drawing-room,
At fair Eliza's sweet request
I still would gladly do my best
To leave within this casket rare
Some proof of my regard for her—
A rustic offering fondly flung
Where "orient pearls at random strung"
In rich profusion haply may
Appear at no far future day.

Fain would I write to please the Fair—
Shall War then be my theme?—the glare
Of murdering steel—the onset dire—
The rampart storm'd—the town on fire?
The nobler strife on battle plain—
The "glorious" wounds—the thousands slain?
What though that widows—orphans, weep
For thousands left in death's cold sleep,

In "Glory's bed" they rest! then why
Such tears for fellows paid to—die?
Kings must have sport, and warriors fame—
Shall war, then, be my thrilling theme?
Ah! no—Eliza would not choose
To have me sing of scenes like these;
Far other themes, the minstrel knows,
Her gentle bosom best may please.

Lady, small joy 'twould thee afford
To sing thee of the festive board;
The venal muse's flattering strain
Applause of thine may never gain;
Nor wouldst thou praise, if I should try
With shaft satiric to annoy
My erring brother passing by:
The evils which we cannot cure
But by inflicting greater, sure
'Tis best in silence to endure.

* * * * *

Were mine the Harp of Ettrick old,
Here would Tradition's tales be told—
The sheeted Ghost, that faithless swain
Would shun, but ever shuns in vain;
The Witch upon her midnight broom;
The Seer foretelling death and doom;
The Fairy fold in mantles green,
In this blind age but seldom seen.
Yet, to our fathers known full well,
And seen more oft than tongue can tell?

Fond strains that mourn the early lost,
O come in all your sweetness here;
Of tender memories wake a host,
And let each memory claim a tear.
Here also be the soul-born song
That kindles at the Bondsman's wrong,
And bids him, as our brother, be,
O'er all the earth, a brother free.

And here be, too, the strain that tells
Of woodlands green and ferny dells—
The mountain tow'ring in its pride,
The torrent dashing down its side,
The heather blooming on its breast,
The red-deer in its corries chased,
The gray mist curling round its brow,
The lake, reflecting all, below—
Yes, ev'n in fancy but to see
My Highland Home is bliss to me!

But more than all, of themes most dear,
Let woman's love find favour here—
Love! richest boon to mortals given,
Sun of my life's oft-clouded sky!
I would not give its anguish even
For any other earthly joy.
Without its magic power, I ween,
Earth's sweetest songs had never been,
And even this poor lay I sing
Were poorer still, but that it has
The inspiration following,
The wish to win Eliza's praise.

TO J. F. S. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SOME love the Springtime's promise bright,
Some Summer's fuller joys;
Some most in Autumn's charms delight,
Yet Winter most *I* prize.

For *thou* wert in the Winter born—
Thou to my heart so dear
That for thy smile I'd gladly spurn
All else this life can spare.

'Tis true no scent of flowers, nor hymn
Of forest songsters free,
Nor aught of beauty, marks the time
Of thy nativity,—

Yet in thy presence dear, to me
'Tis summer all the while;
Yea, more than all its charms I see
In thy love-lighted smile.

Hail, then unto thy natal day!
And ever with it be
Affection—friendship's warmest ray,
And health and wealth to thee.

Love, too, I would have wish'd thy guest,
But that I know *it* brings
Less balm than poison to the breast,
That snake of many stings!

Long bloom, thou flow'r of Beauty, bloom,
Safe from each chilling blast;
Thy sun be never lost in gloom,
But radiant to the last.

And when to beautify our Earth
No longer thou art given,
Oh, may'st thou have a brighter birth,
And ever bloom, in Heaven!

23rd Nov., 1845.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

I've learned to look on fame as
A breath of passing air;
Thy favours, fickle fortune,
Were never much my care;
The crown poetic never
May on my brow be set
But, O my rustic wild harp,
I love, I love thee yet!

To Beauty's smile is given
My worship now no more;
From home and kindred driven,
Sad thoughts are all my store
Yet sweeter than the blossoms
Of summer to the bee,
Than fountain to the desert
Is my wild harp to me.

TRANSLATIONS.

LOCH-DUICH.

(*From the Author's "Clarsach Nam Beann."*)

LOCH-DUICH, hail! O thou scene resplendent!
Were the grand harp of old Ossian mine,
Then, then in strains as my theme transcendent
Thy charms unmatched would forever shine.

While storms are often o'er ocean sweeping,
Unbroken here is thy slumber deep,—
Like childhood blest in the bosom sleeping
Of some sad mother who wakes to weep.

Well may the skiff of the fisher daring,
When storm-toss'd out on a sea more wide,
Be often seen towards thee glad steering,
Assured of safety on thy calm tide.

Ye hills that soar in stern beauty yonder,
Proud watchers over Loch-duich's rest,
Well may ye pride in your own famed grandeur
Thus mirror'd daily in Duich's breast!

How grand the sight when, with night advancing,
The stars seem touching your summits bold!
Nor less the charm when with smiles entrancing
The morning crowns you with wreaths of gold.

Hark! 'tis yon urchins among the heather,—
They see green woods in the lake below,
And fondly question each other whether
Brown nuts and berries may 'mong them grow!

The herd boy near them, with no less wonder
Sees kine within the lake's bosom clear,
And thankful seems, as he looketh on there,
The herd he tendeth himself still near!

DUN-DONNAN! * rising there grim and hoary—
Thou ghost of greatness long pass'd away,
Outliving scenes once thy grace and glory,
Good cause hast thou to look sad and gray.

Thou seem'st like Ossian, alone, lamenting
His vanish'd prowess—his kindred dead;
Time, thy stern foeman, knows no relenting;
Soon, soon shall all but thy fame be fled.

'Tis said, when moonbeams are round thee gleaming,
Oft by thy sea-circled base is seen
A fair-hair'd form of the gentlest seeming,
And sad her song as thyself, I ween.

But not for thee is she sad, grey Tower—
Her plaint reveals she has loved in vain;
While he who far from her coral bower
Has lured her, comes not to soothe her pain.

* More properly Caisteal Donnain, once the residence of the "Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high Chief of Kintail!"

Sing on, fond nymph ! sing thy song relieving :—
Alike on Earth or in Ocean born,
The heart with fondest affection heaving,
Thus—ever thus lives most sorrow torn !

Ye streams, that ever in grateful numbers
Pour to Loch-duich your tribute due,
I marvel not it so often slumbers,
When lull'd by anthems thus sung by you.

Here—through the flow'r-mantled meadow passing,
Ye, lingering, waken your softest song ;
There—down the steep, bright as sunbeams flashing,
Ye ceaseless roar, rage, and rush along.

SOUR-ORAIN, chief of a thousand mountains !
Storm-swept and bare though thy forehead be,
The stag delights to live by thy fountains—
Hark ! 'tis the cry of the Chase in thee.

What though, in fleetness the winds excelling,
The quarry far to the desert flies,—
Ere ends that yell 'mong the rocks far-pealing,
The antler'd Pride of the Forest dies.

Fain would I sing of yon dell roe-haunted,
And thou, Kintail, of the woodlands gay,
Where the cuckoo's first spring notes are chanted
And wild flowers grace even winter's sway.

Nor would Glensheil in my song find wanting
The praises due to its minstrel throng,
But most of all to the charmers haunting
That happy Eden of love and song.

But time forbids. Fare thee well Loch-duich!
—Though thy green banks I no more may see,
While life's warm stream in my bosom floweth,
A memory sweet thou shalt be to me.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(An abbreviated free translation of one of the author's earliest Gaelic productions.)

In vain do spring-time's many charms essay
To chase the gloom in Aray's glen to-day;
The strains that there once charmed my listening ear
Can ne'er again avail my heart to cheer.

When that fair star, so late my soul's delight;
Hath vanished, never more to cheer my sight,—
When my fond heart, sad-missing joy so brief,
Lies in the dust, enamoured of its grief,—

When for the couch she soon might reach, love-led,
The grave becometh Jessie's bridal bed,
Well may the tears of friendship freely flow,
And life to me be an unending woe.

Insatiate Death was it to make us see
How all impartial fly thy shafts, that she
Should thus become thy prey whose graces might
Make even thee ashamed our prayers to slight ?

* * * * *

Alas for Life ! its frail, unequal thread
Is like the gossamer in sunshine spread,
The ready wreck of the first passing blast,
And yieldeth first where it should longest last.

'Tis thus that all, too soon, in death's cold sleep
Closed Jessie's eyes, while mine are left to weep ;
Better it were, than thus be left, to have
My own last sleep beside her in the grave.

Shade of my love ! if it indeed be true
That spirits blest, though hidden from our view,
May still be round us—guardian angels rare,
Oh, be it mine to feel thee often near,—

An inspiration ever leading me
To justify thy loving sympathy
By actions such as may alone secure
The conscious favour of thy spirit pure.

Come then, in all thy wonted loving grace,
Making the grief, now my sole guest, give place
To the sweet hope that, this vain life once o'er,
I'll see thee and be near thee evermore.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(From the Gaelic of J. McDonald, a Rosshire bard of the last century.)

Chorus.—Hey, my winsome Mary—
Mary fondly free!
Hey, my winsome Mary
Mary, mine to be!
Winsome, handsome Mary,
Who so fair as she?
My own Highland lassie,
Dear as life to me!

Long ere in my bosom
Lodged Love's arrow keen,
Often with young Mary
In Glensmeoil I've been;
Happy hours, succeeded
By affection true,
Till there seem'd neath heaven
No such loving two!

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Often I and Mary
Desert haunts have sought,
Innocent of any
Evil deed or thought,—

Cupid, sly enchanter,
Tempting us to stray
Where the leafy greenwood
Keeps the sun at bay.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

What although all Albin
And its wealth were mine,
How, without thee, darling,
Could I fail to pine?
As my bride to kiss thee
I would prize far more
Than the all of treasure
Europe has in store.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Fairer is the bosom
Of my loving one
Than the downy plumage
Of the floating swan,
Her's the slim waist graceful,
And the neck whose hue
Matches well the seagull's
Out on Gairloch blue.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

What a wealth of tresses
Mary dear can show!
Crown of lustre rarer
Ne'er graced maiden brow.

'Tis but little dressing
Need those tresses rare,
Falling fondly, proudly
O'er her shoulders fair.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Her's are teeth whose whiteness
Snow alone can peer;
Her's the breath all fragrance,
Voice of loving cheer,—
Cheeks of cherry ripeness,
Eyelids drooping down
Neath a forehead never
Shadowed by a frown.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Out on royal splendours!
Love best makes his bed
'Mong the leaves and grasses
Of the Sylvan shade,
Where the blissful breezes
Tell of bloom and balm,
And health-giving streamlets
Sing their ceaseless psalm.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

No mere music art-born
There our pleasures crowned;—
Music far more cheering
Nature for us found.—

Larks in air, and thrushes
On each flow'ring thorn,
And the Cuckoo hailing,
Summer's gay return!

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

(A translation from the author's Gaelic, by the late Rev. Dr. Buchannan, Methven, Scotland.)

SHE died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like snow glad-gracing
Some sea-marge fair, when, lo!
Rude waves each other chasing,
Quick hide it 'neath their flow.

She died—like snow fair showering
Some sea-marge, when, anon,
In comes the wave devouring—
The beautiful is gone.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell:
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell!

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave;
She died—like sweetest dreaming
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early;
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME POEM.

(Contributed to the "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*," by the late Lachlaan MacLean, of Glasgow.)

THY life was like a morning cloud
Of rosy hue, at break of day;
The envious sun appears, and soon
The rival glory melts away.

Thy life was like May's sunny beams
By shadows brushed o'er field and flower;
Or like the bow of heaven that sheds
Its glory in a fleeting shower.

Thy life was like new-fallen snow,
Gracing some sea-beach lately bared;
The tide returns with heedless flow—
The sky-born guest hath disappeared.

Thy life was like some tuneful harp
Abruptly stopped when sweetest strung,
Or like "the tale of other years"
To expectation half unsung.

Thy life was like a passing gleam
Of moonlight on a troubled main,
Or like some blissful dream which he
Who dreams, may never dream again.

O child of promise bright! although
'Twere wrong to grudge to heaven its own,
Our tears, withal, will often flow
To think thy sun so soon gone down.

Songs.

WHO LOVES NOT TO THINK OF GLENFINNAN?

AIR—*Woed an' married an' a'.*

WHO loves not to think of Glenfinnan—
That glen of the gathering grand,
Where came, bonnie Charlie to welcome,
The bravest and best in the land!
Well might he proud of his place in
Their hearts all so loyal and leal;
No foe to his rights would care facing,
That day, the dread flash of their steel.
Hòro, toguibh an àird! *
Hòro, toguibh an áird!
What chief could be deaf to that slogan,
Hòro toguibh an àird.

Arrayed in the garb of the Gaël,
In fancy I see him still there—
The Prince so long loyally hoped for,
Glad-trusting his cause to their care:

* Ho, gather up!—the refrain of a once popular Gaelic Jacobite song.

So worthy the throne of his fathers
He looked in his bonnet so blue,
Small wonder the clans all should gather
Around him to die or to do ?
Hòro, toguibh an àird !
Hòro, toguibh an àird !
What clansman that day would not chorus
Hòro toguibh an àird !

Woes me for the mighty in battle—
The heroes in honour so steeled !
No *Cothrom-na Feinne* " vain-seeking,
They died where they never would yield.
What knave could well grudge to such true hearts
Their still-swelling meed of renown ?
Alas that the sun of the Stuarts
At such a dread cost should go down !
Hòro, toguibh an àird !
Hòro, toguibh an àird !
Alas for Glenfinnan's proud slogan,
Hòro, toguibh an àird !

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

AIR—*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*

GIVE the swains of Italia 'mong myrtles to rove,
Give the proud sullen Spaniard his bright orange grove,
Give gold-sanded streams to the sons of Chili,
But O give the hills of the heather to me.

CHORUS—
Come drink we a health to the old Highland Bens
Whose heads cleave the welkin, whose feet press the glens:
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me!

The hills whose wild echoes delight to prolong
The soul-stirring pibrochd, the stream's gushing song;
Storm-vexed and mist-mantled though often they be,
Still dear are the hills of the heather to me?

CHORUS—
Come drink we a health to the old Highland Bens
That fondly look down on the clan-peopled glens:
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me!

The hills where the doe loves to roam with her fawn,
Where sweetest the skylark sings joy to the dawn:
I'd live where blue lakes mirror scaur, cliff and tree,
Then O give the hills of the heather to me!

CHORUS—
Come drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Their deer-haunted corries and hazelwood dens:
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me!

'Tis there neath the tartan beat hearts the most leal,
Hearts warm as the sunshine, yet firm as the steel,—
There only this heart can feel happy or free,
Then, Oh give the hills of the heather to me!

CHORUS—
Come drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Glad leaving to England, her flats and her fens:
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me!

I LOVE THEE, GLENARA.

I LOVE thee, Glenara, right fondly, although
Not for thy green hill-sides or wild woodland show,
Thy flow'r-spangled meadows, or heather-clad braes;—
Glenara, Glenara, I care not for these.

I love thee—but not for thy streamlets that run,
Now hid in thy birch-woods, now kissed by the sun ;
The notes of thy song-birds no more charm my ear,
Still less could the sportsman's rude work tempt me here.

O no—for unheeded the roe now skips by ;
No trout from Carlunan to tempt do I try ;
A magnet surpassing all these I find in
The lassie who dwells in yon cot by the linn.

Yes, maiden beloved ! as a bee, that has found
Some honey-bloom rare in his balm-seeking round,
Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,
So seek I love's food in thy tale-telling eyes.

Give poets their choice of Parnassian bays,
Give Wealth's pampered puppets the crowd's passing praise;
Away with such shadows ! yon green trysting tree
And the smile of my Jessie, dear Jessie, for me !

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL.

Adieu, my native land,—adieu
The banks of the fair Lochfyne,
Where the first breath of life I drew,
And would my last resign !
Swift sails the bark that wafteth me
This night from thy loved strand :
O must it be my last of thee,
My dear, dear Fatherland !

Land of the Bens and greenwood glens,
Though forced with thee to part,
Nor time nor space can e'er efface
Thine image from my heart.
Come weal, come woe—till life's last throe,
My Highland home shall seem
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,
A heaven in memory's dream!

Land of the maids of matchless grace,
The bards of matchless song,—
Land of the bold heroic race
That never brook'd a wrong!
Long in the front of nations free
May Scotland proudly stand:
Farewell to thee—farewell to thee,
My dear, dear Fatherland!

ELLIE BHOIDHEACH.

AIR—"*The Lass o' Gourie.*"

OF all the many scenes that be
A memory always sweet to me
My heart clings most to fair Carskey,
The home of Ellie bhoidheach. *
There first I felt love's pleasing pain,
There, told her smiles that not in vain
I might aspire some day to gain
The hand of Ellie bhoidheach.

* Beautiful: pronounced "voyach."

Alas that true love never may
Be left to choose its own sweet way!
If thus it were, my bride to-day
Might be sweet Ellie bhoidheach.
Yet, as the breath of zephyrs tell
Of flowers that deck the distant dell,
So ever in my heart shall dwell
Sweet thoughts of Ellie bhoidheach.

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

O'ER yonder ocean wide and wild
When I am far away
Where never more thy voice, sweet child,
My spirit sad may sway,
This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,
Forget though others may,
That thou wilt sing my songs, sweet child,
When I am far away.

Unknown to fortune's fickle smile
Though oft the minstrel sings,
If but his lays are loved, meanwhile,
He'll laugh at crowns and kings.
And thus it is I comfort bring
From out life's darkest day,
Since thou, sweet child, my songs will sing
When I am far away.

BONNIE ISABEL.

GIVE fortune's favoured sons to roam
However far they please, from home,
And find their eventide delights
'Mong Reinish groves or Alpine heights,
But give to me, by Shira's flow,
—With none to see and none to know—
Love's tryst to keep, love's tale to tell,
And kiss my bonnie Isabel.

A rustic maiden though she be,
'Twould puzzle all the Graces three
To say where in her form or face
They could have added to her grace.
To see her tripping through the grove,
So fair, so full of life and love,
You'd think our glen some Elfland dell,
And Elfland's queen sweet Isabel.

Ye guardian spirits hovering near
The Cot where dwells this maiden dear,
Beware the glances of her eyes—
They'd make you to forget the skies.
And then her lips—take care, take care!
If once you'd taste the nectar there
I fear you'd get as fond's mysel'
Of kissing bonnie Isabel!

THE LASS WI' THE BRICHT GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—*Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane.*

THE pride of all Dee-side is fair Jeanie Stuart,
How dearly I love her nae words can declare:
The mair I see of her, the mair my fond true heart
Is charmed by the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.
Her smile is the dawn breaking o'er the horizon,
Her voice is the lilt of the lark in the air;
Nae mortal can look on her face all-enticing
And love not the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

What care I who say I've in vain set my mind on
A lass of whose smile richer wooers despair?
Sic fools naething ken of the love-light I find in
Ilk look of the lass wi' the bright gowden hair.
O for that blest day this dear maid sae enchanting
Is mine, and mine only—my life's darling care!
This world would to me be a weary world, wanting
The love of yon lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

SWEET ANNIE BHAN OF INVERGLEN.

AIR—*Hieland Harry.*

CHORUS—Sweet Annie Bhan of Inverglen,
Sweet Annie Bhan of Inverglen—
Mair bonnie than the Maytime dawn
Is Annie Bhan of Inverglen.

Ance to young Peggie of Lochgair
I thought my heart for ever gane,
But that was ere I kent how fair
Was Annie Bhan of Inverglen.
Sweet Annie Bhan, &c.

Fair fa her eye so sweetly sly,
Its glances hae bewitched me clean!
Baith night and day nae thought I hae
But Annie Bhan of Inverglen.
Sweet Annie Bhan, &c.

O that less wealthy were her kin,
Or I of rivals rich had nane!
Then micht I hae less fear to win
This bonnie maid of Inverglen.
Sweet Annie Bhan, &c.

Yet if her mind I rightly spae
She yet may be my bosom's queen,
For far too kind to cause me wae
Is Annie Bhan of Inverglen.
Sweet Annie Bhan, &c.

MY MORVEN MAID.

Let minstrels to true beauty blind
Think 'tis to town-bred belles confined,
And, fooled by their pert, pretty ways,
Upon them lavish all their praise:

I own them fair enough to see,
Though rustic graces best please me,
And most of all, the charms displayed
By my own loving Morven maid.

Let high-born beauties, proud as fair,
Bedeck themselves with jewels rare;
A richer jewel far hath she
In her own sweet simplicity.
No affectations mar the charm
Of her fair face and faultless form;
No arts coquettish ever aid
The conquests of my Morven maid.

The voice so sweet, the manners kind,
The maiden modesty refined,
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,
The raven locks that love to lie
On shoulders of a fairer glow
Than sunshine on Duncorvill's snow,
The heart by no vain thoughts e'er swayed,—
All, all are thine, sweet Morven maid!

THE MAID OF LEVEN-SIDE.

In vain I see fair nature's face
In all its springtide beauty rare;
In vain old woodland walks I trace
In search of joys once mine to share;—

One face—one only—everywhere
My vision haunts, my footsteps guide;
That witching face so heavenly fair
Is thine, sweet maid of Leven-side.

The swan on Lomond's breast serene
Delights to please her wooer gay,
The linnet in yon leafy den
Rejoicing lists her lover's lay;
Could Annie thus my love repay,
Unheeding who might frown or chide,
How would my life be one long May!
How Eden-like fair Leven-side!

O that I were the happy herd
Who of her father's kye takes care,
And often a kind look or word
Finds at the milking time from her,
And sees her when his evening fare
She does with gentle grace provide!
To woo her though I might not dare,
I still were blest on Leven-side.

THE LASS OF LOCH-SHIN.

AIR.—*The Hills of Glenorchy.*

THOUGH fair be to see the blue lakes of the West,
And many the swains who live nigh them, love-blest,
Yet often find I my fond heart ill at rest
When I think of the far-away Banks of Loch-shin.

Well, well may those Banks ever dear be to me,
Since of all Beauty's daughters the fairest is she
Who with me changed hearts and love-promises free,
One bright summer night, on the Banks of Loch-shin.

Give lordlings to revel in royalty's rays,
Give heroes their laurels—the poet his bays,—
'Tis little reck I of rank, riches or praise
While blest with the love of the Lass of Loch-shin.
Each hour seems a year, thus so far from her side;
O, for that glad time I can call her my bride,
And, proud as if lord of all Sutherland wide,
Live, loving and loved, on the Banks of Loch-shin!

WINNA THE SILLER MAKE UP FOR AN OLD MAN.

AIR.—"*Rha mi air banais am Bail, Inaraora.*"
("*The Campbells are coming.*")

Mother.

WINNA the siller make up for an old man!
Winna the siller make up for an old man!
'Twere silly against sic an offer to hold on;
Lass! let the siller make up for the old man.

The old man has gowd an' braid acres a plenty;
His house is weel stored wi' a' things gude and dainty;—
Ye may live to repent in a comfortless, cold one
Gin ye daftly refuse to be paired wi' the old man.
Winna the siller, &c.

Daughter.

O mither, bethink ye how people wad jeer me—
Less wife than a nurse to a body sae eerie;
Gin I wed not for love I'll a maid ever hold on;
Come weal, then, or wae, I will ne'er wed the old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

Mother.

Love looks very nice as a dream,—but be sure, lass,
It counts not for much when the wolf's at the door, lass;
A girnel aft toom is nae look-out sae golden
That a lassie like ye should refuse sic an old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

Daughter.

Yet, mither, 'twere sinful to wed ane sae frail-like;
His hair is sae scant an' his cheek is sae clay-like;
Just think ye of arms such as his to enfold one!
O, mither, dear mither! speak not of the old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

Mother.

Nae doubt he is auld,—then the sooner may *you* get
The chance wi' his gear to look out for a new mate;
There be young men aneuch, once his banes ye've the mould on,
Will be happy to fill up the place of the old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

Daughter.

'Tis true, that might be,—yet it seems a mean part, ma,
To give up the hand where one can't give the heart, ma;
To pity his crase it may be I'm beholden,
But save, mither, save me mair talk of the old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

Mother.

In silks an' in satins he'll busk ye up fine, lass;
Nor need ye wait lang till his all may be thine, lass:
Alas, and alas, for the fair, fickle, sold one!
She's wed and away with the frail, foolish old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

THE LASS OF GLENFYNE.

O WOULD that my home were some green summer shieling
'Mid scenes far removed from all discord and din!
Scenes dear to the roe, and where skylarks keep trilling
Their songs from the day-dawn till gloaming sets in;
There, living to love and be loved by the maiden
I trysted yestere'en 'neath the moon's mellow shine,
How would all around me seem charming as Eden—
So dear to my heart is yon lass of Glenfyne!

All day with the flock how delighted I'd roam there,
No song-bird more tuneful, no man more care-free;
How gladly at sundown my charge I'd bring home there,
Where, ready to milk them, my Peggy I'd see.

And when with a kiss she would welcome her lover,
No mortal can guess what a bliss would be mine;
Such life with a lassie perfection all over
O who would not live 'mong the braes of Glenfyne

THE BETRAYED ONE TO HER CHILD.

GAELIC AIR—*O gu ma slan a chi mi mo chailinn dileas. donn.*

OH wae's me for thee, darling,
And wae's me for the hour
I trysted thy false faither
In yonder greenwood bower!
Sae sweet the tale he tauld me,
Sae warmly wooed he there,
My trusting heart was soon deceived
My peace lost evermair!

He said my neck and bosom
Were fair as winter's snow,
And that the rose for redness,
Was naething to my mou;
He vowed he aye would lo'e me
Till death should us divide,
And that as soon as e'er I pleased
I'd be his wedded bride.

Oh sleep, now sleep, my dearie,
Safe in thy lanely lair!
Thy mither is too eerie
This nicht to sing thee mair.

Alas for the forsaken
To the cold world's disdain!
When comes God's hour of reckoning
Alas the faithless then!

SWEET ANNIE OF GLENARA.

Let Tannahill in tender strain
Sing her of Arrantennie,
Let Ettrick's bard in witching vein
Extol the "bright Kilmeny;"
The lassie who has won my heart
Is quite as bright a fairy:
You'd own it true, if you but knew
Sweet Annie of Glenara.

Her brow is of the lily's hue,
Her lips a honey fountain;
Her cheek is as when dawn doth shew
Her blushes o'er yon mountain;
As any roe that haunts our glen
Her step is light and airy:
In grace and mein a very queen
Is Annie of Glenara.

Away with fashion's fickle set!
Give me the darling creature
All charming without knowing it,
All woman in her nature.

Vain were to me the richest boon
That fortune else can spare me,
Could I not with it call my own
Sweet Annie of Glenara.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AIR.—*The Indian Student.*

THE Shepherd boy was far away,—
His heart was dowie as the song
That often in the gloaming grey
To pity moved his comrades young:—
They hinted of the coming May
With all its wealth of bud and bloom—
Yet aye the burden of his lay
Was, this is no my native home!

"There's trout to wile frae yonder burn,
Our fields are white wi' lambkins gay;
The blackbird on yon flowring thorn
To love and song gie's a' the day.
Nae glen in a' the land can be
Mair fit than ours to chase thy gloom:"
Yet aye the burden of his lay
Was, this is no my native home!

"The cushat nestles in yon wood,
The cuckoo too will soon be there;
Our muirlands teem wi' music good
Frae crouds of laverocks in the air;

O'er hazel dell and berrie brae
We'll a', betimes, delighted roam:"
Yet still the burden of his lay
Was, this is no my native home!

BELLA.

YE'VE seen, from brightest blue,
The star o' Gloamin' gleam—
The rosebud wet wi' dew,
The rowan by the stream;—
But naething hae ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae bright as Bella's een,
Sae red as Bella's mou'.

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high,
On Cruachan's airy steep—
The lake when zephyrs die,
And sunbeams on it sleep;
Yet naething hae ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae fair as Bella's skin,
Sae calm as Bella's brow.

MAGGIE STUART.

AIR—*O but ye're long a coming.*

O BUT she's sweet an' bonnie,
Sweet an' bonnie, blithe as ony,—
O, but she's sweet an' bonnie,
Lovely Maggie Stuart.

Ye who would see a' that's rarest,
A' to hearts like mine the dearest,
A' that's purest, fondest, fairest,
Look on Maggie Stuart!
O but, &c.

Sweet her smile as May-morn beaming
Bright her eye as starlet gleaming;
With a thousand graces teeming
Is young Maggie Stuart,
O, but, &c.

Thinking of her late an' early,
I ken *ane* wha sleeps but spairly;—
Wiser men than he are fairly
Daft for Maggie Stuart!
O, but, &c.

Of all joys beneath yon heaven
Ever here to mortals given,
Mine be Deeside's banks to live on,
Wed to Maggie Stuart.
O, but, &c.

'TWAS A HIGHLAND WOOER.

(Written to the Gaelic air of "*A Mhoraq, an dean thu tighinn.*")

'Twas a Highland wooer
Thus addressed a Lowland lassie,
As he fondly drew her
'Neath his plaid, one gloaming gray:—
"Annie, gin ye love me,
Do not nay me
More, I pray thee:
Now or never I must ha'e thee,
Off to bonnie Inverae."

Answered she, "Na, I canna;
Weel tho' I'd like to gae;
Faither and mither winna
Let me gang to Inverae."

"Sweet along the glen, there,
Sounds the herd-boy's morning carol;
Sweeter still at e'en, there,
Lilts the lass her milking lay;
Nor less like to charm thee
Songs of thrushes
'Mong the bushes
Bending o'er each burn that rushes,
Floweret-fringed, through Inverae."

Still it was, "Na, I canna;—
Weel tho' I'd like to gae;
Faither and mither winna
Let me gang to Inverae."

"Ne'er was such a welcome
As my bonnie bride shall get there;
Hundreds proudly shall come
To our bridal banquet gay:
Bards shall sound thy praises—
Gladly granting,
'Mid their vaunting,
Ne'er was bride so all-enchanting:—
Haste we, then, to Inverae."

Still, though 'twas, "Na, I canna;—
Weel though I'd like to gae,"
Long ere they parted, Annie
Said she'd gang to Inverae!

I LOVE THEE NOT, APRIL.

I LOVE thee not, April,—no matter how fair
The blooms that rejoice in thy balm-breathing air:
They mind me of one who no longer can be
Thy gifts to Glenara glad-hailing with me.

A maiden whose cheek wore the dawning's warm blush,
Whose voice was more sweet than the song of the thrush,

Alas that the flowers she so late loved to see
Should so soon grace the grave that now parts her from me.

From her, death divided ,small wonder I find
Spring-blooms only bringing sad thoughts to my mind;
They wither to blossom again.—not so she
Whose smile no new springtime can bring back to me!

Then away with thee, April! Scarce camest thou when
Our delight changed to wailing in Aray's sweet glen;
There's a stain far too deep in thy record to be
E'er forgot or forgiven by lover like me.

Poems, Songs, and Sonnets.

POEMS, SONGS, AND SONNETS,

CHIEFLY WRITTEN IN CANADA.

THE CHAUDIERE.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER OTTAWA.

WHERE the Ottawa pours its magnificent tide
Through forests primæval, dark-waving and wide,
There's a scene which for grandeur has scarcely a peer—
'Tis the wild roaring rush of the mighty Chaudiére.

On, onward it dashes—an ocean of spray;
How madly it lashes each rock in its way!
Like the onset of hosts, when spear breaks against spear,
Is th' omnipotent sweep of the mighty Chaudiére.

See! see where it now from yon ledge wildly leaps,—
Less swift down some Alp the dread avalanche sweeps;
That vortex below may well agonize where
Right into its throat goes the mighty Chaudiére.

Evermore, evermore, where sheer downward it springs,
Its mist-mantle it weaves—its loud anthem it sings;

Yonder isle* in its path seems to quiver with fear—
It may well dread the shock of the mighty Chaudiére.

The proud conqueror's might is the boast of a day,—
Thine, river majestic! endureth for aye:
Strange thought, that just thus upon Time's infant ear
Came the God-speaking voice of the mighty Chaudiére!

Though for lips uninspired it seems almost a crime
To be aught else than mute by a scene so sublime,
Could I voice all I feel as I gaze on it here,
How immortal in song were the mighty Chaudiére!
Sept. 13, 1859.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

In vain in saddest plight
Lucknow's defenders fight;
Its walls to heathen might
Yield at last;
Yet though they well might grow
Appalled at that dread show,
Defiance to the foe
Still they cast.

'Twas then, amid the wail
Of women, children frail,
A daughter of the Gael,
Fever-spent,

* The little islet above referred to was, at the time these verses were penned (1863), a conspicuous feature in the channel immediately below the *Chaudiere.* There is no trace of it now remaining.

Found from all care and grief
A merciful relief
In a sweet slumber brief,
Heaven-sent.

Of home and kin she dreams,—
Her face with gladness beams,
As loved ones there she seems
To embrace;
Now seems some Sabbath psalm
To yield its soothing balm,
So heavenly is the calm
On her face.

But hush! she starts,—her eyes
Uplifting to the skies,
"We're saved! we're saved!" she cries—
"Dinna ye hear
The pipes? the pipes! Ha! ha!
Clan-Alpine's battle ca',
The grandest o' them a',
Swelling near!"

Some, 'mid that scene of death,
Take heart from what she saith;
Some of more feeble faith
Deemed her crazed;
Till shouted she anew,
"Dinna ye hear them noo?"
They heard and shouted too,
"God be praised!"

When, lo! through smoke and fire
Advancing, nigh and nigher,
Their saviours in the attire
Of the Gael!
Quick banished are all fears;
The doomed dry up their tears,
And with a storm of cheers
Havelock hail!

CREAG-A-GHÀRIE.

LET others sing of towering Bens
With cloud-capp'd summits stern and scaury,
Give me to glory in such scenes
As grace my native Creag-a-ghàrie.

You may roam Scotland, east and west,
From the Bass Rock to Staffa sparry,
Yet sadly miss where she looks best
Unless you visit Creag-a-ghàrie.

Away with Erin's boasting of
Her own Avoca's Vale and Tara!
There's naught in them to praise or love
Compared with thee, sweet Creag-a-ghàrie.

Here towers Dunleacan o'er the lake,
There loom fair Cowall's summits airy;
Nor less Ben Vuidhe helps to make
A setting grand to Creag-a-ghàrie.

When winds are hushed, and night's fair Queen
Casts o'er Lochfyne a gleaming glory
You'd think that Elfland there and then
Lent all its charms to Creag-a-ghàrie.

There spring's first lilies love to blow;
The gowan white and primrose starry
You can't help treading on—they grow
So thick all over Creag-a-ghàrie.

There of't I've kissed (no mighty wrong)
Some Hebe, spite her coy, "How dare you!"
The theft requiting with a song
Breathed in her praise in Creag-a-ghàrie.

There first I sought thy witching smile,
And won thy heart, my long-lost Mary:
Alas! that death so soon should spoil
That love-dream sweet of Creag-a-ghàrie.

How have I joyed in boyhood's days
To list its woodland warblers cheerie,
Nor less the lark whose thrilling lays
Seem'd more for Heaven than Creag-a-ghàrie!

When nuts were ripe, and autumn skies
Made plump the sloes on branches briery,
To me there scarcely seemed a choice
'Tween paradise and Creag-a-ghàrie.

These were the days a planet new
Would joy its finder less than, *there*, I
To find some blackbird's nest, known to
Myself alone, in Creag-a-ghărie.

Nor less the rapture in mine eye,
When some shy lythe or sea trout wary
I from its native haunts, close by,
Triumphant lodged on Creag-a-ghărie.

Small wonder, Alltan-eadan's stream,
The music of thy cascade fairy
Is ever present in each dream
I have of home and Creag-a-ghărie;

It was within thy bosky bound
I first adventured, somewhat chary,
To weave those lays long after found
Remembered well in Creag-a-ghărie.

Twice twenty summers, woe is me!
Have pass'd since then: A weary far way
Is placed between us;—let it be,—
My heart is still in Creag-a-Ghărie.

And thus it is, from year to year,
No matter how adverse my star be,
I have an offset ever dear
In memories sweet of Creag-a-ghărie.

March 1st, 1876.

TO PROFESSOR G——E, ON HIS LAST HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

(The gentleman here addressed having, in a speech made at a certain public meeting, ventured to assert that "Scotsmen must admit their country to have been once conquered," the author, who was present, felt himself impelled to deny the truth of his assumption. Hence the following lines, written off-hand, and received by the professor next morning at his breakfast table.)

SCOTLAND, a conquered land! Learned sage
Pray tell us how, and in what age:
Not so *I* read historic page.

Thou canst not deem a mere invasion—
A brief disputed occupation—
To be the conquest of a nation?

Think'st thou the homage of a knave
Binding on those he would enslave?
Let Baliol answer from his grave!

Scotland a conquered land! Ho, ho
Proud Edward found it was not so
When dying—vainly still her foe.

No pandering, then, to Saxon pride,—
Pretensions by our sires defied,
Shall we not also cast aside?

Forget'st thou Carron's crimsoned strand?
Is Bannockburn, a myth or dream?
And Wallace a mere minstrel theme?

Thou speak'st of Cromwell ? Be it so :
Cromwell was never Scotland's foe—
How then her conqueror, let us know ?

Her friend and Freedom's, north he came ;
Her noblest sons approved his aim,
And Reason triumphed in his name.

What such men ne'er could yield in fight,
In proud disdain of England's might,
They granted freely to the Right !

Hold up thy head, then, Scotia ! When
Thy sons forget that they are men,
Thou may'st be conquered—*not till then*

1857.

ROBERT BURNS.

Written for the Centennial Celebration of 1859.

AIR—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

WITH all that has been sung and said
About our mighty minstrel dead,
There's little left me, I'm afraid,
To tell, this night, of Robin;
Yet, be his cairn however high,
No Scot can heedless pass it by !
The tribute of a song and sigh
Let's therefore give to Robin.

His burning lays devoid of art,
Are they not written on each heart ?
To waken mirth, or tears to start,
No mortal matches Robin.
Now gently flow his thoughts along,
Now, like a rushing river strong,
A very cataract of song
Resistless is our Robin!

The sun not aye unclouded shines,
There's dross within earth's richest mines;
Rob had his faults, and grave divines
Oft shook their heads at Robin.
He often, in a fashion rare,
On hypocrites his wit did air;
The "unco guid" will ever fear
The very name of Robin.

The graceless bard loved "mountain dew;"
It was his Helicon, I trow;
"He dearly loved the lasses" too,
A mighty crime in Robin!
A lassie "coming through the rye,"
Unkiss'd he never could pass by;
Nor can I blame him much, for why,
The lasses all loved Robin.

Rob loved to speak the truth right down,
No matter who might smile or frown;
A rascal, be he king or clown,
No mercy had from Robin.

His sympathies—how dread to tell!
Embraced all being—Nick himsel',—
Yes, pity for the very de'il
No sin or shame thought Robin.

I see him with scorn-flashing eyes
Detect "a cuif" in lordly guise:
To see was to denounce—despise:
"A man's a man," quoth Robin.
Hold, honest Labour, up thy head,
And point with pride to Robin dead;
The halo round thy path he shed
Immortal is as Robin.

Well may old Scotia mourn in vain
Her son from her untimely ta'en;
She'll never see his like again,
So matchless was our Robin.
Hush, ye who think his fate was hard,—
I'd rather be that peasant bard
Than any monarch crown'd and starr'd;
Oh, who would not be Robin!

THE MODERN HERCULES.

OFFSPRING renowned of Water and of Fire!
Thy triumphs, Steam, to sing I would aspire:
Let critics who may deem my effort tame
Confess at least the greatness of my theme.

Power unmatched! what wonders hast thou wrought!
What feats sublime beyond the reach of thought!
In thee we gladly realize at length
The fabled Titans' all-compelling strength—
A might that dwarfs what Grecian bards have told
Of deeds Herculean done in days of old.
The winged Mercury of *their* proud day
Were, matched with thee, a lagger on the way:
Scornful of distance, unfatigued by toil,
No task thy temper or thy strength can spoil,—
Whate'er thou doest doing with good will,
And at such speed as seems a miracle.
Man's mightiest ally upon land or sea,
He owns indeed a glorious gift in thee!

Not mine the skill to sing in fitting phrase
How Science yokes thee to her car,—the maze
Of tubes metallic, wond'rous as a spell,
In which like to a spirit thou dost dwell—
A worker with a zeal that naught can tire,
Determined, prompt, impetuous as fire,—
Seeming as almost taught to think and feel
What that complex anatomy of steel!
To this let others fitting homage pay,
'Tis the result alone inspires my lay.

Power surpassing fancy's wildest flight,
No less for thy docility than might;
Unlike old Scotia's Brownie—wayward loon,
Who wrought such marvels at night's silent noon,—

Once at thy work, by day and night the same,
No respite from thy labours dost thy claim.
I see thee toiling in the busy mill,
The faithful doer of thy master's will:
Ever submissive; if but he commands,
Thine is the labour of a thousand hands;
The shuttle darteth with the speed of thought;
The fabric grows as if by magic wrought;
Th' astonished gazer freely must allow
Penelope less diligent than thou.
Less complex work, but valued not the less—
We see thee yoked now to the plough and press;
Our corn thou thrashest and our grain dost grind:
We yet may teach thee both to reap and bind.
Thy aid is asked, and from the lake below
The limpid wave ascends in copious flow,
On to the distant city coursing, where
Thou art confessed a benefactor rare.
The oak that long has stood the forest's pride,
Thou with a speed like lightning dost divide:
Thou strikest the anvil with such force as might
Make Vulcan stare with wonder and delight:
Thou heavest up from earth's internal store
Pile upon pile of ever-precious ore—
Such weight, I trow, as Atlas never bore.
O wonder-worker, with results so grand,
Well may thy praises ring throughout the land;
Well may the muse declare exultingly,
Man owns indeed a glorious gift in thee!

Darer of danger in a thousand forms,
Thou canst not shun, but thou canst scorn the storms:
Where zig-zag slowly toils the sail-urged bark
As if she'd never reach her destined mark,
How grand to see, upon her ocean way,
Some stately ship beneath thy potent sway
Cleaving the waters in her swift career,
Resistless, as a thunderbolt the air!
Nought recketh *she* of adverse winds or tides;
No canvas needs she as the wave she rides;
Straight as an arrow on her way she goes,
Uncaring though Leviathan oppose,
Till, a wide wilderness of waters past,
Her anchor in her wished-for port is cast.

Lo!—dashing on through forest, glen and glade—
O'er rushing rivers—gorges deep and dread—
Now lost, now seen, far o'er the landscape's face—
Yon fiery steed, so peerless in his pace,
A steed whose speed annihilateth space!
Each passing minute over miles he sweeps;
Matched with his flight the hurricane but creeps:
You'd think him and his chariot, madly hurl'd,
Just off to make the circuit of the world,
Resolved to verify how may be done
What Fiction feigned of Coursers of the Sun!
But see!—his goal emerging into view,
His speed he slackens with a shrill halloo,
And, as if conscious of a welcome wide,
Into the city's heart doth proudly glide.

Murmur'd applauses through the crowd prevail;
Long-parted friends once more each other hail,—
Friends who, but for the marvels by thee wrought,
Had never thus each other seen or sought.

All-conquering Steam! wher'er thy aid is found,
Progress at once is stamped on all around;
The forests vanish, deserts change amain
To busy marts and fields of golden grain;
Adventure flourishes; inventions rare
Are brought to birth; Art spreads her treasures fair;
Abounds each social element designed
To sweeten life and elevate mankind.
Of modes barbaric the reformer bold—
No grace giv'st thou the plea of "customs old;"
Thy stoutest rivals to thy prowess yield,
Content to leave thee master of the field.

But that this tributary lay I sing
Might seem too long—my muse too weak of wing,
With eye prophetic, fain would I pursue
Thy future triumphs crowding on my view,—
How to earth's utmost limits they extend,
Age after age increasing to the end;
How the far Isles now 'neath barbaric sway
Shall smile and flourish in thy better day;
How the swart Indian, quitting club and spear,
Shall be himself, in time, thy charioteer—
His savage appetites all laid aside,
His hunting grounds transformed to cornfields wide,—

"A stoic of the woods" no longer now,
But going forth to toil with cheerful brow,
Grateful to Him who framed the social plan,
Thus reaching the true dignity of man.

Peerless discovery! Blessing rich and true!
When such thy pow'r, and such thy promise, too,
We well may hope in thee at last to find
A chain that shall in peace the nations bind—
A chain of love embracing all mankind.

Immortal WATT! I surely were to blame
If ceased my song forgetful of thy fame.
By thee a secret, long by all-wise Heaven
Conceal'd from man, at last to man was given.
Though some there be who with presumption vain
Would make their own the fruitage of thy brain,
Justice and Truth must scout the base design,
And own the great achievment to be thine
That has enriched the nations tenfold more
Then all earth's boasted mines of golden ore,
And makes thy name a more enduring sound
Than if among the gods thou hadst been crowned.
Scotland, with thee her son, is more than classic ground.

CANADIAN GIRLS.

CANADIAN girls—the truth to tell—
Sly arts coquettish practice well,
Yet must we own them not the less
Unrivalled in their loveliness.

I know of one whose lips to kiss
To me were earth's most perfect bliss;
A lass whese loving heart to own
A king might gladly give his crown.

Her step is light as is the flake
Of snow just falling on the lake;
A creature full of life and grace,
There's nought 'neath heaven to match her face!

Small wonder that I would with pride
Make this Canadian girl my bride;
None ever sees that darling one
But owns her nature's paragon.

Then cease, ye bards, to longer hold
As matchless Beauty's queen of old;
Ye would, if you could come with me
And bonnie Mary Murray see.

THE CLANS OF 'FORTY-FIVE.

"Ho! landed upon the Moidart's coast is Scotland's rightful King!"
Such was the news to which the Gael once gave warm welcoming;
And soon, glad-buckling on their arms, stout chiefs and clansmen true
Have sworn in his good cause to try what good broadswords can do.
No cravens they to count the cost of failure: Man alive!
We'll never see their like again—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Brief time hath passed, till Finnan's vale is all alive with men
From east and west in loyal haste proud-gathering: To their ken
The royal standard is unfurled—their Prince himself is there,
Their loving homage to receive, their dangers all to share;
Grey Chiefs, who for his fathers fought, the fires of youth revive,
To stirring pibrochds marshalling the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Let no man say that to restore a creed proscribed they arm;
They think but of *his* loving trust, his Highland heart so warm,
His royal rights usurped—and they upon his princely brow
Would place his father's crown, or die: Too well they kept their vow!
Let men who prate of loyalty, in this our day, derive
Instruction in that virtue from the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Ay! let them think of brave Lochiel and Borrodale, the bold—
Of Keppoch and Glengarry too, those chiefs of iron mould,
The Chisholm, Cluny, Athol's lord, the Macintosh so keen,
The Appin Stuarts and MacColls, thy lion-hearts, McLean,

With many a chief and clan besides, who quickly did contrive
To make their names immortal in the famous 'Forty-five.

How well they fought let Falkirk-field and Prestonpans declare:
Well might all Europe, as it marked, applaud ther valor rare.
Woe's me for dark Culloden Moor, where, all too rashly brave,
They to a force their own thrice told unequal battle gave!
What mortal might *could* do, they did,—but who 'gainst fate can strive?
To destiny alone succumbed the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Alas! that their descendants now, upon their native soil,
Can hardly find, for deer and sheep, a spot whereon to toil!
Our good old race of Chiefs give place to mercenary knaves
Who, for a bushel, less or more, would plough their fathers' graves.
"The age of chivalry is past," yet shall its fame survive
Forever, brightened by their deeds—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

A "FABLED" OSSIAN.

["He (Burns) was pre-eminently the poet of the Scottish people: not that Scotland cannot boast of other bards. They shine as lights—they stud her history as stars, all along from the time of the fabled Ossian down to Adam Smith." *From a speech by the Rev. H. M———h, delivered at the Kingston celebration of the Centenary of Burns.*

A "FABLED" Ossian, did'st thou say?
That warrior-bard of deathless lay?
Fabled, indeed! I tell thee, *Nay*!

A bard whose praise all ages ring,
Forsooth, a mere imagining!
How judgest *thou* of such a thing?

Go learn a tongue to thee unknown—
Be guided by the truth alone—
Then sit the critic's seat upon.

Do more,—read Scotia's bards forthwith;
I think it will take all thy pith
Among them to find Adam Smith!

Adam a poet! hear it, Cocker!
Was ever such a funny joker!
You'd be a fortune to "The Poker."

But as a nod's as good's a wink
I say no more about that "kink"—
My duty is to make thee think.

Think then through what long ages came,
Unwritten, Homer's song and fame:
Why could not Ossian's come the same?

What marvel that a strain that winds
Its way into all hearts and minds
A never-ending audience finds?

Be not, then, sceptical, but wise;
Scan Ossian with no jaundiced eyes,
And learn to blush at Saxon lies.

Yes, read the songs of Selma through;
Though old, they may be fresh to *you*—
A study manifestly *new!*

THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

THOUGH Missouri's tide may majestic glide
There's a curse on the soil it laves;
The Ohio, too, may be fair, but who
Would sojourn in a land of slaves? *
Be my prouder lot a Canadian cot
And the bread of a freeman's toils;
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

*The above verses were written some years prior to the abolition of Slavery in the U. S. of America.

I would seek no wealth, at the cost of health,
'Mid the city's din and strife;
More I love the grace of fair nature's face,
And the calm of a woodland life;
I would shun the road by ambition trod
And the lore which the heart defiles;—
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles!

O, away, away! I would gladly stray
Where the freedom I love is found;
Where the pine and oak by the woodman's stroke
Are disturbed in their ancient bound;
Where the gladsome swain reaps the golden grain,
And the trout from the stream beguiles;
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles.

A SCOTTISH SYREN.

(The following lines were addressed to Miss Ellen Kennedy, at the termination of a vocal tour by the celebrated "Kennedy family" through Canada.)

As when, through clouds, dark frowning, driven
Across the azure vault of heaven,
Bursts on the lone belated wight,
Sudden, some star of beauty bright—
Cheered by its gloom-dispelling ray,
He thinks not of the weary way,

Till, lo! as sudden from his sight
'Tis gone, and all again is night.
'Twas thus upon my pathway drear—
A stranger long to Scotland dear—
Her music sweet, her wealth of song—
The tartan sheen—the Doric tongue—
Thou camest, Nature's own bright child!
To cheer me with thy "wood-notes wild."
Such music! O thou syren sweet!
I would have kissed thy very feet,
What time the tuneful keys along
Thy fairy fingers moved, and flung
Such wealth of melody around
As made yon hall seem hallowed ground,
And thou—less of Earth's daughters fair
Than some bright spirit of the air!
Ye've marked some sky-lark, singing sweet
  High up above earth's dust and din,
Stop sudden, as if heaven's gate
  Had ope'd and let her in.
'Twas thus it seemed, each time withdrew
My bird of beauty from my view,—
Withdrawing only to enhance
  The joys that each return attend,
Keeping my heart's tumultuous dance
  Increasing to the end.

O, "nicht" of rapture so complete!
Alas, the morn my song-bird sweet
Flew hence afar! while here am I
  In gloom still deeper than before,
Much fearing that so great a joy
  May mine be nevermore.

Thou'rt gone—yet still, in thought, I trace
Thy faultless form, thy winsome face
Beaming with intellect and grace,—
Thy sunny smile, thy forehead fair,
The gleaming of thy auburn hair,
And all the other graces rare
Which with me, spite of time and tide,
"A joy forever" shall abide.
Thou'rt gone! yet ever more to me
Thy name will wake the memory
Of dear old Scotia's hills and haughs—
Her woody dells and sylvan shaws—
Her matchless Rants and Lilts and Reels
So dear to Highland hearts and heels—
From *Ruidhle Thulachain's* delights
And *Gille-Callum's* airy flights
To *Tullochgorum's* whirls and flings,
And famous Neil's immortal springs

Yet most of all, bewitching elf!
  Whene'er I think of thee,
[redacted]oves long since laid on memory's shelf
  Again revive in me;

Maidens as lovely as thyself
In laughing groups I see;—
Now, at "the milking o' the fauld,"
Now, "when the kye come hame,"
Now, by "the Birks of Invercauld,"
And now by Aray's stream,
Fond Fancy, roaming free as wind,
One after one, the long-lost find,
And, with a loving, ready will,
Paints each dear charmer, charming still.

Well might a bard be proud to please
And sing of maidens such as these;
Small wonder Scotia's bards always
Sing best whene'er they sing *their* praise—
Those darling girls whose graces rare
Might make the coldest lover there
Less lover than idolator!

Long may old Scotia's sons rejoice
In lays so worthy of her choice;
Long may such minstrels as thy sire
Be hers to honour and admire;
And aye may Scotia's daughters be
What with such joy and pride I see
The bright epitome in thee!

SONNETS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SCENERY OF LOCH-AWE, ARGYLESHIRE.

I.

LOCH-AWE—SEEN FROM CROIS-AN-T-SLEUCHDAIDH.*

No time nor tide can dim a genuine joy:
In thought I wander to that far-off day
When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,
And from me brought Loch-Awe a sudden cry
Of ecstacy, as proudly to mine eye
It spread its glories. O! but now to be
Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see.
The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently.
Here kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky;
There tower'd Ben-dòran's head above the cloud,—
While on the lake's calm breast lay, lovingly,
Islets of which Elysium might be proud.
When fades that landscape from my memory,
Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

* *Crois-an-t-sleuchdaidh* (a term suggestive of Catholic times) is the name of that moorland ridge where the road from Inveraray to Dalmally reaches its highest elevation, and from which the tourist, travelling northward, obtains his first view of Loch-Awe—its bosom adorned with a number of islands of great beauty. Chief among those more immediately in view are *Innisfail*, famed for its sepulchral crosses; *Innis-Druidhnich*, with its Druidical circle, and *Fraoch-Eilean*, no less distinguished by its stern, old, dilapidated "keep," telling its own tale of times of feud and foray.

II.

THE BRANDER PASS.

See where the Awe sweeps with resistless force
Through yonder Pass where once, in days of old,
Lorn's haughty chief would thwart his monarch's course,
And traitor dirks struck well for English gold!
It is enough to make one's blood run cold
To think what Scotland would have lost that day,
If, when through yonder gorge war's tide was roll'd,
And chief met chief in battle's stern array,
The Bruce's sword cleared not a ready way
Resistless through the thickest of the foe,
Leaving Macdougall baffled of his prey!—
How few the pilgrims wandering by the flow
Of Braar impetuous, think, as there they stray,
How classic is the ground o'er which they go!

III.

INNIS-DRUIDHNICH.

Fair Innis-drui'nich! though, in this our age,
Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,
Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage
To him who would, in thought, the Past explore.
By nature sole instructed, here of yore
The Druid taught his votaries to see
In day's bright orb the great creative power
To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee

Beneath the branches of some old oak tree
Towering above yon circle of grey stones:
Grateful to God that better light have we,
Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,
And own, whate'er his faults, he reasoned well
In choosing in this paradise to dwell.

IV.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

Lo! yonder veteran Pile by Urchay's flow—
Kilchurn! proud home of many a warlike chief,
Seem'st thou there brooding o'er the long ago,
Like some worn warrior musing, in his grief,
On years that shall return not: Time, the thief,
Has robbed thee of thy ancient pomp and pride—
Leaving thee there, all hopeless of relief,
Nodding to thy own spectre in the tide.
Thy sole friend seems the ivy, spreading wide
Its dark-green mantle round thy aged form;
The owl loves well within thee to abide,
A lonely tenant, safe from all alarm;
While through thy halls, where beauty once enjoyed
The minstrel's song, oft howls the midnight storm.

V.

FRAOCH-EILEAN.

Fraoch's lonely isle! if of a hermit life
I were enamoured, 'tis on thee I'd dwell,
Where all around, afar or near, seems rife
With grace and grandeur more than tongue can tell.

Yon time-worn Keep would yield a ready cell;
My drink would be the lake's pure crystal tide;
My rod and gun with fish and fowl would well
An ample feast at any time provide.
If ever nature's face to bard supplied
True inspiration, 'twould, methinks, be here,—
Loch-Awe in beauty slumbering him beside,—
The sound of distant torrents in his ear,
And every feature of the landscape wide
Speaking of God in language loudly-clear.

VI.

GLENORCHY.

Talk not to me of Tempe's flowery vale.
With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view!
If of *its* charms he sung, I would right well
Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
What were his boasted groves in scent or hue
To lady-birches and the stately pine,
The crimsoned heather and the hare-bell blue?
Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine!
No fay nor dryad here I care to see,
More pleased by far to mark the bounding roe
Sport with his mate behind the forest tree;
Nor less the joy when in the glen below
Some milking Hebe sings her *luinneag* free,
All hearts enchanting by its graceful flow.

VII.

A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn: the lark is up in heaven's blue,
Flooding the air with melody divine:
A misty mantle made of morning-dew
Half hides the valley in its silky shine.
The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,
Come to my gladden'd ears from strath and hill;
The amorous blackcock in yon clump of pine
His feather'd harem rules with happy skill.
Here flows the winding Urchay, sweetly-still
As some fair fancy through a poet's brain;
There lifts it up its voice with stronger will
In fitful chantings,—to you shepherd swain
A sign of rain, perhaps ere day is o'er—
To *me*, a music glorious evermore!

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, BOYS.

(Verses suggested by the threatened invasion of England by the French in 1859.)

HARK! how the Gallic cock loud-crows
A war-note vain-reliant—
A note whose mood Britannia knows,
And treats with scorn defiant!
The hour is coming soon, I ween,
That will your mettle try, boys;
Then for your country and your Queen
Just keep your powder dry, boys!

Long did the knave, with guileful art,
Of our alliance boast, boys;
Peace was the idol of his heart,
And peace with Britain most, boys!
'Tis thus the serpent seeks to charm
The bird he dooms to die, boys;
Let fools maintain he means no harm,
Yet keep your powder dry, boys!

The Dutchman's game within a trench,
The Turk behind a wall, boys;
But Pat loves, when he meets the French,
A fair field—that is all, boys;
No Scotsman then has e'er a thought
But just to do or die, boys!
John Bull has faith in steel and shot,
So keep your powder dry, boys!

Just let the upstart false come on
As soon as e'er he may, boys;
He and his bragging host will soon
For coming dearly pay, boys.
Losh, man! I think I see the clans
Slash at them as they fly, boys;
We all must help to break their bones,
So keep your powder dry, boys!

Quite long enough we've listened to
Their senseless, vain bravado;
We'll give them, if they come, I trow,
The fate of Spain's Armada.

From the Land's End to Pentland's Heads,
" Have at them!" be the cry, boys;
Then trim your flints and whet your blades
And keep your powder, dry, boys!

THE PRESS.

WRITTEN IN 1861.

OF all the arts by man's inventive mind,
Devised to bless and benefit mankind,
Good Guttenberg's invention we may deem
Possessed of the best claim to our esteem;
Wanting the offspring of his fruitful brain,
The world might look for "Quarterlies" in vain.
Earth's Pharoahs may build pyramids, yet be
Forgotten soon for all their trouble,—he
Built up his Press and lives immortally!

The Press,—what meaning in that common phrase!
What feats unthought of in old Caxton's days
Are of its daily triumphs! Could he know,
How would his honest heart with rapture glow!
The friend of all progression justly own'd—
Alas, that land where no Free Press is found!
What champion like it to defend the right?
Who strikes a hoary wrong with such a might?
The dread of tyrants,—ah, how much is lost
To any land that no Free Press can boast!

With such a pow'r to back Emmanuel brave,
Thy rescued rights, fair Italy, are safe;
With such a pow'r against him to contend,
Thy tyrant, France, becometh Freedom's friend;
With such a friend against thy foes to cope,
For thee, poor Anderson, there yet is hope;
The Law's decree may to the South seem good,
And yet a Matthews miss the price of blood;
Missouri's blood-hounds, scent they ne'er so well,
It waveth off with execrating yell;—
The monsters! human only but in name,
Their sight polluted hell itself would shame!

Joy to the Broadsheet! In its might we prove
The real lever fit the world to move.
Where'er with earnest aim its power it wields,
Oppression trembles, spite of all her shields,
And Truth a victor stands in Error's chosen fields.
Grey Superstition hides her ghastly face,
Skulking indignant from her pride of place,
While Cant and Bigotry, oppressed with light,
To glooms congenial take with her their flight!
Commerce and Industry go hand in hand
To bless and beautify a smiling land;
Science steps forward, queenly in her mien—
The Arts that life embellish in her train—
The very lightning yoked unto her car—
She sweeps majestic on to realms afar!
Lo, with fresh triumphs ever in her view,
Dauntless she cleaves the Empyrean blue,

Or, diving down through ocean's depths profound,
Weaveth a thread by which two worlds are bound,
That wondrous cord along whose slender bars
Speech travels faster than the flight of stars!

'Tis thus, wherever thought has fitting scope,
Man reaches all we here of him can hope;
Yea, wheresoever a Free Press we find,
No truth need fear, no sophistry can blind;
Genius is free to spread her wings of flame,
And on all human hearts engrave her name;
Dagons adored are from their temples driven
No more to fool mankind or outrage Heaven;
Progress is stamped on everything we see,
While over all, shines bright the sun of Liberty!

DOMHNULL PIOBAIRE AND THE BAGPIPES.

(Written for a social "gathering" of the Kingston Caledonian Society.)

Air:—"Woed an' married an' a'."

OUR gathering night—more's the pity—
But once in a year cometh round;
Good-bye the dull cares of the city,—
This evening we're heather-ward bound!
The bag-pipes to charm and to cheer us—
The darlings we love in full sight—
The tartan around us and near us—
Who would not be proud of our Night!

List'ning Mac's gathering call,
Surely his sense must be small
Who would not declare such rare piping
Enough any heart to entrall!

Away with your brass-bands a-braying!
John Bull thinks them grand—but you'll own
When Tubal invented such playing
'T was surely worse discords to drown.
Some think that such music he planned, sirs,
The wolves of his time to affright,
Then fashioned the bagpipe so grand, sirs,
For times like our gathering night.
Heard or in hut or in hall,
Who, save one as deaf as a wall,
But owns, of all music 'neath heaven
There's nothing to match it at all!

Let Donald but screw up his chanter,
And give us the *Tullaichean* rare,
What mortal but feeleth instanter
As if he could dance in the air!
He strikes up a charge, and Proud Preston,
Or famed Killicrankie's fierce fight
We fight o'er again, as we listen,
Loud-lauding both Mac and our Night.
Piobrochds, marches, and all
Enough to charm even a Saul—
These are of the witcheries endless
That minstrel has aye at his call.

There's life in the voice of the *Clársach,*
But would you join rapture to praise,
Just hear some sweet spring from the *Oinnseach.*
Just dance to its Reels and Strathepeys!
Its Coronach sets us a-weeping,
Its Flings makes us wild with delight:
It has tones for all moods in its keeping—
Rare treat for a gathering night!
Out on the thick-headed thrall
Who his dislike o't would drawl!
The right way to deal with such creatures
Were nailing their ears to the wall.

A bicker of good Athol brose is
Not bad when a battle is near;
But the right thing, when coming to blows, is
The pipe's stirring notes in your ear:
From Bannockburn down to this hour, sirs,
Its place is the front of the fight;
Then hey for the gallant *Piob-mhor*, sirs,
The glory and pride of our night!
Drums and bugles and all
Such things may well suit a roll-call,
But the Clans, when their foes they would scatter,
The pipes take to open the ball.

Long, long may fair Scotia flourish,
Rejoicing in Rant and in Lilt:
That day will her liberties perish
She lacketh the Clans and the Kilt.

To keep her proud triumphs still swelling,
Her plan is to stick to them tight,
And honour the patriot feeling
Begot of a gathering night.
Joy then, joy be to all
Ready to hasten their fall
Who would in the Gael's loved homesteads
The deer and the stranger instal.

"STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID."

LAND of the Bruce! I marvel how,
With scarce a murmur, comest thou
To let it seem
As if thy name
Were off the list of nations now.

Shall a race who ne'er, as foes,
Could their rule on thee impose,
Not in vain
Ceaseless strain
Now thy history's page to close?

Up! or evermore disown
Thy once well-won fair renown!
If, of two,
One must do,
Let the Saxon name go down,

Strange how word so brief as "Scot"
Sticketh in the Anglo throat—
That Maelstrom,
Like a doom,
Gulping down all else we've got!

Is there any noble deed
Told of men born north the Tweed?
Ten to one,
"*Times*" or "*Sun.*"
'Tis of *Englishmen* we read!

If a battle has been won
By a Campbell, Gough or Gunn,
Take the blows,
Macs and *O's*,
England takes the *praise* alone.

What delusion to conceive
You sometimes your Queen receive!
Yours indeed,—
Can't you read
She's only "*England's*"—upon leave.

Scribblers of the Cockney school,
Verily you've crazed John Bull;
Saxon blood,
Clear as mud!
Who but he the world should rule!

Scotsmen, 'tis high time that we
Ceased to feed such vanity,—
Time to show
Our old foe
He is only one of *three.*

Nobler 'twere our rights to yield,
Vanquished in the battle-field;
Then thus be
Quietly
Worse than from earth's map expelled.

Teach we then, those braggarts tall
Their's alone their own to call,
And save in drink,
To never think
That England yet is all-in-all,

TO MARY, SLEEPING IN AN ARBOUR.

THOU feigning fair one, ope thine eyes!
She hears me not: My darling dear
Seems dreaming more of Paradise
Than of her lover's presence near!

Such sacred calm surrounds her bower,
So rich the balm its blooms dispense,
I marvel not *my* fairer flower
Thus sleeps the sleep of innocence.

Well may the zephyrs fanning her
Be glad to pilfer from her breath ;
I trow they find more fragrance there
Than in all flowers that grace the heath.

She dreams, methinks. Ah ! can it be
The vision of some chaste embrace
That causes that warm blush I see
Quick-crimsoning her neck and face ?

My beautiful, my darling one !
How fondly round that neck I'd throw
My arms, save that no mortal man
Seems pure enough to touch its snow !

Those lips, of Phydian curve divine,
That bosom, too, fair-heaving nigh,
Once—only once—to press to mine,
Methinks that I could gladly die.

Her guardian angel, hovering near,
Could hardly blame me much, I trow,
If, tempted by a chance so rare,
I kissed at least her lily brow.

Hush, hush, my heart, thy wild ado !
Here, freedom such as that would be
A sin 'gainst her and heaven too,
So pure, so holy seemeth she !

A DAY WITH THE MUSE.

(The following effusion was written by way of apology to a friend who expected the author to devote his "next holiday" to the production of a poem wanted for a certain national celebration, then at hand—a task which he unluckily failed to accomplish.)

"THERE'S no place like home":
  Quite true, I presume,
If spoken regarding the Deaf and the Dumb.
  A bard, I opine,
Should at least be both these,
  In a home such as mine
  To feel much at his ease;
Though each one of the Nine
  Did her utmost to please.
Just fancy a house with a dozen or so
  Of young hearty hopefuls, all train'd à *la* Combe—
A day to myself, and the muse all a-glow
  Some web, long bespoken, to work off her loom.

The breakfast is taken,—
  As deskward I draw,
The young ones I beckon
  Away with "Mamma;"
On silence I reckon—
  My word being law.
All right—so I think,—
  Not the ghost of a sound;
The muse in a blink
  At my elbow is found,

When—horror to hear!
Comes some ash-man's loud knock ;
That man, it is clear,
Thinks our door is a rock !
Anon, shouts the baker
"Bread wanted to-day ?"
"The baby's awake here"
Cries Fanny to May.
While Betty—deuce take her !
Falls down with a tray.
A cry of despair
Is now heard up the stair—
'Tis Angie, who will not let Kate comb his hair,
And strikes in the struggle his head 'gainst a chair.

Anon, comes the blessing
Of silence once more ;
My desk again facing,
I muse as before,
While Dan sits caressing
The cat on the floor.
Now Dan, if he may,
Will have his own way,
And puss is not overly partial to play :
Her beard he would catch—
She gives him a scratch
Quick-causing a roar only thunder could match !
The baby its lungs
(Two minature gongs—)

Now worketh with energy fine ;
  The school is let out,
  And now with a shout
Our quota are on us to dine.
Each tongue goes quick as an alarm bell ;
Mamma herself confesses—sooth to tell—
The din of Babel imitated well !
O mercy ! mercy ! how they ever go,
In one unceasing flow !
Not one there cares a jot
Who listens or does not,—
And yet they seem in keen contention hot,
Till I could almost wish a mill-stone in each throat.
  In vain with sudden tramp
  Upon the floor I stamp ;
In vain I hope for peace 'mid forks and knives,
  And hungry girls and boys
  Whose very heaven seems noise,—
I own that man is mad who ever wives !

The dinner over and the youngsters gone
Once more to school—a riddance blest ! anon,
With zeal redoubled I proceed anew
The thread of some fond fancy to pursue,
  When—hark you there !
  I do declare
That horrid kitchen-maid begins her scrubbing—
A damsel with red hair who brooks no snubbing.

Flop—slop,—
Bucket and mop
Splashing about till I swear she must stop.
What now? Bless our lives!
She's scouring the knives;
You'd think—such the discord—a saw-mill she drives!
Now plies she the poker
Till I feel like to choke her;
That woman would make a first-rate steamboat stoker!

Provoked to a passion, I swear by the saints
To go for the fashion of living in tents,
Or choose me a cave, in some solitude far,
Where no such dread discords my musings may mar;
And donning my hat in a terrible ire,
I bolt from the house as if all were on fire.
Convinced that if ever I finish that stave
It can only be after I find out the—*cave.*

MY ROWAN TREE.

FAIR shelterer of my native Cot—
That Cot so very dear to me;—
O how I envy thee thy lot,
My long-lost Rowan Tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice happy Rowan Tree.

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee:
A kingdom now were less my care
Than then my Rowan Tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round!
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grand-papa to see;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

'Twas thus I dream'd: That happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way
Far from my Rowan Tree.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry;
A stranger to me sits beside
My long-lost Rowan Tree;

Yet still in fancy I can mark
Thy lily-bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perched on my Rowan Tree.

Like rubies red on Beauty's breast
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some Spring warbler's nest
Built in my Rowan Tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

* * * * * *

The forest many trees can boast
More fit perhaps for keel or knee,
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the Rowan Tree.

How beautiful above them all
Its snow-white summer drapery!
A cloud of crimson in the Fall
Seems Scotland's Rowan Tree.

Well knows the boy, at Beltane time,
When near it in a vocal key,
What whistles perfectly sublime
Supplies the Rowan Tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
Might look for, who would carelessly
Home in his load of firewood fetch
Aught of the Rowan Tree.

In vain might midnight hags colleague
To witch poor Crumbie's milk, if she
Had only o'er her crib a twig
Cut from the Rowan Tree!

Alas! that in my dreams alone
I ever now can hope to see
My boyhood's home and thee, my own,
My matchless Rowan Tree.

ERIN MACHREE.*

WRITTEN FOR, AND READ AT THE KINGSTON ST. PATRICK'S-DAY CELEBRATION OF 1868.

When darkness barbaric plunged Europe in night,
One spot still remained where truth's daystar shone bright;
'Twas a land whose mere name is like music to me—
That fair Ocean-Eden, old Erin machree!

Land of minstrels the sweetest on earth to be found—
Land for eloquent speech and rare wit most renowned!
Pat may spoil for a fight, now and then, just a wee,
Still the kindest of hearts beat in Erin machree.

* Erin of my heart. The term "machree" is here used in deference to a popular though erroneous orthography: it is more properly spelt "mo chri."

Talk of Venus just sprung from the ocean-foam fair!
Old Erin has thousands of charmers as rare
'Mong the white-bosom'd maids—all so modest, yet free,
Who bloom thick as the flowers in old Erin machree!

If you wish for bright scenes, there's a choice of them there;
If for legends unmatch'd, she has plenty to spare;—
Would you like to make love to some smiling Banshee,
You should just make your home in old Erin machree.

Would you find the true Lethe of every ill,
You should taste her poteen just fresh down from the hill;
Would you charm away grief or get dizzy with glee,
All you want is the music of Erin machree.

Bad luck to the bards in whose verse she appears
A Niobe-nation, forever in tears:
Though caught in a "caoine" she sometimes may be,
There's still heart and hope in old Erin machree.

O guard her, kind Heaven, and make her once more
The envied of nations—the Erin of yore!
That day, so long promised, methinks I can see
Already fair-dawning o'er Erin machree.

MY FIRST ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT IN CANADA.

REPORTED IN RHYME TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

NEVER yet in "houff" or hall, sir,
Was there such a Carnival, sir,
As we "Kingston Scots'" had all, sir,
At our last St. Andrew's.

Verily we feasted rarely,
Merrily we preed the barley;
Good Glenlivet had no parley
From us on St. Andrew's.

The Piob-mhor, so justly vaunted,
Each and all of us enchanted:
"Mac" seemed by Macrimmon haunted,
Piping on St. Andrew's,

MacIntosh, with jibe and joke there,
Saints to laughter would provoke there;
Whitehead ably played the "gowk" there,
For us on St. Andrews.

Shaw was great in whoop and yell, sir,
Gunn in grinning did excel, sir;
Kinghorn's horse-laughs bore the bell there,
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

Judge MacKenzie, as he cast there
A proud glance at Scotland's past, sir,
All her foes, in fancy, thrashed there
Bravely, on St. Andrew's.

The MacEwen clan was there, sir,
Emblem'd by spirit rare, sir,
Charming every heart and ear there,
Singing on St. Andrew's.

John Kinnear, MacKay, and Keeley
Cut and cabbaged pretty freely ;
In them each enough for three lay,
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

To our host, small gain could grow out
Of such forks as Scott and Mowatt ;—
By the powers, but they did show it
Fiercely on St. Andrew's.

With the haggis fairly stuffed there,
Losh, how Rammage groaned and puffed there
The mere flavour o't set Duff there
Dancing on St. Andrew's.

Little wonder though old Dixon,
Lured by Drummond's hot-scotch mixing,
Took of it enough for six in,
Blythly, on St. Andrew's.

'Twas no feast of scones and scuddan
Made MacDonald to unbutton ;
Dan on sheeps-head plays the glutton
Aye at a St. Andrew's.

Far too narrow for his orbit
Was the door to Sheriff Corbett
With the good things he absorbéd
With us on St. Andrew's.

When the bree had thawed Carruthers,
Who but *he* above all others
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Blythly on St. Andrew's!

Not one Saxon guest attended
But spake Erse ere all was ended;
Pat, of course, is "Scotch-descended"
Always on St. Andrew's!

The finale—fitting close there—
Was a dance of Macs and O.'s, Sir;
Ending with three grand hurros there
For our next St. Andrew's!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF DR. H. S. LAYCOCK OF WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

My Laycock's star already set!
Laycock the gifted and the good!
In thought, I seem to see thee yet
Where last we met, by Mersey's flood.

Our steps were then on England's soil—
Thou, from thy kindred far away,
Donning thine armour for the toil
And tug of life's stern battle-day.

With gifts that well might make thee brave
All obstacles to fair renown,
Alas! that thy untimely grave
Should cheat thee of the laurel crown.

Alas! that on thy path to save
Others, thine own dear life was lost!
How must thy friends across the wave
Mourn, when the tale shall reach their coast!

MacLennan, Greatrex, Strype, MacBride,*
And Bailey too—that gifted one
Whose ardent spirit, eagle-eyed,
Has often soared where thou hast gone.

If grief could aught avail, there's room
Abundant to indulge it here;
Could but their prayers avert his doom,
The suffering still were Laycock's care.

How vain this stage of life! Its hopes
How evanescent! All seems gay,
When, unannounced, the curtain drops,
And man, the actor, turns to clay.

* Members of the Liverpool Athenic Club, a literary society of which the deceased was at one time a distinguished supporter.

Peace to the dead! However keen
Our sorrow for the early lost,
There's less for grief than glory in
A soldier dying at his post.

A TIME THAT YET SHALL BE.

(Written on the advent of the year 1877.)

HAIL, new-born Year! Although I may not greet thee
With bacchanalian chanting loud and vain,
Yet not the less right glad am I to meet thee,
And give thee welcome, though in soberer strain.

I bless thee for the promise thou art bringing
Of angry nations sheathing up their swords,—
Wisely resolved, for discords 'mong them springing,
To make their battle-fields be Council Boards:

Fair prelude to that time when, wholly ceasing
From War's dread work, men shall see, satisfied,
Nature's rude forces all employed in blessing,
Power protecting where it once destroyed.

Joy to the year that comes with such sweet voicing
Of earth's march onward to that happy goal
When her Immanuel King shall see, rejoicing,
The full fruit of the travail of his soul,—

That time millenial when all earth shall own him
Her Sovereign Lord supreme, the Prince of Peace,—
The sons of those who once with thorns did crown Him
The first to share the richness of His grace!

Not as the monarch vainly wished by Judah,
But as the Victor over Death and Sin
Shall Zion hail, 'mid many a hallelujah,
The Lord of Life once more her gates within.

Well may, the joy be great on Mount Moriah;
Well may, in Him, at last poor Israel see
Not hers alone but the whole world's Messiah,
And gladly own the Lord her God is He.

Time that shall change all rancour and division
To holy concord and assurance blest,—
Time that shall give our earth, 'mid peace elysian,
From sin and sorrow a long Sabbath rest!—

Time of the light and glory all-illuming!
Era of bliss unmatched since Eden's day!
No wonder that the hope of thy sure coming
Finds joyful utterance in the Poet's lay.

Well might the Seer of old, the future glassing,
Be lost in rapture thy approach to see;
If then to *him* it was a joy surpassing,
What to *our* surer vision should it be?

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

THERE'S a foe within our borders,
One of most malignant might,—
One who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,
Though oft smiting in the light.
Crowds of every rank and station,
Year by year, become his prey;
What of that? He pays state tribute,
Wise men license him so slay!

Here, 'tis some once wise bread-winner
Helpless struggles in his hold;
There, to graves untimely hastes he
Men who senates once controlled;
Often from the very altar
Draggeth he a victim down:
Would you learn to scorn and hate him,
Only think such fate your own!

If poor Bruin in some corn field
Worked e'er so slight a skaith,
How we make quick war upon him!
How we hunt him to the death!
Not a wolf within our forests
But a price has on his head;
Meanwhile, 'mid our streets unchallenged,
Strikes his prey this demon dread.

Well ye know, ye guilty nations,
  Alcohol, the fiend I sing,
Works ye more of ill than ever
  Famine, war, or pest can bring.
These can only kill the body,
  This corrupts and kills the soul;
Wise indeed are they who never
  Touch or taste the "social bowl."

Talk of Jaggernaut or Moloch!
  Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims many-millioned,
  Matched with Alcohol's account.
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
  Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
  Such law-sanctioned misery.

Think not ye whose better vision
  Helpeth you the pit to shun
Which your brother, less observant,
  Falls into and is undone—
Think not that a passing pity
  Is the sole account ye owe;
Only such as try to save him
  Guiltless of his fall can go.

Honour be to all whose chosen,
  Best-loved drink is "Adam's wine;"
Quickly may their good example
  Thin the crowd at Bacchus' shrine,—

Leading them to break the fetters
Of a worse than Circean thrall,—
Earning thus all good men's praises,
And God's favour, best of all.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

(Lines suggested by a glance at the Visitor's Album, kept at the Museum, Niagara Falls.)

GIVE up, ye would-be bards, your rhymes to tag here you
In vain thus rack your brains to paint Niagara.
A theme which even Milton's muse might beggar, you
Had better let alone when at Niagara.
About Lodore right well could Southey swagger, tho'
Twould take ten thousand such to match Niagara.
To all who can stand boasting fit to stagger me,
I'd recommend a visit to Niagara.
Hear you sleek slaver—not a bit in waggery—
Toasting the "Flag of Freedom" at Niagara! *
"You Canucks," quoth he, "need the starry flag o'er you,
To make you worth you salt benorth Niagara!
You cannot too soon have that British rag o'er you
To disappear entirely from Niagara!"
He calculates some day to blast a crag or two,
And drain Lake Erie all up from Niagara.

* The above lines were penned previous to the abolition of slavery in the *United States of* America.

He speculates, just as myself I drag away,
How Ætna's throat would like to gulp Niagara!
O cousins! cousins! what a set for brag are you!
When will you learn mere froth is not Niagara?
But I must cease, lest they should lynch or dagger me;
Already they have fleeced me at Niagara.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE AND HIS TRADUCERS.

(Written on his Retirement from Public Life in 1858.)

ASSES, avaunt! be carefnl how you kick!
The *lion* ye deem dead is only sick,—
Sick to the heart to see how all in vain
Is freedom won for slaves who hug their chain;
Sick at beholding knaves to honour mount,
The test of talent a well-cooked account,
Votes in the House, like apples, bought and sold,
Chisseling and quirks as statesmanship extoll'd,
A Punch-and-Judy Cabinet in power,
A French man-monkey hero of the hour,
While over all, a HEAD—ill-omen'd name—
Smiles blandly on, and shields them in their shame.

'Tis true, ye dastards, that, to earn your hire,
Ye must abuse,—abuse then, till ye tire;
The head at which in vain your filth is cast,
Will honoured be when ye have flung your last,
Finding, as fitting for such scribbling knaves,
Your last, best recompense in nameless graves.

Alas for public virtue in a land
That brooks the curse of such a helot band!
The loathsomest of Egypts plagues, I trow,
Were far less fatal to our weal than you,—
Creatures whose praise is censure—hate, no less
The highest compliment to uprightness.

O for the time when, weary of their thrall,
The people shall deal justice to you all,
And with befitting tar-and-feathers deck
Each well-whipt scoundrel up from heel to neck!
A retribution righteously due,—
Hanging's too good for wretches such as you.

A GIRL I KNOW.

"Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel.—CAMPBELL.

WERE the vain bard who thus could write, but once
Blest with the smile of one dear girl I know,
The joy exceeding born of her love-glance,
He surely would not for a world forego.

In vain would any mortal try to see,
Unmoved, the wond'rous beauty of her face,
Which, as her humour for the time may be,
Is grave or gay, yet ever full of grace.

O but to bask forever in the light
Of her sweet, sunny smile, now lost to me
Save only when in visions of the night
My soul with hers holds fond communion free!

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.

WRITTEN ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST RUSSIA IN 1854.

Hark ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
Marshalling his millions for the fray!
Britons! up and on at the despot base,
Dashing in between him and his prey.
Up! 'tis honours cause;
Up! and ere you pause
Let the empire sought be his grave.
Now 's the fated time—
Crush his course of crime:
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

On the Euxine's wave—on the Baltic tide
Soon shall our proud banners be unfurl'd;
Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
Well may dare to battle half a world.
On then, stern as fate!
Striking ere too late
Europe you from Cossack rule would save:
Onward in your might—
God defend the right!
Gloy, glory, glory to the brave!

Waken, Poland, wake from thy dream of death!
Think of all thy wrongs yet unavenged;
Hungary, arise! proving in thy wrath
Thy old hate of tyranny unchanged:
By thy sword of flame,
Schamyl! son of fame,
Swear that now or never thou shalt have
Thy Circassia free—
Her best hope is thee:
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Glory to the brave! soon may they return
Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame;—
Leaving Russia's lord, now so crously stern,
Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
Potent though he be,
Europe shall him see
Mercy on his knee from you crave.
Such be quick the fall
Of earth's despots all:
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC.

A REMONSTRANCE ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN CHURCH CHOIR-LEADER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

How canst thou, John, with conscience clear,
Join sacred song to tones so drear?
Have pity on us and forbear
This owlet harmonie!

A choir of ghosts would less appal
Than those dread sounds you *singing* call:
One would need ears as deaf's a wall
To stand such melodie.
CHORUS:—O weary sir! O weary sir!
'Twould tire a saint to hear thee, sir;
Job's patience, were he near thee, sir,
Would quick exhausted be.

There's something lively in the chant
Of tom-cats on some spree gallant;
The bull-frog, though his notes be scant,
Ne'er strikes a drawling key:
But you, whate'er the Psalmist's tone
Of thought may be, go m-o-a-n-i-n-g on
Till some poor Crumbie's dying groan
Your model seems to be.
CHORUS:—O weary sir! O weary sir!
If David could but hear thee, sir,
He well might wish some thistle-burr
Adown thy throat to see.

Now, some old wife's asthmatic croon
Seems the sole spirit of the tune;
Now, some long *ba-a* would reach the moon
Breaks from thy choir and thee;
And now the climax grand you reach—
A something 'tween a scream and screech,—
Your sole ambition seeming which
The most can torture me.

CHORUS:—O weary sir! O weary sir!
O dismal, dismal, dreary sir!
A whip-saw rasped or yelping cur
I'd sooner stand than thee.

The "kist o' whistles" may be bad,
Yet, where's the mortal man, not mad,
Who once heard you, would not, right glad,
Give it a welcome free?
Oh! any, anything at all
To drown this Kirk-nursed caterwaul:
How Scotland can it "sacred" call
None but herself can see.
CHORUS:—O weary sir! O weary sir!
Small wonder that, to hear thee, sir,
I sometimes wish thyself and choir
Down where the mermaids be.

A NEW-YEAR'S MORNING REVERIE.

(WRITTEN JANUARY 1ST, 1869.)

YEAR just born, while bells rejoicing
Ring thy advent, I would be
In thy youthful ear fond-voicing
What I most desire of thee.

May'st thou, ere thy course be finished,
See the Right triumphant stand,
And the demon Faction banished
Evermore from out our land.

Here's to every fair endeavour
In Truth's holy battle-field—
Every blow that helps to shiver
Hoary Error's triple shield!

Here's to him who without swither
Helps his brother man in need,—
Helping without asking whether
This or that may be his creed.

Here's a groan for him whose only
Care is to increase his pelf;
The mean money-grub unmanly;
May it all end with himself!

Here's confusion to all canting,
All "man-millinery" creeds:
Better far were Shaker ranting
Than this silly faith in weeds.

Down with every form of folly!
Earth with hollow shews is cursed;
At her age 'tis melancholy
To see shams so fondly nursed.

Knaves are everywhere abounding,—
With enough of "brass" at call,
Mountebanks go empire-founding
Where their betters seek the wall.

Lo! where Law looks on, scarce heeding
How sleek traffic's wires are pulled;
Here, the few to fortune speeding,
There the millions robbed and fooled!

Shame it is to think how nations,
Christian-creeded nations too,
Never lacking for occasions,
Earth's fair face with blood bedew.

Half the wealth they waste, so mad, on
War's proud panoply alone,
Year by year, would feast and gladden
All the poor beneath the sun.

Time 'tis men were realizing
They are brothers, one and all,
And each other's welfare prizing,
Ban all knaves that would them thrall.

To improve the world we live in,
Folded arms will never do;
He who hopeth all from Heaven
Wrongs himself and Heaven too.

Ho for praying less than toiling
For the good time long delayed!
Never faileth Heaven to smile on
All who thus its advent aid.

A MISSING MINSTREL.

(His friends, in consultation with a Wizard, thus address the ghostly Presence.)

KEN you aught of Erin's Bard ? *
Igo and ago.
Is he in this life still spared ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he gone in a balloon,
Igo and ago,
O'er the seas, or to the moon ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he above or under ground ?
Igo and ago,
In some foul enchantment found ?
Iram, coram, dago,
Taken to a Gipsy life ?
Igo and ago :
Ta'en a broomstick ride to Fife ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Is he 'mong New Yorkers "guessing" ?
Igo and ago,
Or fair Bostonian maids caressing ?
Iram, coram, dago.

*Not Tom Moore ; but the bard Alexander MacLachlan, lately residing in Erin village, Canada West, from whom the above bagatelle in the *Scotch-American Journal*, soon brought the author a reply to a long unanswered letter.

'Neath Canadian snow-wreaths smothered ?
Igo and ago,
Or in Kentucky tarred and feathered ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Was he caught at Harper's Ferry ?
Igo and ago.
Crossed he Styx in Charron's Wherry ?
Iram, coram, dago.
Stands he now beyond Death's portal,
Igo and ago,
Fitly crown'd a bard immortal ?
Iram, corum, dago.
Was he murder'd for his gear ?
Igo and ago,
A poor paying job that were !
Iram, coram, dago.
Was he drowned in Morton's *bree?*
Igo and ago—
A more likely case, say we !
Iram, coram, dago.
Wizard ! haste, resolve all doubt,
Igo and ago ;
Let us have the truth right out,
Iram, coram, dago.
Ghostly shade or man alive,
Igo and ago,
We fain would hear how Mac does thrive—
Iram, coram, dago.

January, 1860.

JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

JOHN Bull goes on a tour through France;—
Its people dance
And laugh and sing, all happy—rich and poor:
What brainless fools these French are, to be sure!
He never saw such goings on,
He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't:
That land is blest—that land alone
Where Saxons rule,—that's all about it!

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,
Self-superfine,—
Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,
And the calm German "such a muff!"
A boor not fit to come between
The wind and his nobility!
The Teuton thinks the man insane,
And leaves him to his humours free.

Anon, he roams through Switzerland:
Its mountains grand,
If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question
Dependent on the state of his digestion.
He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord
Or duke or marquis—men who must
Be rulers born: The thing's absurd!
He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,
Each fairest view
Is fair or foul to him, just as the sinner
Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner.
He owns indeed the Greeks one day
'Mong nations held the foremost place;
Yet all that granted, what were they
Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race?

At last arrived in Italy—
What does he see?
Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere—
A contrast vile, of course, to England fair!
Such sights our traveller sets a loathing,—
He sighs for England once again,
Where, though men starve, 'tis counted nothing,
If only they but starve unseen.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FAIR FRIEND,

ON HER EXPRESSING A WISH TO KNOW "WHAT I THOUGHT OF HER."

DEAR girl, since thou must have my mind
Regarding thy sweet self defined,
Think, if my task should fall behind
Thy fair contenting,
Perfection any bard must find
No easy painting!

You hint of maidens many a one
Fair as thyself to look upon:
If such there be, 'tis strange that none
I ever see—
Blinded perhaps by looking on
My sun in thee!

Well may that mortal feel elate
Who, as his bride, thy love shall get,
When thy mere friendship is so sweet
To hearts like mine,
That my whole being, when we meet,
Seems lost in thine.

Were mine the bliss to meet thee when
My years were only three times ten,
How more than that of any queen
Thy love I'd prize!
How would I count thy hand to win
The joy of joys!

Sweet one! too soon will come the hour
That takes thee to a distant shore;
Yet in my bosom's inmost core
Thou'lt live enshrined,
My beau ideal evermore
Of womankind.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT

versus

"OLD HUMPHREY."

(The following verses were written by way of a rejoinder to a letter which appeared, anonymously in a Kingston paper during the time that subscriptions were being taken up in Canada towards the erection of the monument to William Wallace now adorning the Abbey Craig near Stirlng.)

WHAT a Solon hath the *News*
  Got in Master Humphrey!
Of good counsel so profuse
  Is old Master Humphrey!
Liberal of naught beside—
Wherefore should old Humphrey chide
Men of sympathies more wide?
  Fie, fie on thee, old Humphrey!

Little reck we how John Bull
  Likes our purpose, Humphrey;
John's wishes never were *our* rule,
  Nor *shall* be, Master Humphrey.
Poor Pat, accustomed to his yoke,
May well indulge a jealous joke,
But thou, a Scotchman, thus to croak
  Seems downright baseness, Humphrey.

A Scot, indeed! • Alas the day
That Scotland, Master Humphrey,
Can boast no sons of nobler clay
Than thou art, Master Humphrey.
He's no true Scot who does not own
He's rich in Wallace's renown.
Though parting with his last half-crown
To prove it, Master Humphrey.

A Cairn to Wallace—what a crime
To think of, Master Humphrey!
A thing, forsooth, so out of time!
A slight to England, Humphrey!
As if a wholesome hate of wrong
Can ever be indulged too long,
Or Scotchmen care a cricket's song
For Cockney humours, Humphrey.

Out on thy Judas charity!
Five centuries, old Humphrey,
We owe the debt that now shall be
Paid, will ye, nill ye, Humphrey.
Cease, then, thy craven counsels tame!
Enough for England is the shame
Of his foul end—nor less to blame
All Scots who think like Humphrey.

In fancy, I already see
Tow'ring triumphant, Humphrey,
That pile which centuries hence shall be
A pride to Scotland, Humphrey,—

A nation's homage to the brave
Who died her liberties to save:
Stern-frowning o'er Ambition's grave,
We soon shall have it, Humphrey!

Yes—standing there, an altar, grand,
To Freedom, Master Humphrey,—
A sign that Scotland, heart and hand,
Is still old Scotland, Humphrey,—
A monitor perpetual to
Earth's Edwards—to all patriots true
An inspiration ever new
To deeds of daring, Humphrey.

LET US DO THE BEST WE CAN.

Not in riches, rank, or power
Is true greatness to be found;
Mere possessions of an hour;
By the sordid often owned.
Better far than noble blood
Is the deed Samaritan;
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

Mark yon worldling lost in self,
Dead to every social glow;
Would'st thou, to own all his pelf,
All life's purer joys forego?

Truest wealth is doing good—
Doctrine strange to him, poor man!
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

Did we all with one accord
Labour for the common good,
Nature at her ample board
Would see no one lacking food.
Let us then, in loving mood,
Each help each through life's short span:
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO JOHN F. CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "POPULAR TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS."

O THOU whose joy it is to stray
The bowers of Fairyland among—
Renewing o'er our hearts the sway
Of Fairy tale and song.

This Book of thine will long endear
Thy name to all who love the land
Where thou hast gleaned, with zeal so rare,
Those legends quaintly grand.

As shells that on some lonely strand
The sea casts careless, may confine
Pearls which, when touched by skillful hand,
With peerless lustre shine,

So these stray waifs of ancient lore
Turn, touched by thee, to treasures rare,—
Rich gems of which for evermore
The world will well take care.

Well do I mind that long-past day
I met thee first and sought thy smile,—
I, a poor minstrel—thou, the gay
Young heir of Islay's isle.

No seer am I—yet in the boy
Before me, right well could I trace
The man who yet would prove a joy,
A pride to Diarmid's race,—

One who, with every grace endowed
Befitting rank and lineage high,
Would win, withal, a place as proud
In Mind's nobility.

What though a stranger lords it now
O'er that fair isle so dear to thee,
Still lord o'er all its hearts art thou,—
The land alone hath he.

Fortune hath wronged thee much—yet still
A heritage more rich remains
Than any subject to her will—
Thy place in Thought's domains.

Long in a field, now all thine own,
Be thine to work with loving care;
Rare gems of wisdom, random strewn,
Will yet reward thee there—

Gems which, when thou in death dost rest,
More green shall keep thy memory
Than if arose above thy breast
A Cairn as Cruachan high.

CANADA'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BLOW gently, ye winds, o'er yon wide waste of ocean:
Ye waves, for a season, your brawling calm down:
A bark for the West o'er its breast is in motion,
Its freight is the heir of Britannia's crown!
Sovereign already of
Canada's warmest love,
Soon shall he prove this no idle pretence:
Welcome, then, o'er the tide,
Albion's hope and pride;
Hail to the, Albert, hail! God save the Prince!

New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and green Nova Scotia
Watch for thy presence, exaltant and proud;
And we, no less loyal, shall never refuse thee
A "*cead mile failte*" as warm and as loud.
Saxon, and Celt, and Gaul,
Brothers seem once for all—
Rivals alone in their zeal to evince
Homage befitting thee—
Well may that homage be
Blent with the fervent prayer, God save the Prince!

From stormy Cape Sable to far-off Vancouver
Triumphantly sweepeth the flood-tide of joy;
The whole land awaits, like a bride for her lover;
Each hour seems an age till thy sails we descry.
Then shall the feast abound,
Then shall our joys be crown'd,
Then shall our pride be thy heart to convince
Britain need never fear
Traitor or treason here—
Here, where as one, all pray, God save the Prince!

Already, in fancy, I see thee approaching,
'Mid booming of cannons and chiming of bells:
Whats that, so electric, the Highland heart touching?
The "set "of thy Tartan the secret reveals!
Long on thy princely breast
May its rich foldings rest—
Garb ever foremost in FREEDOM'S defence!
Well may the Clans rejoice,
Proud of thy kingly choice,
Rending the welkin with, God save the Prince!

May the wisdom of Alfred be thine to inherit,
The Bruce be thy model to do and to dare,—
Thy grandeur be found still eclipsed by thy merit,
Till earth's farthest ends learn to worship thy star.
Humble, with all thy state—
Thus be thou truly great,
Thus may kind heaven its blessings dispense
Ever on thee and thine:
Kings rule by right divine
Only where men can pray, God save our Prince!

1860.

A VERY ILL-USED SQUAD, SIR.*

Let Clear Grit scribblers vent their jibes
As freely as they may, sir,
They'll find us Govermental scribes
Well worthy of our pay sir.
If mother Public plays the goose,
And lays so very gleg, sir,
All own we do the cackling crouse,
And bravely suck the egg, sir!
Scarce work for one in every three—
This really is too bad, sir!
We're kilt entirely, so we be—
A very ill-used squad, sir!

*The author is willing to believe that the above picture of Civil Service life in Ottawa twenty years ago will be found scarcely applicable to the present day.

There's Smith, who nothing has to do
Throughout the livelong day, sir,
Gets Jones to help him to pass through
The time as best they may, sir.
At brandy "nips" those jealous chips
Have quite a stiff, hard time o't:
"Good fellows they! increase their pay,"
Their patrons well may chime out!
Scarce work, &c.

Arrived at ten—love-notes we pen,
Or read the papers through, sir;
If more we write, 'tis to indite
Perchance an I. O. U., sir.
What time comes lunch, at drinking punch
We pass a pleasant hour, sir,
Then yawn away as best we may
The time till it is four, sir.
Scarce work, &c.

Sometimes, indeed, by way of change,
Our nails we pick or pare, sir,
Or through the lobbies chatting range,
Or lark from stair to stair, sir;
Or slyly pin to some one's skirt
Some dusting-cloth or stamp, sir;
Or watch for duns, who oft athwart
Our pleasures cast a damper.
Scarce work, &c.

Good luck be to the bees that hive
  Our honey in such store, sir!
Long may they in their labours thrive,
  And help to bring us more, sir!
A health to all who do their best
  In such snug berths to moor us;
To thin us here would be, I fear,
  To overcrowd the poor-house.
    Scarce work, &c.

MACAULAY *versus* SCOTLAND.

["Such travesties of history cannot long survive the age in which they were written. No literary excellence; no airs of philosophic impartiality; no lofty pretensions to more than ordinary research, and much more than ordinary sagacity; no silver-toned press or golden exchequer, can long save them from the fate that awaits the ill-omened productions of learning without principle, of eloquence leaning on fables and of talent in league with error." * * *

We have heard, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that Thomas Carlyle, when exhorting a friend to amuse himself, after hard study, with light reading, and being asked what books he would recommend, replied, "Why Thackeray's last novel, or Macaulay's last volume, or *any other* of the best works of fiction." —*From a review of Macaulay's History of England, by Hugh Miller.*]

MACAULAY, Macaulay!
  They surely miscall thee
To Scotland thy lineage who trace.
  Thou a Scotchman! Good lack!
  Scot alone in the "Mac"
One would think far more likely thy case.

The "Arabian Nights,"
So renowned for its flights,
We once deemed the sublime of romance;
But the gift to outshine
Its inventions is thine,
As thy "History" proves at a glance.

A History, forsooth!
What an outrage on truth
Thus to title a tissue of lies!
That we read it, 'tis true
Though 'tis only to view
Of thy figments the shape and the size.

* * * * *

Foul defamer of men
Whose stout limbs did disdain
To bow down at proud Prelacy's nod—
Ages after thy name
Is forgot, their fair fame
Shall be dear to their country and God.

The apologist now
Of a massacre! thou
Might defy Nick himself to fib harder
When, with sophistry vile,
Thy pet prince to assoil,
Thou contrivest to justify murder.

O falsest of tongues!
O foulest of wrongs!
O prince that could sanction such deed!
"Out, out, damned spot!"
Though I fear thou will *not*,
Spite of all this smart sophist can plead.

Mac! Mac! do give o'er
This wild work: Let's once more
List the tones of thy classical lyre.
Stick, sir, stick to thy "Lays;"
There alone we can praise—
There alone thy inventions admire.

GARIBALDI THE BRAVE.

WRITTEN DURING THE WAR OF FREEDOM IN ITALY.

Of all heroes known to fame
There is no one I could name
Who, Caprera's chief, can claim
Rank before thee!
Not as matchless in thy might,
But as Freedom's champion bright
Dost thou fill the world's glad sight
With thy glory.
O who would not join that band
Who, on fair Italia's strand,
To a royal hunting grand
Hasten on with gun and glaive\

O who would not pant to be
In the vanguard of the free,
To the fight led on by thee,
Garibaldi the brave!

See him in the battle's van
His stern veterans leading on!—
What cares he though ten to one
May the foe seem?
Swift as lightning cleaves the air
Springs he at them—Bruce-like, there
Dealing death to all who dare
To oppose him.
In the battle's wildest roar
Making havoc evermore,
Like Achilles famed of yore,
A charmed life he seems to have:
Where his falchion flashes bright,
Never doubtful is the fight:
God defend thee and the Right,
Garibaldi the Brave!

Ever honoured may they be
Who, from lands already free,
Haste to do or die where he
Moves victorious.
Vain may Austria browbeat,
Vain may Pius execrate:
See where Tuscany's crowned cheat
Flies, inglorious!

See where Parma's prince abhorred
Cowers beneath fair Freedom's sword!
Lo, where Naples' heartless lord
On his knees doth mercy crave!
Such a blood-stained King and crown
In the dust to trample down
Well may climax thy renown,
Garibaldi the Brave!

Matched with *thy* career, I ween
Caesar's triumphs were but mean;
In *thy* life no trace is seen
Of Ambition.
"Noblest Roman of them all"—
To lead lands 'neath despot thrall
Forth to freedom's festival
Is thy mission.
On, then, on! and never spare
Till triumphant, in the air
Stout Immanuel's ensign dear
O'er the Quirinal shall wave.
May that happy day soon be
When all Italy, made free,
Shall triumphal wreaths decree
Garibaldi the Brave!

CURLING *versus* SHINTY.

(Verses suggested by a visit to the Strathadder Curling Rink.)

SOME get crazed through drinking,
Some, through grief or fear;
They're *born* fools, I'm thinking,
Who come curling here.
CHORUS—Hey for famed Strathadder,
And its curlers free!
Long may they have weather
20 below Z!

At some shot by Drummond,
Laughing, all admit
Were the "Tee" Benlomond
Tom might make a hit!

Now 'tis Craig that's likened
To a frozen snail;
Now 'tis Todd that's reckoned
Hardly worth his "Kail."

At the broom Bob Struthers
Beateth all the squad;
Practice at his mother's
Bob must oft have had!

Though but sorry sport there
Kirk makes at the stone,
On all fours—his forte there—
He makes food for fun.

To see Kerr practising
  Motion on his stern,
Shows how, sometimes, wise men
  Laughing-stocks may turn.

Dash away, MacMartin!
  Wherefore should'st thou mind
That half-yard of shirting
  Swinging out behind!

Just to hear their hollos,
  See them sweep and sprawl,
One would think these fellows
  Fit for Bedlam all.

Home themselves now dragging,
  None without some maim,
Hark them still a-bragging
  Of "the roaring game."

Game supreme! The ninnies!—
  All the boys know well
'Tis but playing "stonies"
  On a larger scale.

Ho for shinties flashing
  On some chosen lea!
Of all games surpassing
  That's the game for me.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Of all glad sounds we mortals here
May listen to with grateful ear,
The sweetest surely is the chime
That ushers in the Christmas-time.

It minds me of far Beth'lem's plain,—
I seem to see that angel train
Who chanted there the song sublime
That told of Earth's first Christmas-time.

"Glory to God in highest Heaven!
Peace and good will to man is given!"
Yon choir from a celestial clime
Seem chanting still at Christmas-time.

To think of all that marked the morn
On which the Prince of Peace was born,
A mood unthankful were a crime:
Let's all bless God for Christmas-time!

O for the day when praise supreme
Shall from all hearts flow forth to Him
Who yet shall to her Eden prime:
Restore our Earth some Christmas-time.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

A WINTER-TIME APPEAL.

REMEMBER the Poor,—'tis a duty most holy;
The terrors of winter are on them once more;
The cold winds abroad teach, with moan melancholy,
That now is the time to remember the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—not with scorn or deriding;
Enough without this are the griefs they endure;
No good ever comes of too niggardly guiding;
The best way to wealth is rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—all experience teaches
Who does so is always most blest in his store.
There's none half so wretched as he who has riches
Yet misses the joy of rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor, nor delay till to-morrow
The hallowed delight which to-day may procure;
'Tis godlike to lessen life's great sum of sorrow:
All good men rejoice in rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—there's no rank or condition
So high but misfortune upon it may low'r;
What theirs is to-day may be yet our position:
He wrongs himself most who forgetteth the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—the great Lord of Creation
To him who gives freely will tenfold restore;
True charity is of no creed, race or station:
God bless him and his who remembers the Poor!

LINES.

(Written in response to a Yule-time greeting from a fair friend in a foreign land.)

Of all good Yule-time glee,
Mine ever most depends
On the kind wishes wafted me
From far-off, long-loved friends.

Think, then, with what a joy
I read thy greeting rare,—
A joy caused less by what my eye
Than what my heart found there.

Once more I seem to be
Watching thy tell-tale sigh;
Once more I mark with ecstasy
The love-light in thine eye,—

Thy wealth of golden hair,
And O, thy witching face!—
To me time makes no change whate'er
In their exceeding grace.

I own it not o'erwise
To speak this way,—but then,
I ne'er forget the gulf that lies
Myself and thee between,—

A gulf not yet o'erwide
To make it sinful be
To thus recall, with loving pride,
All thou wert once to me.

TO THE SAME FRIEND.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

A GREETING wafted o'er the sea
I always value dearly,
Though only when 'tis one from thee
The joy upsets me fairly.

The long ago revives again—
I cannot help but feel
That, spite of fate, not all in vain
I loved thee—love thee still!

Again I seem to hear that voice
Which once could so enthrall me;
Again a thousand graces choice
To love and rapture call me.

Thus, basking in thy maiden charms,
To crown my sum of blisses,
Fond fancy paints thee in my arms,
Half smothered by my kisses!

But I forget myself, I fear,
Thus of past memories chiming;
So lest my muse should further err,
I now must end my rhyming.

THE WELLINGTON ST. PEACOCK.

A MIDNIGHT-SOLILOQUY.

If there's a torture one may deem
Transcending Dante's wildest dream,
It is to hear the horrid scream
Of my near neighbour's Peacock.

I often wish that "goblin damned"
With poison to the throat was crammed,
Or in some fox's jaws well jammed:
The d—l take that Peacock!

Sure they who own this midnight grief
Must be most hopelessly stone-deaf;
Else, to their neighbours' great relief,
They'd quickly cook that Peacock.

Talk not to me of skrieking ghoul,
Or howling wolf or hooting owl;
Such noise were music to my soul,
Matched with this horrid Peacock.

Hark! there he comes! In vain I try
To shut my ears that villain nigh;
As for the shutting of an eye
None thinks of near that Peacock.

From roof to roof, close o'er one's nose,
"Making night hideous" he goes;
Enough to break the dead's repose
Were that unhallowed Peacock.

Vain torturer! he minds me well
Of many a would-be-vocal swell
Who thinks himself a nightingale
When only but a Peacock.

At dawning's hour, 'tis no rare case
To see the "Chief" and Mac a space
Out in their night-gowns in full chase,
And swearing at that Peacock.

For all the wealth of all the Jews
I would not stand in that man's shoes
O'er whose head hangs each curse they use,
Stone-pelting that dread Peacock.

O for one hour where Maxwell* rare
Doth law's dread thunderbolts prepare,
And Jove-like hurls!—then quick nowhere
Would be that wretched Peacock.

May 6th, 1873.

* The then City Magistrate of Kingston.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE BURN'S ANNIVERSARY OF 1860.

AGAIN comes round that happy day
More welcome than thy brightest, May;
A day that Scotia will for aye
Hold sacred to her Robin.
Let winds without blow e'er so chill,
That Scottish heart is colder still
That beats not with a joyful thrill,
This day, to think of Robin.

The sovereign lord of song confess'd,
He lives enthroned in every breast,
Where well I ween that dispossess'd
Shall never be our Robin.
O never was with laurels crown'd
A bard more worthily renown'd!
All Scotland is made classic ground
By thee, immortal Robin!

As freely as yon sun forth flings
Incessant light in dazzling rings,
So, rare and bright imaginings
Around him flung our Robin.
The truest censor of his age—
He in the bard ne'er sank the sage;
No mortal man could better gauge
The human heart than Robin.

The manners of his native clime
Are all made deathless in his rhyme;
Poor toiling worth throughout all time
Will bless the name of Robin.
What Scotsman reads his "Hallowe'en"
But feel as if a boy again,
And well may ask, Was ever seen
A wizard like our Robin?

Though tender as the cushat's croon
He sings of love by "bonnie Doon,"
To war he well his lyre could tune—
A hero born was Robin.
His "Scots wha hae" what patriot hears
And pants not for the strife of spears?
He sings, and Bannockburn appears
Fought o'er again with Robin!

To see the hypocrite laid bare,
Just list to "Holy Willie's Prayer;"
Let "Hornbook" and "The Calf" declare
How witty was our Robin.
How eloquent the grief express'd
Beside yon "mousie's" ruined nest!
Oh, try him by whatever test,
No bard can match with Robin.

Let bigots, ready to deride,
Themselves examine ere they chide,
And learn, abashed, to cast aside
The stone they'd fling at Robin.

To judge of Robin by *their* test
Of sanctity, were sure a jest!
"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things," and this did Robin.

It may be Scotland did him wrong
To leave him poor, the poor among:
Yet, to her honour be it sung,
She always loved her Robin.
She gave him inspiration true
Such as no other land could do;
Hurrah, then, for the matchless Two—
Auld Scotland and her Robin!

January, 1860.

THE TANDYS.

(The following poetical tribute to the Canadian vocalists, popularly known as "The Tandy Brothers," was written for, and read at, a concert at which they were the leading singers.)

EARTH'S purest pleasure, and, I trow, that of the worlds beyond us,
Is music in its sweetest flow—such music as the Tandys'.

CHORUS,—The ever, ever charming, clever,
All-delighting Tandys!
As fit and right, let's all to-night
Sing, honour to the Tandys!

To some, a joy—I know not why—the Babel of a band is,
But give to me the ecstacy of listening to the Tandys.

I love right well the Pipe's grand swell, as each true-hearted man does,
Yet must I own, though "Mac" may frown, 'tis nothing to the Tandys.

What would our brightest concerts seem without the aid they lend us?
The play of Hamlet wanting *him* would be to miss the Tandys.

All will agree that Kennedy at Scotch songs extra grand is,
But for a feast of all things best, there's none to match the Tandys.

Less welcome than the sparrow where the mellow blackbird land is,
To me would be a galaxy of "stars" without the Tandys.

With strains now like Appollo's lute, now sweet as when the swan dies,
Our hearts, at will, they melt or thrill—such wizards are the Tandys!

Now such the air, you'd think a-near Calypso's siren strand was,
Now, clear as bells, each proud note tells you're listening to the Tandys.

So much of *heart*, as well as art, is in each note they send us,
One seems to hear the birds of Spring whenever sing the Tandys.

Small wonder that on "Nicht's" like this they in Elysium land us;
No thought unblest finds any rest in presence of the Tandys.

To cure the taste for things of paste and paint, with names outlandish,
The surest plan for maid or man is once to hear the Tandys.

To feel due scorn for Nigger Troupes, smut jokes, and strumming banjos,
One needs but hear with half an ear such singers as the Tandys.

From all such trash, ill worth our cash, may heaven in mercy fend us,
And when we would feel blest and good, give us to hear the Tandys!

FINAL CHORUS—The ever, ever charming, clever,
All-delighting Tandys!
Like ocean's roar be each *encore*
This night we give the Tandys!

CAPTAIN CREIGHTON.

LET stout Chabot be Gallia's boast,
Let Yankees their Paul Jones delight in;
A nobler name be mine to toast—
Our own far-famous Captain Creighton!
Hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton!
True-blue aye is Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

In vain 'mong Nelson's captains keen
You'd look for one to match this bright one;
They could blow up a foe, but then,
For *running down* commmend me Creighton.
Drouthy, dashing Captain Creighton!
Stout, stramashing Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

The dread of wharves—'twould try your nerves
To see him at them rush at night on;
The stoutest beam must yield to steam,—
Good sport it seems to Captain Creighton.
Ever-blazing Captain Creighton!
All-amazing Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

If Ailsa Craig stood in his way,
Our Captain still would paddle right on!
There's scarce a craft on lake or bay
But has some mark of meeting Creighton.
Spouting, yarning Captain Creighton!
Danger-scorning Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

Now comes he silent as a ghost,
Now like some fateful storm-cloud straight on;
Leviathan upon our coast
Were a less dreadful sight than Creighton.
Nothing-sparing Captain Creighton!
Devil-daring Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar that sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

With Stanley on Nyanza's lake,
How would the *Star* its tenants frighten!
I think I see the hipos quake,
As well they might if meeting Creighton.
Careless, fearless Captain Creighton!
Pushing, peerless Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

The cuttle-fish makes quick small bones
Of all round whom its dread arms tighten;
But for short shrift to Davie Jones,
Your surest way is crossing Creighton.

Moonlight larking Captain Creighton!
Mermaid-sparking Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

If e'er the cracken we would catch,
Or the sea-serpent's backbone straighten,
'Twill be when they their strength would match
'Gainst the all-crushing *Star* and Creighton.
Nothing-daunting Captain Creighton?
Gay, gallanting Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

That North-West passage, still unfound,
If ever we are doomed to light on,
'Tis plain to all smart men around
Our next explorer should be Creighton.
Smashing, crashing Captain Creighton.
Ram-stam-dashing Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*.—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

Let's hope that yet this soaring soul
The frost-king's furthest haunts may sighten,
Climb proudly up the great North Pole,
And write thereon, Eureka! Creighton!
Then hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton!
True blue aye is Captain Creighton!
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton.

ABRAM LINCOLN.

(Written immediately after the passage of the Act abolishing Slavery in the United States of America.)

LET whoso will think Washington
Columbia's greatest patriot son,
I think him fairly matched by one,
And that is Abram Lincoln.
A Yankee witty, cute and smart,
Yet tender, truthful, full of heart;—
No man e'er played the patriot's part
More nobly than does Lincoln.

What though in Abram's form and face
You'd little of Apollo trace,
Good sense makes up for what of grace
Is lacking in Abe Lincoln.
No Webster-flow of diction grand
Is honest Abram's to command;
The simple, naked truth, off-hand,
Suffices good old Lincoln.

The chivalry of whips and chains
Would widen slavery's domains;
"They'll soon sup sorrow for their pains,"
Quoth brave right-loving Lincoln.
And so they did: Lo! millions thralled
At once to Freedom's banquet called!
The whipper's back is now the galled:
"That's tit for tat," quoth Lincoln!

Pray we that soon, his work to crown,
The South may find her Dagon down
A blessing in disguise, and own
A God-sent chief in Lincoln.
And when—his foes all changed to friends—
His upright rule auspicious ends,
The joy that work well done attends
Be richly owned by Lincoln.

A HIGHLAND HERO'S "CORONACH."

(The following verses were occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Duncan McVicar, one of the many brave Scotsmen, bred to military life, who accepted commissions in the United States army, at the commencement of the late civil war in that country. Returning from a reconnoitering ride into the country occupied by the Southern army, on the day immediately preceding the battle of Chancellorville, Colonel McVicar found his passage suddenly interrupted by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, at the head of a large body of the enemy, previously concealed in an adjoining wood. Determining however to break through the snare thus prepared for him, onward at a gallop, straight at the foe before him, he led his devoted troop —the 6th New York cavalry—and fell, mortally wounded by a rifle ball, while in the act of cutting his way through the enemy's ranks. Col. McVicar was a native of the Island of Islay.)

My friend so late my boast,
My noble-hearted one!
Alas, that he is lost
To Freedom's battle-van!

Far from his native shore—
The bravest of the brave—
'Mid battle's storm and stour
He found a soldier's grave,

The land that gave him birth
Taught him the hate of wrong:
To knaves o'er all the earth
That hate was fierce and strong.

He round the Upas tree
Of slavery abhorred
Saw warring hosts, and he
Instinctive grasped his sword.

What boots it now to sing
How he, without a pause,
Gave—welcome offering—
That sword to Freedom's cause.

What boots it to declare
How danger's post he wooed,
Till, all too frequent there,
His star was quench'd in blood!

I think I see him where—
His path by foemen crossed—
He meets the shock of war,
A handful to a host.

One moment, and but one—
The lion in his mood—
He scanned the foe, then on
Dashed like a lava flood!

Well might Fitzhugh admire
That spirit unabashed,
As through a storm of fire
His gory falchion flashed.

If on the strife of steel
Alone the issue lay,
The sands of Stuartsville
Had never clasped his clay!

What though, in that foul fray
Ordained his last to be,
His spirit passed away
Uncheer'd by victory,—

Let no dull mortal think
He perished all in vain;
Each patriot death's a link
Snapt off from Slavery's chain.

Long to those heroes he
Led, in his last dread ride,
McVicar's name shall be
A watchword and a pride.

Long shall Columbia strew
Fresh laurels o'er his grave,—
A homage justly due
The bravest of the brave!

MY WHERRY, "BRUNETTE,"

CANADIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.

THOUGH my wherry, *Brunette,* and yon cot by the shore
Are all I can boast of estate,
Where others with much are aye craving for more,
I thankfully take what I get;
And well do I ween that not many there be
Who pass through this life with a heart so care-free—
Getting all that I need from my good friend, the sea;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette!*

With my boys for a crew, off each evening I go
Where our train is soon cunningly set;
If only good luck be the fruit of the throw,
What care we for wind or for wet!
A fish from our nets and a good oaten cake,
All cooked there and then, a prime supper we make—
Fond-hoping, meanwhile, for a bountiful take;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette!*

At morning returning, mayhap with a haul,
The joy of my heart is complete;
My wife is all smiles, and there's nothing at all
Thought too good for her boys and her mate.
The young ones contend who'll get first on my knee,
And who shall next night go a fishing with me;
Thus I'm proud of my lot, as I right well may be;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette!*

THE LAND OF THE LAKES.

(Written during the voyage of the Prince of Wales to British America, in 1860.

AIR.—"*When the Kye Come Hame.*"

SAFE may thy passage, Albert,
Across the ocean be!
We all are almost dying
A living prince to see.
Ho, for arches, flags and torches!
Hurry, hurry up the cakes!
We will soon have famous feasting
In the Land of the Lakes.
To the Land of the Lakes,
To the Land of the Lakes,
Hasten then, and make us happy in this Land of the Lakes!

Though we cannot match with England
In the perfume of our flowers,
And the music of our woodlands
Be not quite so rich as yours,
We have swamps alive with bullfrogs
That can in a brace of shakes
Get thee up a rousing concert
In the Land of the Lakes.
In the Land of the Lakes,
In the Land of the Lakes,—
Such the wonderful resources of this Land of the Lakes!

Though we leave to our smart neighbors
  Across the way to puff
Of mile-long alligators,
  Young mermaids, and such stuff,
We have quite a handsome sample
  Of mosquitoes, skunks and snakes,
As thou'lt find, to thy great comfort,
  In the Land of the Lakes.
    This nice Land of the Lakes,
    This choice Land of the Lakes,--
Quite a paradise to live in is this Land of the Lakes!

We have statesmen that your Walpoles
  And your Castlereaghs would shame;
We have corporation-suckers
  Any number you can name;
We are anything but wanting
  In pimps, loafers, snobs and rakes,
So we proudly bid thee welcome
  To the Land of the Lakes!
    This fast Land of the Lakes,
    This blest Land of the Lakes,—
Quite a promising young country is the Land of the Lakes!

Would'st thou see how "double-shuffle"
  May be practiced and extolled?
See the very seat of justice
  In the market bought and sold?

Would'st thou learn how Humbug fattens,
While his "pound" each Shylock takes,
The right region for such studies
Is the Land of the Lakes.
This famed Land of the Lakes,
This shamed Land of the Lakes,
We are all smart people—very—in this Land of the Lakes.

Yet withal, there's much to charm thee
In our scenes of beauty rare;
Our yeomen are leal-hearted,
Our maidens kind and fair.
Thou might do worse than with us
Kindly choose to fix thy stakes,
Helping us to make earth's grandest
Of this Land of the Lakes.
This fair land of the Lakes,
This rare Land of the Lakes,— [Lakes.
We would all be proud to keep thee in the Land of the

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?

(Suggested by witnessing a riot consequent on a certain semi-religious Procession.)

How long shall, in Religion's name,
Pretenders vain Religion shame
With silly shows and shams supreme?
How long, O Lord, how long?

How long shall Popes or Princes be
The Gods of men's idolatry—
For such alas! forgetting Thee?
How long, O Lord, how long?

How long, their own base ends to gain,
Shall knaves a zeal they feel not, feign—
Fooling with shibboleths profane
Their dupes? O Lord, how long?

How long till, wisely, men eschew
Distinctions vain of race or hue,
And all the weal of all pursue?
How long, O Lord, how long?

How long till each partition-wall
We in our blindness build, shall fall,
And thy great love encompass all?
How long, O Lord, how long?

ON A WOULD-BE CANADIAN POET.

Immortal B——e pours on the town, at will,
A flood of rhymes, enough to turn a mill;
Mere "machine" poetry it may be thought—
What matters it to B——e, so it is bought!
Critics may laugh—he pocketeth the dimes,
And weaves away his mercenary rhymes:
The best o't is, that spite of scoff and scorn,
He dubs himself a poet heaven-born!

'Tis wonderful how very little varies
The graces of his chosen luminaries:
His muse no nice distinction incommodes;
He paints them all so many demigods.
Give him the slightest hope of half-a-crown,
And lo, a Solon where you thought a clown!
Now Reverend this, now Reverend that he praises;
Truth matters little if the wind he raises;
And thus sometimes the butter's laid so thick on,
It were enough a very dog to sicken.
A horse might laugh while he a D——n paints
The very pink of sages and of saints;
Nor less the laugh, when in his truthful page
F——e looms, the Æsculapius of our age.
So much of slaver has our bard to spare
That even S——k secures an ample share:
He caps the climax painting sans a flaw
The sum of all perfection in John A.!

Alas, poor B——e! I pity much thy pains;
Have mercy on thy little all of brains,
Or soon, I guess—blest riddance to the town—
Rockwood* will have a poet all its own!
Rhyming at best, is but a sorry trade;
A genuine bard requires both heart and head:
The fact is, B——e,—the truth I cannot smother—
In thy sad case there's neither one nor t'other.

*The Asylum for the Insane near Kingston.

Be counselled, man, nor waste thy time away
To vain illusive hopes a willing prey:
I'll undertake thy cure; come, let me see,—
Thy Pegasus a good saw-horse shall be,
The only Pegasus becoming thee;
A few good sweatings o'er a pile of wood
Might chase this itch of scribbling from thy blood,
And give thee strength to stand a man erect,
Restored to reason and to self-respect.

ENGLAND'S MIGHTY DEAD.

(Written on reading "a Monody on the death of Lord Macaulay,' the burthen of which was "Macaulay now is registered 'mong England's mighty dead!")

HECH, sir! "Macaulay's registered
'Mong England's mighty dead!"
Let's hope that he lies buried near
Her first mean-mighty Ned.
Scotland can never well forget
The zeal of those two men,—
The one, to stab her with the sword—
The other, with the pen.

Of course "all England's bards are bound
To praise with all their lyres"
One who so oft maligned—disowned
The country of his sires.

The muse of History well may say
She ne'er had such a son;
Such was his art, that oft he made
Herself and Fiction one!

"'Mong England's mighty dead he lies"
"In Poet's Corner" too!
Strange mate indeed for those true Scots
Who rest there, not a few!—
Men who within their native earth
Had been more fitly laid,
Since they would rather quit their graves
Than rank as "*England's* dead."

But let that pass—he's there—John Bull
Is not so much to blame;
He lived to magnify John's rule,
John magnifies *his* name.
The wonder, after all, is how
John could be fooled so far
As a mere meteoric light
To worship as a star.

OUR CANADA—AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

THOUGH scarce two centuries have rolled
Since thou wert in the Red Man's hold,
The best of Europe's nations old
Might envy thee, Our Canada.

Lo, towns where lately forests grew,
Church chimes where war-whoops once we knew;
For savage braves we've yeomen true—
A happy change for Canada!

For Corduroy roads, jolts and jars,
We've railways now whose Pullman cars
Glide o'er them quick as shooting stars,
Seen in the skies of Canada.

The Steamboat supersedes the Batteau;
Where stood the shanty, lo! the Chateau,
Whose owner, now a statesman haughty,
Came plackless to this Canada.

To look at the St. Lawrence spanned
By its Victoria Bridge so grand,
You'd think that Titans own'd this land
We proudly call our Canada.

We tap it, and behold, the ground
Sends oil in flowing floods around;
An isle of solid silver* found,
Is our last "strike" in Canada!

Down East, small odds what wind prevails,
The fishers' harvest never fails;
From shoals of mackerel up to whales
His luck's aye sure in Canada!

* Silver Islet, Lake Superior.

If you the Buffalo would chase
Where earth seems trembling 'neath their pace,
You'll find upon this globe no place
More to your taste than Canada.

But I must cease:—A country where
We glory in earth's fairest fair
May well command the homage rare,
Her sons glad yield to Canada.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

(Addressed to a certain Common School Teacher, famed for a cruel use of the tawse.)

THE teacher of a common school—
Thou'rt yet a most *un*-common fool,
Believing when a child goes wrong,
The sovereign remedy's a thong:
Could blows the least improve the dull,
Nought needs them more than thy own skull!
Jack, burn thy birch without delay;
Try kindness, as the better way;
Rude applications of brute force
No good does ever child or horse.
That teacher least commends his art
Who only makes the bottom *smart;*
The rascal who believes in "stripping"
Himself the most deserves a whipping.

MY MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Inscribed to John Murdock, Esq., Editor of the "Aad-albannach," Inverness.)

I SING not now of men who don
The Highland garb their limbs upon,
Forgetting that such garb alone
Ne'er constitutes a Highlander.
Though well I wot the man I mean
Delighteth in the tartan sheen,
If that were all, he ne'er had been
My chosen model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he
Who what he thinks speaks frankly free,
And to God only bends the knee,
Like to my model Highlander,—
One who in all things acts the man,
No matter who his course would ban.
Step out, my Murdoch! If there's one
On earth, *thou* art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,
Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,
The poor man's cause maintaining warm,
Just like a true-souled Highlander;
I see the scorn within thine eye
As some evicting chief goes by—
One whose forbears would sooner die
Than dispossess a Highlander.

But shall those dastards have their way,
And we stand by, unheeding? Nay!
Thy cause is ours:—No true man may
Sole-fighting see my Highlander.
Up, clansmen! Why alone should he
Do battle with the enemy?
'Twere nothing less than infamy
To let them crush our Highlander.

Think of the heartless knaves who long
To rob you of your mother tongue,
And thankful be the craven throng
Well watched are by my Highlander.
When dies its speech a nation dies,
No more to a new life to rise:
Would you avert such fate, be wise,
And rally round my Highlander.

Despoilers worse than Cumberland
Are thickening on us,—law in hand,
Peopling with forest beasts the grand
Old homesteads of the Highlanders.
'Tis time we tried to stop their game,—
If need be, facing sword and flame,
And, as our proper birth-right claim
The Highlands for the Highlanders!

A WORD WITH THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

(Suggested by the Assassination of Thomas Darcy McGee, in 1868.)

THE Fenian Brotherhood! the phrase sounds well,
But what's *your* right to such a title, tell?
Strangers alike to honor, truth, and shame—
Conspirators to aim at Fenian fame!
If truly sang the bard of Selma old,
The Fenian race were of no cut-throat mould;
Though sometimes they in Erin loved to roam,
A land more north was their heroic home;
The "Cothrom Feine" was their pride and boast;
Of all base things they scorned a braggart most;
Besides, 'twas not a custom in their day,
Assassin-like, one's victim to way-lay
And shoot unseen—contented if, cash down,
The price of blood were only half-a-crown!
Fenians, indeed! all true men of that race
Fraternity with you would deem disgrace;
Fenians, forsooth! renounce that honour'd name;
"Thugs" would more fitly suit your claim to fame!
Poor souls, I pity your demented state;
You will be vicious if you can't be great.
Better for Erin any fate would be,
Than to be ruled by bedlamites like ye:
The war of the Kilkenny cats renewed,
She'd find, I think, a very doubtful good.

O wondrous-valiant, treason-hatching crew,
If words were deeds, what great things might ye do!
Ye, who have left your country for her good—
Ye talk of righting all her wrongs in blood!
'Tis laughable—the more so, that we feel
Your necks were made for hemp, and not for steel.
At Britain's lion you may spare your howls,—
That noble beast is never scared by owls;
'Tis well for you, with all your vapouring frantic,
You have 'tween you and him the broad Atlantic.

Let no one think that he who now cries shame
On your misdeeds, your Celtic blood would blame;
A Celt himself, his great grief is to see
The land that nursed you cursed by such as ye.
So bright the record of her better days,
So much to love she still to us displays,
So rich her heritage of wit and song,
So warm her heart, so eloquent her tongue,
He honours Erin. 'Tis to fools like you
Alone the tribute of his scorn is due.

Union is strength. Joy to the nations three
As now united! May they ever be
The first and foremost in fair freedom's van—
An empire built upon the Shamrock plan—
A seeming three, and yet a perfect one.

UP AND AT THEM! SPARE THEM NOT!

(Verses Occasioned by the Threatened Invasion of Canada by the "Fenians," in 1870.)

MUSTER! muster! On's the order!
On then, Saxon, Celt, and Scot!
Fenian fiends are on our border;
Up and at them! spare them not!

Anarchists with hell in union
Merit well reception hot:
Cannucks all of this opinion,
Up and at them! spare them not!

On the soil they seek to plunder
Give we their vile bones to rot;
Sudden as the crash of thunder
Up and at them! spare them not!

At Fort Erie quite a tasting
Of their flesh the kites have got;
Cornwall's crows will soon have feasting;
Up and at them! spare them not!

Not alone the land that bore them—
Earth were well rid of the lot;
Haste we, then, the doom before them;
Up and at them! spare them not!

Onward! onward! never ceasing
Till their last you've hanged or shot,
Earning thus all good men's blessing:
Up and at them! spare them not!

THE CADI BEN-BRAMMACH TO HIS BEAKS.

A "JUSTICE SHOP" LYRIC.*

HURRAH for a dozen "drunks!"
Hurrah for a regular haul
Of suckers to skin to-morrow in
The Shop that maintains us all!
Haul in, my brave peelers, haul in
From back street, and front street, and square;
Nothing charms me so much as a "cove" in your clutch,
And the smell of fat fines on the air.

What would be the use of Jails,
Of Magistrates or Police,
Asylums or Orphans' Homes,
Were the traffic in grog to cease?
Cease! mercy forfend, or else
To us 'twere a bad look out—
No fun and no fee— and for "horns" going free
Think of quenching one's thirst at the spout!

* At the time the above lines were penned, Police Magistrates in Canada were allowed to pocket all the fees imposed by them on all "the drunk and disorderly" brought before them.

What matters to us with whom lie
The fault that grog shops so abound;
What matters to us who supply
The cup in which reason is drown'd?
Let them answer who most are to blame—
Our "fathers"—who soothly, I think,
Would count it no evil to license the devil
If he only came out with the "chink."

'Tis well that those magnates, so wise,
Believe not in Gough or in Gow;
Else soon would no more greet my eyes
Cracked skulls and dead-drunks in your tow;
My name to inebriates all,
A terror would soon cease to be.
Hurrah then, say I, for more power to Old Rye!
Our good friend never-failing is he.

THE ORDERING OF THE MEDAL.

SCENE:—*The shop of an artist celebrated for the manufacture of Leather Medals. Enter a deputation from the Trustees of a certain Institution, who thus address the man of Medals:*

As cats upon their feet alight,
However high in air, man,
They're tossed,—so Bob, that juggler bright,
Turns always up our Chairman.

If to look solemn as an owl
Were all that's wanted there, man,
Save now and then, a grin or scowl,
How matchless were this Chairman!

What though that decency loud pleads
A turn about but fair, man—
Still, moveless as the Pyramids,
He's, will you, nil you, Chairman.

'Tis wond'rous through what depths of slime
Some go, to back that rare man:
I fear the crack of doom's the time
To rid us of this Chairman!

A nest-egg never changed, *you know*,
Gets addled,—let's beware then;
Like rank results alone can flow
From everlasting Chairmen.

Oh, for a Board of sterner mood—
Outspoken, fair and square men!
Oh, for an earthquake or a flood
To dispossess this Chairman!

That leather medal then, at once,
Get ready, Mr. Fairman;
It seems to be our only chance
To shelve this weary Chairman.

TO JOHN CARRUTHERS, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING KINGSTON FOR A YEAR'S SOJOURN IN HIS NATIVE SCOTLAND.

(Written as an accompanyment to a Farewell Address from the Kingston St. Andrew's Society, of which Mr. Carruthers was then President.)

AND shalt thou take thy purposed way,
Carruthers, o'er the ocean tide,
And friendship's voice be silent ? Nay !
We *will* sing of thee—smile or chide.

If in this land there liveth one
Than thou more worthy men's esteem,
I own I'd like to see the man,
And bring him blushing into fame.

The patriot spirit staunch as steel—
The manners manly, truth severe,—
The hand ne'er shut to want's appeal—
To give unseen its only care.—

The feelings warm, the judgment sound,—
The scorn of all that's mean or base,—
All, all combine to make thee owned
An honour to thy name and race.

Well may the country of thy birth
Rejoice to welcome back her son—
Not for the thousands he is worth,
But for the worth that stamps the man.

Farewell, our friend beloved, farewell!
Thyself and us though ocean parts,
Distance can never break the spell
That binds us to each other's hearts.

LORD LORNE AND THE LADY LOUISE.

(A song written for the rejoicings at Inveraray consequent on their first appearance there after their marriage.)

AIR—"*The Hills of Glenorchy.*"

HURRAH for the news o'er the wide world just gone out!
The clans are all wild with delight to think on it:
A son of the Mist (Up yet higher, my bonnet!)
Has won the fair hand of Balmoral's Louise!
Glad tidings to all save the Southerns who wanted
To see that rare gift to some Saxon lord granted;—
Well might they look glum when young Lorne, nothing daunted,
Stept in, and walked off with the Lady Louise!

Well, well may bright bonfires, its hill-tops all over,
Turn night into day in the land of her lover,
And "Islay" flow freely as Aray's own river
When home to its banks he brings Lady Louise.
Though earth's greatest king might right glad be to wed her,
She's far better matched—thanks to love 'mong the heather;—
A lad who can sport the Mac-Cailean's proud feather
Is just the right mate for the Lady Louise!

A gathering grand on my vision is looming;
The air is alive with "The Campbells are coming!"
Dunquaich proudly echoes the "gunna cam"* booming
Its own hearty welcome to Lorne and Louise.
Alas, that in fancy alone can *I* wend there,
My welcome to give them, my homage to tender,
And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,
Proud toasting "Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise!"

A PROLOGUE.

(Written for a concert given in honour of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of their visit to Kingston, in 1879.)

WHILE crowds, outside, their jubilations vent
'Mid arches, torches, rockets heavenward sent,
Here are we met, on gentler pleasures bent.
Ears often charmed by England's nightingales,
Albin's sweet thrushes, and the larks of Wales
May in *our* "woodnotes wild" find meikle cause
For kind forbearance rather than applause;
Yet here we are—resolved to do our best—
Leaving to you—and you—and you—the rest.

* The cannon popularly known as the "gunna cam" is an old-fashioned piece of artillery which most visitors to the pleasure grounds around Inveraray make a point of seeing. Although old as the time of the Spanish Armada—there being good ground for believing it to have formed a part of the armament of the ill-fated *Florida* sunk in Tobermorry Bay—it can still make itself be well heard on occasions of special rejoicings to the House of Argyll.

With this bright audience fanning fond desire,
Well may the wish to please our hearts inspire;
Well may old Erin's, England's, Scotland's lays
Be sung as ne'er before, to win your praise—
For, have we not in this bright companie
A guest illustrious who can claim to be
By right of blood linked to those nations three?
And thou, loved lady, whose fair presence shews
How sweetly blends the Thistle with the Rose,
Will not, however partial to Argyll,
List aught less pleased some lay of Erin's Isle.

Daughter of our good Queen! beloved by all,
Not only for *her* sake: Heaven, prodigal,
Has showered upon thyself such graces rare
As well may claim men's homage everywhere;
Stars like to thee need no reflected light
To magnify their native lustre bright.
If therefore here we, in our joy elate,
The Princess in the woman may forget,
It must be owned we have a reason good
In thine own gentle, perfect womanhood—
Thy winning ways—thy speech and looks benign,
Making all hearts in thy fair presence thine,—
Just what we all were taught to hope for in
The gifted daughter of our glorious Queen.

MAC-CAILEIN'S son! 'twere strange indeed if we
A greeting aught less loyal gave to thee—
Thou whose bright promise well should make us all to
Be proud to give thee a "*Ciad mile failte*"—

Long may this land, fair-spreading far away,
Delight to boast of thy vice-regal sway.
Too much inherits thou of patriot fire
To make us doubt thy purpose to aspire
Our welfare to advance—our love to win—
No matter who the party, "out" or "in,"—
Nor less to lead us all to keep in view
That to be noble is to nobly do—
That truthful lives are more than rank or station—
That righteousness alone exalts a nation.
Thus—thus alone—a people truly free
We, in "this Canada of ours" may be;
Thus may we lifted be to virtues Spartan
'Neath the congenial shadow of the Tartan!

So much by way of prologue: Ere away
We bow ourselves, this further we would say,—
If, after starting in a key so crouse,
We may not just at once "bring down the house"
We trust it may be owned that, ne'ertheless,
We are, upon the whole—"a great success."

EPIGRAM ON THE POET BREEZE.

FORBEAR, ye wits, to laugh at Breeze's strains;
Breeze is a poet—so himself maintains:
People will read the products of his pen
When Milton is forgot—but not till then.

AN IMPROMPTU RESPONSE,

(Sent by the St. Andrew's Society of Kingston to a greeting from their brethren of Montreal, dining there on St. Andrew's night, 1869, and having Prince Arthur as one of their guests.)

OUR brithers by Mount Royal braw,
We gladly greet ye, ane an' a'!
Wishing ye lochs o' uisgebough
To wet your whistles
Made dry, nae doubt, by mony a blaw
'Bout Kilts and Thistles!

What tho' we canna boast, like ye,
A plaided prince frae Hieland Dee,
We're quite contented o'er our bree,
An' wad be happy
To pledge ye now, wi' three times three,
That royal chappie.

May he in due time be renown'd
As Arthur of the Table Round,—
In all that's noble, manly, found
Within a flaw,—
A prince 'mang princes peerless own'd:
His health! Hurrah!

A VOICE FROM THE DESK;

OR, THE SORROWS OF MR. SNOOK.

An Ottawa employee who
  Loathed work and believed in Sir John,
Thus mourned an experience new
  In tones 'tween a growl and a groan:—
"Toil—toil—toil,
  Nothing but toil for me!
Compared with this fearful turmoil
  'Twere bliss in a treadmill to be.
'Tis true that I wear no chains,
  'Tis true I've no stripes on my back,
Yet, never did slave to untimely grave
  Hurry down upon such a rack!

And it's work—work—work,
  Till my body to dust is bent!
And it's work—work—work,
  Like a felon to Sydney sent!
With this and that else to be done—
  No time left for loafing or play—
No coming to duty at ten,
  And leaving at noon for the day,—
I feel how much better must be
  The life of a cabman's horse
Than thus to be driven like me
  By men without ruth or remorse:
To end all my care in the friendly Chaudière
  Is plainly my last resource.

Well may our new masters' broad grins*
Give proof of their wicked delight
To see men at work like machines
Where once killing time was all right.
All round 'tis the same "hurry on"
From morn till the daylight's close;
Nor yet when the day is done
To us cometh rest or repose
Dread thoughts of arrears to pull up
Haunt even our sleeping hours,
O! for the good ways of Sir John's golden days,
And the sinecure seats that were ours!"

O'ercome with the thought of lost bliss,
He choked, when a friend near him spoke,
"'Tis shameful, egad, so it is,
In this manner to murder poor Snook!
Were it only *us* horrible Grits,
'Twere nothing at all, I trow,
But my bosom burns and bleeds by turns,
My dear Snook, to think of you.
That slaves cannot breathe 'neath the flag
Of Britain, is all a farce!
Snook own'd with a sigh his case proved it a lie,
Adding something less kind than coarse.
"'Tis a shame," his friend resumed,
"A shame most foul, I say,
That good fellows like you, fond of nothing to do,
Must work if they would get pay!"

* The Mackenzie Government.

Then again spoke Snook,—no swell
Ever spoke in braver key:
"I swear by book and bell
That no slave henceforth I be!
Better than what I endure
Were the service of some Turk;
Better being dead than more
Of this work—work—work."
So, scarce knowing where to jog,
The wide world once more faced Snook:
Good for him! the plucky Prog,
He is now a—shanty-cook!

ONTARIO'S VOLUNTEERS.

(Lines occasioned by the call to arms consequent on the Mason-Sliddel embroglio, in 1866.)

ALL honour to those patriots who, to duty's call awake,
Arm, ready to defend the right, or perish for its sake!
Let those who would provoke their ire consult their feet and fears,
When to the deadly charge advance Ontario's Volunteers.

O! not for conquest or for spoil our Volunteers go forth,
No banded partizans are they of either South or North;
Their arming is a pledge of peace—they woo no strife of spears,
Yet woe to them in fight who'd meet Ontario's Volunteers.

Well may fair Canada be proud of such a bold array,
Her honour in their trust is safe, let come whatever may;
That they will do or die for her she owns with hearty cheers—
Hurrah then, thrice hurrah for them! Ontario's Volunteers!

PROBLEMS WAITING SOLUTION.

THIS life has mysteries we may not hope
To solve, or trying, find we thrive but ill,—
Things which, in our imperfect summing up,
Seem scarce accordant with high Heaven's will.

Talents God-given in the devil's pay,
Honesty crush'd where rascals make their "pile,"—
Knaves in high places wielding wicked sway,
Shams palace-housed and patriots in exile;

The poor made by oppression still more poor,
The homage due to modest worth denied
Till, all too late, some rich man opes his door
And finds his neighbour perishing outside;

Loved ones, whose presence made our homes a heaven,
Untimely carried to the silent tomb;
Friends, whose loved sight we would forever live in,
Estranged or doomed in foreign lands to roam;

Fond hearts ne'er mated, or but mated ill;
The good and true linked to the vile and base;—
Creatures as angels pure and beautiful
Yielding to clowns what should be Love's embrace!

In vain we darkly grope, in vain surmise
How such things *can* be: Wise alone is he
Who is content to let such mysteries
Find a solution in the life to be.

CANADA'S RESOLVE.

(Written during the Howe Annexation movement in Nova Scotia, in 1868.)

SHALL the star that to empire late pointed our way
Be quench'd all so soon? Our proud answer be, Nay!
Though dimmed for a moment, yet quickly shall shine
More brightly than ever than herald benign.
Let cowards cry halt, yet its course we'll pursue;
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Old Milton once sung of a spirit so fell,
Than *second* in bliss, he'd the *first* be in—bale:
Such spirits turn up ev'ry now and again;
I fear we have one somewhere down by the main:
Ambition so blind must itself quick undo;
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Let Jonathan banish his vain hopes forlorn;
As friends, we can greet him—as foes, we can scorn;—
Our good ship *Dominion* will ne'er woo the fray,
Yet woe to the pirate that crosses her way!
The flag at her masthead was always "true blue;"
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Would Canada prosper, a land without peer—
The Atlantic her front, the Pacific her rear,—
The watchword must now be of one and of all,
Henceforward together we flourish or fall!
As brothers thus banded, to dare is to do:
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

A GATHERING CALL.

(Written for the Kingston Caledonian Society's Games of 1863.)

On to the Gathering! Highlanders, on!
Sons of the Lowlands! come every one:
Let all who love Scotland the blue bonnet don,
And joyfully come to our Gathering!

The Games styled Olympic were grand in their day,
Yet nothing to match with *our* coming display,
In all manly pastimes the Scot leads the way;
Hurrah then, hurrah for our Gathering!

Would you see kilted lads of the manliest frame,
Would you hear the *Piob-mhor* played in manner supreme,
Would you see feats performed that would Hercules shame,
Then take care that you miss not our Gathering.

Ye who deem the famed *Feine* extinct as a race,
Believe me that this is by no means the case;—
'Neath the graceful "Glengarry" their features to trace
You have only to come to our Gathering.

Come Celt and come Saxon, come Teuton and Gaul;
A right Highland Welcome we offer you all:
Each true Caledonian, proud of our call,
Will exultantly join in our Gathering?

LINES WITTEN ON A SIMILAR OCCASION, IN 1865.

Sons of famed Scotia!
Lo, drawing near,
The day of proud pastimes,
Of mirth and good cheer;
When the sons of the Gael,
In their native garb dressed,
Shall in rivalry friendly
Their manliness test
At the stone, hammer, caber:—
Hurrah for the best!

All pleasure attend them,
The gay gallant throng
Who joy in the magic
Of music and song!
That stern mountain race
Uncorrupted and free—
O, who would not wish
At their Gathering to be.

The gentle in manner,
The manly in form—
Be mine to be with them
In sunshine or storm!
Enjoying their converse
And friendship so true
The dear happy days
Of my youth I renew!

THE NEWSBOY.

Of all the many blessings rare
Whose benefits we daily share,
Methinks there's few that can compare
In value with the Newsboy.
As welcome as the light of day
Is he alike to grave and gay;
Think of the city's dire dismay
One day without the Newsboy!

In every land where speech is free
An institution rich is he;
No mental bondage long can be
Where men respect the Newsboy.
Though in himself a harmless wight,
The tyrant trembles at his sight;
A power more potent than his might
Is symbol'd by the Newsboy!

How many hoar hypocrisies
He helps to strip of their disguise!
How many would be vainly wise
If wanting were the Newsboy!
For fools as such themselves to see,
There's nothing helps so much as he;
'Tis up-hill work with Knavery
Wherever there's the Newsboy.

Alas! the land that cannot boast
Of a free Press—that land is lost;
In sunshine, therefore, or in frost
Let's welcome aye the Newsboy.
Long may fair Canada enjoy
A Press that fears no censor's eye,
And hold in estimation high
The labours of the Newsboy,

THE BOLD CHIEF OF THE BRAVE "BRITISH WHIG."

(Respectfully inscribed to J. B. Barker, Esq., the founder of the *British Whig*, and for many years its editor also.)

YOUR Walters and Russels and Greeleys may be,
As Knights of the Broadstreet, well worthy their fee;
But the man of all men for my homage is he,
The bold chief of the brave *British Whig*!

The Nestor revered of fair Canada's Press,
Fair play is his motto, and aye will, I guess;
A falsehood to nail, or a wrong to redress,
Ready aye is the bold *British Whig.*

He may have his weak points: Who of such is quite free?
The *green* hurts his eyes, so does *orange a wee*;
The Red, White and Blue are his glory to see,
Like a true, loyal, bold *British Whig!*

The foe unrelenting of buncome and bosh,
Few ever forget, who have once felt his lash;
All Ritual nonsense his joy is to squash,
Like a sensible, wise *British Whig.*

Let blockheads beware how they tread on his corns!
Such creatures soon find they've the bull by the horns!
Not one ever tried it but helplessly mourns
Ever rousing the stern *British Whig.*

And yet, for all this, never lamb on the lea
Has a nature more gentle, more loving than he;
The pink of politeness, you all will agree,
Is at all times the stout *British Whig.*

With a record so bright in the times that are past,
I think all must own 'twere no compliment vast
If VIC. at his feet her next Garter should cast,
And ennoble the brave *British Whig*!

Songs.

THE THISTLE.

AIR.—"*The Hills of Glenorchy.*"

JOHN BULL, if he likes, may get smothered in roses,—
The odour of leek give to Cambrian noses;
Let Pat praise the grace which the Shamrock discloses—
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!
Its stern "Nemo me impune lacessit"
Has just the right ring for the race who caress it;
They aye come to grief who too rudely would press it:
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!

Fierce kings from far Lochlin, to break or to bend it,
Oft tried all their might—vow'd by Odin to end it:
Let Loncarty—Largs—show what luck them attended;
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!
The Saxon next tried with the Rose to supplant it,
But found a reception ne'er dream'd of or wanted;
Retreat, or a grave, was just all he was granted!
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!

Our emblem, true blue as the Heaven above it—
What bard worth the name would not proudly sing of it?
What patriot heart would not bless it and love it?
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!
Well, well may the Sons of St. Andrew revere it,
All Scotsmen delight in their bonnets to wear it,
And proudly defy any symbol to peer it:
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!

UPPER TENDOM.

AIR.—"*Behave Yoursel' Before Folk.*"

'TIS fit that humbler folk should show
Due reverence for the great High-low;
Hats off for Snooks! Why, don't you know
He's of our Upper-tendom!

CHORUS—Sing hey for Uppor-tendom!
Good luck to all who cherish it!
Though vulgar folk its claims may mock,
Still great is Upper-tendom!

What though the Mother of Fitzfluke
Once *was* where now she *has* a cook,
Let's all do homage to the—puke,
He goes for Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

Poor Peg-tops nothing now can see
Without an eyeglass! Ten to three
Peg purchased with a borrowed V
That mark of Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

Sir Snipp may well plain people slight—
His sire was of *The Goose* a knight;
He now has got a double right
To top our Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

Who doubts the Dowds from kings have sprung
Had better, near them, guard his tongue;
Folk just as lately from the dung
Are of our Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

The Smiths, as through our streets they go,
Now never own their father Joe;
What right has he, poor man, to know
The SMYTHS of Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

Commend me always to the Coys
For grubs transformed to butterflies,
And making food for mirth likewise
To all save Upper-tendom.
Sing hey, &c.

Well may plain people laugh to see
Such barber-block gentility,
And pray for grace to aye keep free
Of aping Upper-tendom!
Sing hey, &c.

EIGHT IN ONE ARE WE.

(Words for a Canadian March. Written to the tune of an old Highland *lilt* beginning "*Dhannsadh-mid, ruidhle-mid,*" etc.)

Ho for that land never
Matched for lake and river!
Canada for ever,
Boys, for you and me!
Living land so choice in,
Who would not, rejoicing,
Join us, proudly voicing
"Eight in one are we!"

CHORUS:—Cannucks true, ready to
Do or die united,—
Here we go, proud to show
Eight in one are we!

Though content to stay, boys,
'Neath the old Flag aye, boys,
Yet, should come a day, boys,
This no more may be,

On we'd march, nought caring,
A new banner airing,
Its device declaring
"Eight in one are we!"
Cannucks true, etc.

By our prairies flowering,
By our mountains towering,
By the woods embowering
Our loved homesteads free,
Swear we nothing ever
Must our union sever:
None could try, and live here!
Eight in one are we!
Cannucks true, etc.

Let Ambition's story
Tell of conquests gory,—
Peaceful triumphs more we
In our path would see:
Still 'gainst wrong contending,
Still the right defending,—
Might with meekness blending,
Reach we empire free.
Cannucks true, etc.

THE BONNET, KILT AND FEATHER.

AIR.—"*The Black Watch*," or "*Over the Water wi' Charlie.*"

WHEN Time was young, and Adam strung
His leafy garb together,
Then first were planned the outlines grand
Of Bonnet, Kilt and Feather.

CHORUS—O! dear to me as life can be
The land where blooms the heather,
And doubly dear the lads who wear
The bonnet, kilt and feather.

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,
Just fit such things to tether,
But give to me, all flowing free,
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

For lordly hall, or courtly ball,
Where all that's grand foregather,
There's nothing seen to match the sheen
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

The gorgeousness of Solomon's dress
Put Sheba's queen thro'-ither,—
A proof to me his Majesty
Dress'd in the kilt and feather!
O! dear to me, &c.

Let despots all, both great and small,
Who wish to "save their leather,"
Beware how they come in the way
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

Let Rome's proud ranks, on Carthon's banks
Quick-scatter'd hither-thither,
Tell how, of old, their own could hold
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

Let Edward's turn at Bannockburn,
Suffice to show you whether
There's aught to fear for Freedom, near
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

If e'er in mood awe-stricken stood
The Corsican blood-shedder,
It was to scan in battle's van
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

On Egypt's sands they taught his bands
To rue they e'er came thither;
At Waterloo, immortal grew
The bonnet, kilt and feather!
O! dear to me, &c.

O garb renown'd the whole world round—
What mortal man would swither
To toast with me—now three times three—
"The bonnet, kilt and feather!"
O! dear to me, &c,

'MY MORAG."

AIR.—"*Am muillean dubh.*"

I WOULD not, if I could, declare
How all-surpassing sweet and fair
Art thou, my fond heart's only care,
My bonnie blythesome Mòrag!
I'd rather play the miser, dear,
And hide thee as he hides his gear;
Small chance for me, did all but hear
How beautiful is Mòrag!

Yet wert thou only once mine own,
How would I praise my treasure won—
Of all earth's daughters counting none
So perfect as my Mòrag!
How would my song in joyful flow
Proclaim thee queen of hearts below,
And immortality bestow
On dear, delightful Mòrag!

PEGGY BHAN OF DRIMALEE.

AIR.—"*Mo run Mairi mhin, mhodhail,*
Mo run Mairi mhodhail, mhin."

OH! how I love you, maiden,
Peggie bhan of Drimalee!
Fairer far than any Eden
Is her moorland home to me!

As a river resting never
On its pathway to the sea,
So my thoughts go ever, ever
To the lass of Drimalee.
Oh! how, &c.

Blithesome, airy as a fairy
Dancing 'neath the moon is she;
Yet as solemn as a priestess,
When she likes, the lass can be.
Oh! how, &c.

Tell me not of laughing Hebe,
Venus, or the Graces three;
All that mortal beauty may be
In my Peggy bhan I see.
Oh! how, &c.

Peggy bhan has wooers plenty
At her feet; but, faith, they'll see
Shira's river rolling upward
Ere she breaks her troth to me!
Oh! how, &c.

THE HERO OF KARS.

AIR.—"*When the Kye come Hame.*"

WHEN mad Muscovite ambition
Challenged Britain to the fight,
And the bravest of the brave went forth
To battle for the Right,
There is none that you can name me,
Of those soldiers stout, and tars,
Who more nobly did his duty
Than the Hero of Kars.
The born Hero of Kars!
The stern Hero of Kars!
Never was a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars!

Think of yon beleagured city
Where, like lion bold at bay,
The more dread the odds against him,
The more fierce he fronts the fray;
Where, beside the hostile Cossack,
He with pest and famine wars,
Till, in yielding, still a victor
Seemed the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars!
The stern Hero of Kars!
Never was a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars.

Well may Nova Scotia proudly
Boast the prowess of her son;
Long may chief so justly famous
Wear the laurels he has won.
Never did a grateful country
Deck a truer knight with stars;
Never knight did more to win them
Than the Hero of Kars.
The born Hero of Kars!
The stern Hero of Kars!
Never lived a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars.

MAGGIE MARTIN.

YOUR flirting belle may look as gay
As silks and satins well can make her,
And in her own coquettish way
Of fools be quite a brisk heart-breaker;—
A fickle thing all sham and show—
None such will e'er *my* hand or heart win;
You would not wonder did you know
That woodland fairy, Maggie Martin.

Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin!
Winning, wiling Maggie Martin!
Fond and free, and fair is she;
The girl for me is Maggie Martin.

In her combined, how sweet to find
The charms of mind and form and feature!
No praise she courts, yet wins all hearts
By the mere force of sweet good nature.
Let others task their wits to bask
In fame or fortune's smiles uncertain,
More happy far I'd count my star
If mine were darling Maggie Martin.
Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin!
Winning, wiling Maggie Martin!
This life would be, no life for me
If wanting thee, sweet Maggie Martin.

THE DAY AN' A' WHA HONOR IT.

(The following lyric, as well as the song immediately succeeding it, appeared originally among the "bard's" quota of rhyme, contributed over a series of years to the St. Andrew's Night festivities customary with the Kingstonian Scots.)

WHAT though we Scotsmen may agree
To differ somewhat now and then,—
Each in his own opinion free
Unflinching as a Grampian Ben,—

No Kirks or Creeds divide us here ;—
Alike Conservative and Grit
As one rejoice to toast and cheer
"The Day an' a' wha honor it."

"The Day an' a' wha honor it"—
What magic in that simple phrase !
It fires my blood to fever heat,
It minds me of far broomy braes :
Fair Scotia's Forths and Clydes and Speys
Seen gliding at my very feet :
A patriot-ring exultant has
"The Day an' a' wha honour it."

It wafts me back to days long gone
When grasp'd the Bruce his Carrick spear,
And deeds eclipsing Marathon
Made him to fame and freedom dear ;
I see the flash of broadswords bare,
And Scotland's foes in full retreat ;—
Hurrah then for our slogan rare,
"The day an' a' wha honour it !"

St. Patrick—terror of the snakes—
Old Erin's sons may well hold dear ;
They got him from the land of Cakes,
And thus *we* too his name revere :
St. George loved less the Cross than Spear,—
Why *sainted*, puzzles quite my wit :
Here's to St. Andrew's memory rare,
The Day an' a' wha honour it."

Let niggard bodies miss our joy—
Too meanly counting on the cost,—
The patriot flame to fan, say I,
Is never love or labour lost.
Then of our Day let's make the most;—
Time never travels half so fleet
As when together Scotsmen toast
"The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

THE LAND EVER DEAREST TO ME.

AIR.—"*Not the Swan on the Lake.*"

I SING of that land ever dearest to me,
The noblest in story—the fairest to see,—
A land where fans Freedom her holiest fires;
O, who would not love thee, dear land of my sires!

CHORUS—Then hey for that country that never was slow
To strike for the right a good death-dealing blow!
When "Scotland" the toast is, and quaichs in full flow,
Who would not *squab as* with a hearty hurro?

From Rome's baffled legions to Edward's proud host
No foe, save to rue it, e'er warr'd on her coast;
And only to rue it shall foe ever dare
On her rights to encroach, or her welfare to mar.
Then hey, &c.

What patriot, striking for freedom and right,
Can match with such heroes as Ellerslie's Knight,
The Randolph, the Douglas, the Bruce and the Græme ?
The bare thought of their deeds sets my blood in a flame !
Then hey, &c.

Who knows not how stoutly, when Truth did require,
Her Camerons and Knoxes faced faggot and fire—
Bequeathing to us the rich freedom of Mind,
Spite the prelate, the priest, and the devil combined !
Then hey, &c.

Just think of her minstrels—a glorious throng!
What strains so sublime as in Selma were sung ?
Who lists not enraptured to Coila's sweet lyre,
Whose lays will enchant till this earth shall expire !
Then hey, &c.

Alas for the foeman who hastes not to yield
When " shoulder to shoulder" the Clans take the field !
When duty demands them their might to display,
The Titans might envy their deeds in the fray.
Then hey, &c.

O Albyn ! my country so brave and so blest,
'Tis on thy dear bosom I'd take my last rest ;
Oh, living or dying, give, give me to dwell
'Mid the music or streams, in some green Highland dell !
Then hey, &c.

AVICH'S FAIRY BOWER.

The following song was suggested by an old favourite fairy "luinneag," the chorus of which runs thus :—

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi ;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns an t-sithean."

The *luinneag* in question had its origin in a superstition not yet entirely dead in the Scottish Highlands, where for a pretty, mortal maiden to be wooed by a "*leannan-sith*"—a courtship often ending by her being charmed away into some nearby abode of the "good people," never again to revisit her own home—was, up to the beginning of the present century, quite a popular belief among "the sea divided Gael" of both Ireland and Scotland.

In vain to me shews Beltane fair
Its wealth of song and flower,—
The elves have wiled my Annie dear
To Avich's fairy bower.

Chorus—Ochoin a righ for Annie O,
Sweet Annie of Glengower !
Woe's me to think of Annie O
Within yon fairy bower.

They met her in the gloaming grey
Near Dovan's warlock tower,
Syne witched her with their music gay
To yonder fairy bower.

Ochoin a righ, &c.

Where oft together herding kye
I in my plaid did row her,
Alone I now may sing or sigh,
Sad thinking on yon bower.
Ochoin a righ, &c.

To tempt her stay, the fay folk may
A queenly state allow her,
And yet, withal, her heart be wae ;—
The sorrow take yon bower !
Ochoin a righ, &c.

With endless youth and beauty both,
'Tis said they can endow her ;
Small joy to me, who thinks she'd be
More happy in Glengower.
Ochoin a righ, &c.

O that old Merlin's magic key
At my good service *now* were !
Then would this night her latest be
In Avich's fairy bower.
Ochoin a righ, &c.

THE LAND OF THE GREEN MAPLE LEAF.

Of all the fair lands you can name, boys,
There's one we may well rank the chief ;
'Tis that we our own proudly claim, boys—
The Land of the Green Maple Leaf !

A patriot land well may be, boys,
That land of bright annals, though brief:
Whoever would feel truly free, boys,
Should live 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

To praises of moorlands and mountains
They well may grow readily deaf,
Who dwell by the lakes and the fountains
Fair-fringed by the Green Maple Leaf,
It is there that the woodman's axe bringeth
The lords of the forest to grief,
Till up to a paradise springeth
His home by the Green Maple Leaf.

He here who a bachelor liveth
May well be set down for a "cuif,"
Well shunned by each darling who giveth
Love's kiss 'neath theGreen Maple Leaf.
The heart that is proof to such graces
As theirs, must be hard as a reef;—
Let's hope that such desperate cases
Are rare 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

In Lords and their lackeys dependant
'Tis well that our list is but brief;
The homage on tinsel attendant
They'd miss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.
Where Autumn the toils of the plough man
Rewards with a fifty-fold sheaf,
The true lords of the soil are our yeomen
Who guard well the Green Maple Leaf.

Sam Slick more than once, in full feather,
To grab it tried hard—the foul thief!
For his pains we well riddled his leather,
And our own kept the Green Maple Leaf;
And our own—ours alone—it shall be, boys,
Despite all who'd work it mischief,
'Till first in the van of the free, boys,
Shall flaunt our beloved Maple Leaf,

CHIEFTAIN MACLEAN.

AIR—"*Come o'er the Stream, Charlie.*"

WHEN Noah turn'd seaman, most people agree, man,
MacLean of that day had "a boat o' his ain;"
A clansman less famous, though ev'ry inch game, is
Our own gallant Chieftain—the *other* Maclean.*

CHORUS—
UP, bonnet and feather! Up thistle and heather!
St. Andrew's good advent is on us again;
What Scotsman, revering in its mem'ries endearing,
Would not make a night o't with Chieftain Maclean!

The "Chieftain" here referred to—Professor Donald MacLean, of Ann Arbor College, Michigan, is of the Lochbuy branch of the Clan MacLean. He was at the time these verses were penned, President of the St. Andrew's Society, and as such, presided at the Festival for which they were composed.

Away with your grumblers whom nothing but tumblers
Of punch and a haggis can tempt to fall in!
The fair happy faces that here fill their places
More proud of by far must be Chieftain Maclean.
Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

Old Scotland's proud story, so pregnant of glory,
The ballads that cheered her in days that have been,
Her songs so heart-touching, all hearers bewitching,
O, who would not feast on with Chieftain Maclean!
Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

From Ossian and Selma to Lucknow and Alma,
What triumphs are linked to the war-pipes proud strain!
That wretch who would hear it, its music to sneer at,
Had best shun the sight of our Chieftain Maclean.
Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

Let pinks of perfection, themselves vainly vexing,
A good Scottish reel call a pastime profane;
The worst I wish for them would be "Tullochgorum'
To dance till they sweated with Chieftain Maclean.
Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

O, Scotland, dear Scotland! alas that there's *not* land
Enough in thy bounds all thy sons to contain!
Else not this far west one, but thy own dear breast on,
Our joys would be perfect with Chieftain Maclean.
Up, bonnet and feather, &c.

ETHEL.

AIR—"*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

'TIS said that angels in disguise
Are sometimes found beneath the skies,
And, looking into thy dear eyes,
I cannot doubt it, Ethel.
The one thing sure is, that thy face
So full is of angelic grace
That all I once could love give place
To thee, delightful Ethel.

That swain thrice happy must be owned
Who with thy virgin love is crowned;
If *I* that chosen one were found,
How would I bless thee, Ethel!
Though living in a desert waste,
I'd feel as if in Eden placed,
Could I but there to my fond breast
Enfold thee, lovely Ethel.

May thine, dear girl, thy whole life through,
Be earth's best gifts, and with them too
The loving care that seems thy due
From all good angels, Ethel.
Soon must I cease thy face to see,
Vain-thinking of what cannot be,
Yet ever shall fond thoughts of thee
Dwell with me, darling Ethel!

MINE OWN DEAR ROMANTIC COUNTRIE!

THOUGH its climate be cold, and its sands hide no gold,
Yet the land of the heather for me!
Since, despite its bleak air, Freedom's footsteps are there;
Her loved home, bonnie Scotland, is thee!

CHORUS—Then ho! for the Old land! that stern, sturdy, bold land,
Whose sons 'tis our glory to be!
O, who would not love thee, and proudly sing of thee,
Mine own dear, romantic countrie!

Not without tug and toil, Albyn dear, on thy soil
Our bold sires planted Liberty's tree;
And we swear that no foe shall e'er touch stem or bough
While we have hands to defend it and thee.
Then ho! for the Old Land! &c.

From the homes of their birth, to the ends of the earth,
Let thy sons wander ever so free,
As to magnet the steel, so, in woe or in weal,
Turn their hearts ever fondly to thee.
Then! ho for the Old Land! &c.

Land of heroes high-famed—land by foe never tamed,
Sorely tried though thou sometimes might be,
Bards are aye most inspired—hearts heroic best fired
When they think, bonnie Scotland, of thee.
Then ho! for the Old land! &c.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF CARRIER BOYS' NEW YEARS' DAY ADDRESSES.

In some Canadian cities it is customary for most newspapers of any standing, to have, each in its New-Year's-Day issue, a "Carrier Boy's Address"—a medley of rhymes, sometimes original and sometimes not—but all less or more characteristic of the season. Copies of these, ornamentally done up, are, on that day, handed by the Carrier Boys to all city subscribers accustomed to have their papers brought to their homes by these little lads—a Christmas box reminder that seldom misses its object. The author, as the writer of not a few of these ephemera, made them often the transcript of thoughts, which he hopes his readers may not deem unworthy of reproduction. He would not have his labours to oblige his editorial friends, and "the boys" thus employed by them, be

> "Like the snowflake on the river,
> A moment seen, then lost forever."

Hence the following extracts :—

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1860.

YES !—an eventful year has been the past :—
The soil of Italy, long overcast
With clouds portentous, saw at last descend
The storm, and lo, the Frank and Hun contend,—
The Hun to hold Italia as his prey,
The Frank to give it freedom—Well-a-day !
The genuine friends of freedom, looking on,
Oft at the devil wish'd both Frank and Hun.

Victor Immanual—Garibaldi, hail!
Long may your courage o'er their craft prevail;
The Wallace and the Bruce of modern times—
Fain would I link your actions with my rhymes;
But space forbids,—so let the curtain drop;
The end not yet is;—let us wait and hope.

The scene is changed—on Britain's honoured shore
Let us alight: Why! what means all this *splore?*
The British blood is up, that's very plain;
His "uncle's nephew," with presumption vain,
Meant some dark midnight o'er the waves to creep,
And stab to death Britannia in her sleep!
To plain John Bull the thought seem'd rather odd
To have for king Gaul's mushroom demigod,
And thus he arms him, ready for the strife
Which yet may cost the Corsican his life.

Need I relate how on far India's strand
Treason lies throttled,—thanks to that brave band
Led by far-famed Sir Colin, sword in hand!
Need I describe how China—treacherous still—
For that heroic blood she late did spill,
Is just about to "catch it" with a will!
Since nothing else to common sense may win her,
What better *can* befall that hoary sinner?

Ever haughty as vain,
Lo! impotent Spain,
Who, like her own Quixote, seems touch'd in the brain.

With Nap bottleholder,
She threatens the Moor:
'Twere well some one told her
To make herself sure
Nap makes her no fool his own ends to pursue,
Leaving her, all too late, his false friendship to rue.

The times are out of joint—that's very clear;—
Wherever look we, be it far or near,
On every hand are signs of coming strife,—
War with the Wrong—yes, war unto the knife!
Corruption feels as if she soon must close
In mortal struggle with her mortal foes;
The Bondsman's master fears the hour at hand
Will prove his yoke accursed a rope of sand;
Truth walks abroad, denouncing all abuses,
Yet, without doubt, the best of all the news is
That Rome's late dread Priest-King immaculate,
Is King no more, and only ghostly-great.

The times are out of joint in every way;—
Taxes are heavy, rents are hard to pay;
And yet our markets, in a rich supply,
Furnish what, somehow, we contrive to buy.
What "loves of bonnets" still the ladies wear—
Small and still smaller getting, till you'd swear,
To look at them, the bonnet was—nowhere,—
While, contrast strange, extending still is seen
That outrage on their fair forms, Crinoline!
But let that pass,—are not our boardwalks wide?
Is not fair woman, still creation's pride?
And may not Newsboys take the other side!

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1863.

OLD SIXTY-TWO, now folded in thy shroud,
Thine was to leave us much of which we're proud;
And yet what saddening memories!—Albert gone—
Albert the Good, whom millions mourn as one!
Thine was to bring us o'er th' Atlantic's roar
The wail of want from England's distant shore;
Fit punishment for industry misled;—
Her rural hamlets changed to factories dread—
Cotton and Cash accounting earth's sole good—
She took to spinning, and she now lacks food!
Thine was to mark a King who owes a crown
And Kingdom to his victim, striking down
Great Garibaldi,—prisoned, yet withal
The foremost man on this terrestrial ball!

A sight still sadder, SIXTY-TWO, was thine,—
Lo, in the name of Liberty divine,
Millions in arms for freedom shouting high—
A freedom which to others they deny!
O had the Southern but a better cause,
Well might his daring win the world's applause:
Would that, while *here* we at *his* blindness rail,
We could forget our own sight once as frail:
Heaven haste the issue—let the Right prevail!

See where, in contrast bright to scenes like these,
Beauty brings Albert Edward to his knees,

And Denmark's daughter, good as she is fair,
Is woed and won:—May heaven bless the pair!
Lo Russia's serfs, long centuries enthralled,
Up from the dust to freedom's banquet called!
A monarch speaks, and the ignoble yoke
Of ages is, as if by magic, broke.
What were *thy* triumphs, Macedonia's lord,
Matched with such deed? Nor thine nor Cæsar's sword
E'er won a claim to greatness such as he
Attains by this magnanimous decree
Which will throughout all time keep green his memory.

* * * * * *

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1866.

WHILE others hail the heir who mounts his throne,
I'd speak a kind word for the year just gone,—
A year to traitors fatal everywhere:—
Let Davis speak; glance o'er the Atlantic, where
Foul Fenian plots are crushed as soon as born,
And Ireland saved from anarchy and scorn;—
A year which, spite of all who would defend it,
Saw Slavery in Columbia ever ended,
And freedom won for millions thralled. Ah woe!
That with it came that hell-directed blow
Which laid the honoured head of Lincoln low!

Good-by, old year! Though born' mid storm and strife,
Thy end was peace—a peace with plenty rife.
What better for us Canucks could'st thou do
Than leave us health and wealth, the land all through,—
Barns filled to bursting—farmers very fain
Once in their lives from grumbling to refrain,—
Merchants all thriving—workshops everywhere
Of the "good times" obtaining a full share,—
Crinolines narrowing, till a street blockade
One need not fear, when passing Meg or Maud—
A twelve-feet sidewalk being all the space
A girl needs now to move in all her grace;
While, better still, the darlings, in despair
Of making conquests on thy strength, horse-hair,
Discard the waterfall—resolved hereafter
To save themselves much scoffing and horse-laughter.

* * * * * *

So far so well. Now for a tribute due
The Carrier Boys—a very humble theme
It may be thought, and yet, you must allow,
Enough attention kind this day to claim:

THE CARRIER BOY.

Of all the rat-tats folk are happy to hear—
A knock ever welcome through all the long year—
I trow there is none that occasions such joy
As that of the newspaper Carrier Boy.

The knock of her lover expected may be
To Maud, fondly waiting, sweet music—yet she
Takes very good care not so swiftly to fly
To the door as when knocks there the Carrier Boy.

Well may he oft laugh at the jealous ado
Begot of his presence—each one trying to
Be first at the paper to cast a glad eye—
All blessing, meanwhile, the smart Carrier Boy.

O, who would not gladly, this first of the year,
Do all they can well do his young heart to cheer?
No one can well value his merits too high,
Or welcome too kindly the Carrier Boy.

Methinks I hear thousands glad shouting, Amen!
That's right! You shall see him right shortly, and then
You shall all have a chance, while you praise him sky-high,
To put gold in the fist of the Carrier Boy!

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1867.

SCENE—*A snug Editorial Sanctum—Black Jack sitting in an easy-chair, with writing materials at hand.* Time: *New Year's Eve, approaching midnight* (1866-67.)

HERE sit I racking my poor brain, yet not
One bright idea can I get to jot;

My powers poetic, like all else around,
In Winter's icy manacles seem bound;
This will not do—a glass of good hot Morton
May thaw my frozen fancy—Here's to fortune!

Bless me! that bumper worketh like a charm;
The past returns—I see a motley swarm
Of common cutthroats land upon our soil,
Hoping to make this country fair their spoil.

I see our yeomen rising in their might
And send the howling miscreants quick to flight.
Knaves more akin to Mercury than Mars,
Wondrously valiant over whiskey jars.
The worst Canadians fear from such blacklegs
Are hen-roosts harried and a dearth of eggs.

A vision brighter far now greets my view:
A noble fleet their way o'er ocean plough;
For far Columbia westward straight they sweep,
Giving in keeping to the stormy deep
That cord by which two worlds in one are bound,
And Science wins a triumph most profound;
Well may she pride herself that thus they're brought
To greet each other with the speed of thought!

The scene is changed. Lo! to my joyful sight
The ship CONFEDERATION, taunt and tight,
Looms through the fog that late her path obscured;—
Her quick arrival is a fact assured:

Let us but have her safely once in port,
Of Fenians and their friends we can make sport:
What though cute Jonathan looks rather glum
To think of missing a long-envied plum,
Let him take heart—we have no wish to vex him,
And promise in due season to "annex" him!

* * * * *

So far so well; yet ere I say good-by,
Here goes a song—more truth than poetry:

THE CARRIERS OF "THE WHIG."

Of all who e'er my door come near,
Commend me most the boy
Who bringeth there that broad sheet rare
We all so much enjoy.
The city ill could spare the zeal
Of that bright, hopeful sprig;
They're all the same—all genuine game,
The Carriers of the *Whig.*

To zero though the glass may go,
What's that to boys like them!
No more they care than if they were
'Neath Summer's noonday beam.
Knee-deep in snow right oft, I trow,
Just think how many a league
For us at night their way well fight
The Carriers of the *Whig!*

Methinks I see the general glee
That greets my favourite chap;
'Tis grand to mark how, light or dark,
Comes true to time his rap.
That boy so bright is worth his weight
In gold—that's speaking big—
And yet 'tis true,—they're all true blue,
Those Carriers of the *Whig*.

Then let us all their New Year's call
Give welcome warm unto,
And with a will their pockets fill,
A thing right well their due;
Nor yet forget the friendly treat,
And eke their health to swig
With hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
"The Carriers of the *Whig*!"

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1869.

AGAIN comes round to you the happy day
I so much dread:—My tributary lay
May fail to please:—If so, I cannot help it:
Rhymes you must have, and while my best I skelp out,
You must not yawn, should they seem somewhat tame,—
Tis oft the same with bards of deathless fame.

O for a Breeze or S——n's ready style!
Then might this screed be measured by the mile;

Then might I proudly on my forehead label
"A rhyme for sixpence,—length, Atlantic cable!"
But being not thus gifted, well I wot
You must forgive me if my muse should not
Shew better paces than the old jog-trot.

* * * * * * * *

Men worthy freedom never long remain
Contentto live in fetters: Look at Spain—
Spain from a sleep inglorious roused at last
To more than realize her once great past,—
Spain sworn to root up the old Upas tree
Of priestly rule!—Success to her and thee,
Immortal Prim! without whose noble pluck
She might lie groaning ages yet in muck.
Let's hope that with her Jezebel exiled,
That land with *queans* like her shall be no more defiled.

Now turn we north to where the Sphynx of France
With Prussia's Bismarck longs to break a lance,
And nightly finds how, spite the softest down,
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
Well may the knave be troubled with the thought
That far too dearly *his* with blood was bought,—
A heartless deed, that haply France, anon,
May bid him with his own best blood atone!
But hush, my muse,—he's Britain's ally tried,
Nor found much wanting: Let the fellow slide!

Lo, on the Adriatic, Greek and Turk,
Their sabres wheting, threaten bloody work!

Shall Moslem hordes ne'er from their grasp release
The land of Homer and of Pericles ?
Shall o'er the Cross again the Crescent wave,
And Freedom find in Greece once more a grave ?
Forbid it Heaven !—to Grecia's hands restore
The sword that won Thermopylæ of yore,
And let the Moslem know, to his dismay,
How sharp it strikes—how vainly would he stay
The hour foretold that shall his sceptre see
Forever broken. Quickly let it be !

Joy to thee, Erin ! daughter of the sea,
Thy night departs—a weary night for thee !
O'er thy green hills a day-dawn glad I mark,—
Thy day long promised ! Soon may Erin hark,
Where late foul night-birds screeched, the music of the lark !
Would that her son, whose loss we all deplore,
Had lived to see the land he loved once more
Rejoicing in the reign of Peace and Right !
How would his spirit gladden at the sight !
But he is not.—O misery to think
His star so bright should all so sudden sink !
Woe to the hand accursed which sped the ball
That left him lifeless ! Long yon Senate Hall
Shall miss the voice that charmed all list'ners there
With wisdom, wit and eloquence so rare :
Well may his country's *caoine* bitter be—
She lost her noblest son when fell beloved McGee !

God speed thee, Gladstone! Be thy hands made strong
To fearless face the champions of the wrong,
And discomfit them, wheresoever found,
Or be it Erin's soil or English ground.
Yes—English ground, where pampered Power and Pride
God's heritage to *all*, uncurbed, divide
Among themselves—forgetful of those words.
"The Earth and all its fulness is the Lord's."
Nor less the wrong where the rich sons of Trade
Grudge those who make them so, their crust of bread:
What need *they* care, where life is cheap as dirt,
How many sing the sad "Song of the Shirt?"
'Tis thus the "merrie England" of the past
Is made a lazar-house. Let's hope at last
The *hour* and *man* arrived who shall restore
Her right to be as merry as of yore.
"Let well alone," shouts supple D'Israeli,
Let Right and Reason triumph, answer we,
Indignant at the brazen pow'r of nerve
Which sees a blessing in the leave to—starve!
And would for that pet idol, "Church and State,"
Perpetuate a much-wronged nation's hate.
Gladstone, to work! all good men long to see
That Siam-twin-connexion cut by thee,—
That monstrous birth unhallowed and impure—
The wonder is it should so long endure.
Strike then!—the State the blow can well survive,
The Church be to her duty more alive,
And thou be owned on History's future page
The wisest, noblest statesman of thy age.

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1872.

FROM courts and camps returning, let us see
What next to touch on. Ah, the girls!—to me
Creatures whose ways surpass my utmost skill
To fathom,—*no* man ever did or will.
Just only think of Maud's poor tortured waist
Into the measure of a span compressed,

Yet seeming graceful in her own vain view,
As if a form that looks nigh cut in two
Could e'er be such! Poor Maud, I pity thee,
And wish thee quick of thy delusion free,

Could Jane make up her mind, through my persuadi
To trust her native grace—not paint and padding,—
Discard all flirting, learn to cook a dinner.
It might be that, spite many flaws still in her,
Some worthy wooer yet might try to win her.

What ails Louise? Gramercy! now forfend,
Her back is broken!—Tush! the "Grecian Bend"
Is all the matter with the lass, who tries
To shew herself more than her Maker wise,
And so to mend the outline He designed,
She heapeth on yon agony behind!
The *Grecian* Bend! Think of the Graces Three
And lovely Venus in such toggery!
The sight, once seen, might well for ever after
Keep the Olympian gods in roars of laughter!

One picture more,—'tis Katy's silly head
In fashion's very newest freak arrayed;
Something that goeth by the name of "bonnet"
Yet more like to a Robin's nest upon it!—
The hat that might have added to her grace,
Unto the horrid "Chignon" giving place,

That ugly heap made mostly up of tow,
Enough to caulk the Rideau's biggest scow!
Let Kate be warned in time, else, I'm afraid
She'll live a laughing-stock, and die a maid.

Poor slaves of fashion! let them have their day;
Have we not padded Cupid's bad as they!
Man-milliners who glory in such airs
As make one feel like kicking them in pairs!

* * * * *

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1878.

CAST we a glance where Russian legions are
'Gainst Moslem hosts barbaric waging war,
And Osman, with a pluck that wins applause
E'en from his foes, his sword undaunted draws,
Till, overpowered, he yields in such a way
As makes us almost grieve his star's decay.

What next? That is the question of the hour:
Shall to the Cross at length the Crescent cower?

And Russia be the arm of Heaven strong
To chase the Moslem back to whence he sprung,—
The power beneath whose star of brightening sheen
May happen that in Patmos long foreseen—
A dried Euphrates o'er which Israel may
Turn Zion-ward once more her joyful way?

But, leaving wiser heads to solve my quest,
Let's turn to France, where patriot and priest

Seem fierce-contending who that land shall rule,
And would-be-wise MacMahon acts the fool.
'Tis no slight joy for Freedom's friends to know
His plans all baffled, and his pride laid low,
While France to her Gambetta proudly brings
A loving homage seldom earned by kings.

What of Britannia? Has she really sold
Her proud place 'mong earth's powers through greed of gold?
I fear it much—and yet there is some hope
While she has men like Bright 'gainst knaves to cope;
And thou, too, Gladstone, bravely girding on
Thine armour where fresh laurels may be won;
A war 'gainst Wrong long sheltered 'neath the shield
Of "vested rights," thour't just the man to wield.
Let lordlings, on "class privileges" who stand,
Beware the thunderbolts in thy right hand,
And cease of their just rights to baulk or foil
Their betters far—"the pedigree of toil."

Proudly would I my song link to thy fame,
Thou noblest yet of an illustrious name,
Stanley! who to the sea from its far source
The mighty Congo did so bravely course;
A grand achievement, seeming, all alone,
Enough t' immortalize the year just gone.
Glad would I be to sing of Dufferin bright,
That graceful Ariel, full of life and light,
Who late, on slopes Pacific far away
Like to some grand Aurora in full play,
Aired his rare eloquence in such a mood
As charmed the very "stoic of the wood,"
And leaving those who there would discord brew
Ashamed their tactics further to pursue.
But time forbids that on such topics tempting
I here should dwell, the WHIG alone excepting—
Our own brave WHIG! who, witty, as he's wise,
Ne'er fails "to shoot at folly as it flies."
Armed with the Truth—that true Ithuriel spear—
He crowds within the space of one brief year
Such triumphs as may make us fondly deem
His well-earned fame, like to some noble stream
Ever increasing in its seaward flow,
Shall year by year, from great to greater grow.

* * * * *

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1882.

HARK! 'tis the tolling of the midnight bell:
Old year of scenes eventful, fare thee well!
Despite some ugly wrinkles on thy face,
To us, Canadians, great has been thy grace:—
Barns full to overflowing—that's a fact,—
Hums in abundance by great Tilly tracked,
"Tall chimneys" gladdening the *Mail's* horizon,
The *Globe* vain-asking for a sight of one,—
Blake to applauding thousands by the sea
Airing his eloquence triumphantly,—
Lorne, in the land where bisons breed and browse,
With crowds of red men holding grand pow-wows,—
Wild 'mong the lost tribes finding himself lost,
Yet bound to play the fool at any cost,—
Vennor triumphant in his prophecies,—
Comets in couples racing through our skies,—
Sea serpents of our own, and no mistake,
Found quite convenient down in Rideau lake,—
Breeze and the bard of famed Niagara river
Food for our laughter quite as much as ever,—
Grip's humour too, as you right well may ween,
The *ne plus ultra* it has always been.
These, and much more than I have time to tell,
Are of thy laurels,—some of doubtful smell,
It may be,—still, famed EIGHTY-ONE, farewell.

Alas! that on thy skirts, Old Year, renowned,
The blood of martyred Garfield should be found!
Alas, too, that crazed Russia's noblest Czar
Should, dying as he did, thy record mar!
To right the wrongs endured by any nation
Fiends only could suggest assassination.

The world is moving! See in Cuba's isle
The bondsman casting off his fetters vile;
See, in the East—a sign of glorious hope—
The symbolled Euphrates quick drying up,—
Greece bravely striving to prove hers once more
The patriot spirit of her sons of yore;
In France, Gambetta—Castelar, in Spain
Fast circumscribing bigotry's domain,—
Italy, too, with no unworthy pride,
Mediæval fetters throwing quite aside
Where'er we turn our gaze, the whole earth through,
Dagons long worshipped, prostrate meet our view.
When such Truth's triumphs now, how grand the sight
When the poor pagan feels its fuller might,
And all the earth is filled with Gospel light!

Cast we a glance now on that honoured Isle
Whose flag waves proudly o'er our own fair soil,
And lo, great Gladstone leading still the van
Of patriots toiling for the rights of man!
Disraelian tactics scornful set aside—
The law of righteousness alone his guide,—
That spirit full of Demosthenic fire,
That wond'rous worker whom no task can tire,

That scholar great as any on earth's ball,
That statesman in whose presence kings look small,
That Christian God-fearing above all,—
Small wonder is it that he stands confessed
Of all Britannia's sons the noblest, best!
If all his toils for Erin's good had been
His only claim to honour, well I ween
It were enough to make his much-loved name
Be handed down to everlasting fame.

Here we might aptly throw a brief glance critical
At our own somewhat muddy state political,—
Viewing, much grieved, the mischief and the muss
Created by our "beasts at Ephesus,"—
The loaves and fishes of official life
Too oft the only cause of all their strife,—
But let them at each other tear away,
Kilkenny-cat-like, in the doubtful fray;
To most of us, who are the "Outs" or "Ins"
Is a concern not worth a row of pins,
Believing it a truth as any sure,
That "few of all the ills that men endure
Are those which laws or kings can cause or cure."

* * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES

OF A

Tour through the North of Scotland,

IN 1888-39.

Oct. 23.—At Inverness.—Spent the evening with Mr. MacInnes, a self taught artist of great merit. His only daughter is a pretty little girl. Addressed a complimentary verse to her picture —one painted by her father, and in which she is represented in the attitude of caressing a favourite dog. MacInnes is an enthusiast in his art, and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with.

Oct. 24.—Visited the Moor of Culloden, on my way to Nairn. Grieved to find the graves in which rests the dust of so many heroic spirits, most shamefully desecrated by burrowing tourists. It seemed as if a herd of swine had been lately digging there. The unhallowed spirit of a despicable industry is soon likely to bring under the dominion of the plough the whole field—graves and all! Already has the villainous share found its way to within a few yards of that part of the field where the bonneted heroes made their last dread onset.

Oct. 25.—Manse of Croy. My reverend host, a warm-hearted, hospitable soul; his wife a very superior woman, and an enthusiast in Celtic literature.

Oct. 26.—Visited Kilravock Castle, and also that of Calder, in company with Miss Campbell, their daughter. Calder Burn, exquisitely romantic. According to a tradition very prevalent in the North, Calder Castle is the scene of King Duncan's death. The room where he slept, and where Macbeth slew him, is yet shown to visitors; so is also a curiously concealed small chamber in which the unfortunate Lord Lovat secreted himself for six weeks, during the reign of terror succeeding the battle of Colloden. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry, in which several scriptural characters are curiously and strikingly grouped.

Oct. 28.—At Nairn. Had an interview with Mrs. Grant, of Duthil, a most intelligent, venerable lady—the author of a work on education and also several poetical "flights" in the Ossianic style.

Oct. 30.—Met the Nairnshire poet, William Gordon—the most laughable, self-important, egotistical specimen of the doggerel tribe that ever lived.

November 4.—Attended a little evening party at the house of the Misses Carmichael—three delightful maiden ladies from Strathspey, and inhabiting a large old house, in which, from its being the best in Nairn at the time, Prince Charles slept on the second, and Cumberland on the very night preceding the battle of Culloden. In a fit of Jacobite enthusiasm I proposed, and was cordially welcomed, to sleep in the identical room where Charlie stretched his own royal limbs. True it is that its having also been for a night the lair of the bloodhound that pursued him, deprives it of much of its sacredness, yet what Highlander would not feel a melancholy pride in sleeping where I slept!

Nov. 6.—Met Mr. Priest, gardener at Kinsterrie, the author of several clever poems and songs in the Scottish dialect.

Nov. 8.—Left Nairn for Forres. Village of Auldearn on the way, in the vicinity of which the celebrated *Blar Ault-Eirinn* of our Celtic bards was fought—Montrose and Allister M'Colla, with 1500 men gaining a complete victory over the Covenanting clans, 3000 strong. Of the latter, about one-half the number was slaughtered, while Montrose is said to have lost only twenty men! In the village churchyard are the tombs of many of the principal men who fell on that day. Over one pious tenant of the tomb is erected a dial with a suitable inscription—perhaps the very one that suggested Hugh Miller's beautiful address "To a Dial in a Churchyard." There it indeed stands, "in mockery o'er the dead! the stone that measures time." Three miles further east is the "Har-Moor," where the "Weird Sisters" met Macbeth. Here stands, preserved by the good taste of Lord Murray as a mark and memorial of the scene, a clump of fir trees, the sole remnant left now of a once extensive fir wood lately given to the axe. The road to Forres passes within a gunshot distance of the very spot where that celebrated meeting is said to have taken place. In selling the wood in question, Lord Murray forgot to make an exception as to these trees, and I have been told that it was not till he had paid him three times their value that the scoundrel of a purchaser would consent to spare them. Visited, a little further on, Brodie House, a very interesting mansion. Beautiful suspension bridge over the Findhorn, which I crossed on my way to Forres, where I took up my quarters for the night.

Nov. 9.—Visited Cluny Hills in the vicinity of Forres. On one of these stands Nelson's Tower, built by the spirited people of Forres in commemoration of that naval hero's victories over the French, etc. Most extensive view from it of the surrounding country—the Moray Frith distant from it three miles, with the "Sutors" of Cromarty on the opposite shore, and Ben Wyvis beyond rising in cloudy grandeur to terminate the westward prospect, whilst many other hills of lesser note, from Benvaichard, in

Strathglass, to Morvern, in Caithness, conspire to make the view altogether a magnificent one.

Nov. 15.—Dine with the Macleans of North Cottage—a fine family from my own native county. Gaelic—music—very happy.

Nov. 17.—An excursion up the banks of the Findhorn to Relugais—lately the romantically beautiful property and favourite residence of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who here wrote his "Wolf of Badenoch," and who, by a happy blending of art with nature, left Relugais a scene altogether worthy of fairyland. Immediately below the house the river Devine joins the Findhorn, where they embrace, like lovers in the greenwood, never more to part company till lost in the Moray Frith. Near by are the remains of a vitrified fort. Two miles further up the Devine is seen Dunphail, the seat of Major Cumming-Bruce. Beautiful spot. An old romantic ruin —once a "keep" of great strength, and connected with much that is wild in the traditions of the country—overlooks the river at a few hundred yards distance from the far less picturesque modern mansion, where, after drinking wine with the major, I had the pleasure of being introduced to his wife, a great-granddaughter of Bruce the celebrated traveller. Dine with my kind and hospitable friend, Mr. Simpson, at Outlaw-well.

Nov. 18.—At Forres again. Saw Darnaway Castle on the way. Waited on Lady and Sir William Gordon-Cumming of Altyre; an invitation to dine at Altyre House next Monday, the consequence of the interview.

Sunday 19.—Heard the Rev. Mr. Grant of Forres preach, and dined with him in the evening. Mr. Grant's style is good, fervent, and yet flowery. He is the author of several pretty hymns and other pieces of poetry.

Nov. 20.—Dined and passed the night at Altyre House. Sir William a most humorous man, a strange compound of great good sense and drollery, Lady Cumming magnificent in appearance, supremely accomplished, and even talented—paints beautifully, sings and plays at the piano in the most charming manner. Miss Cumming and her younger sisters all very graceful. Sir William's son, too, dressed in the Highland garb, looks every inch a chief.

Nov. 21.—Accompanied Captain Maclean (North Cottage) to Burgie House, the seat of General Macpherson, the Captain's brother-in-law, and a very worthy man. Partridge shooting—good sport. Dine and pass the night at the General's.

Nov. 22.—Visited a remarkable plane-tree in the General's garden; ascended the old tower in the vicinity—splendid view of land and sea; and, after diverging two miles off the road to have a peep at the ruins of Kinloss Abbey, return in the evening to Forres.

Nov. 23.—Visited the "Sands of Culbin," a bank of that mate-

rial extending to a considerable distance from the mouth of the Findhorn, and covering (as tradition has it) several hundred acres of what was one hundred years ago the best arable land in Morayshire. It was then the property of some "wicked Laird of Culbin," who in one tempestuous night lost both his life and estate in these sands, driven by wind and wave over his head! Dined in the evening at Altyre House, where I had the honour of being introduced to the Hon. Colonel Grant, M.P. for Morayshire, and also his accomplished daughter; Major Cumming-Bruce, his wife and daughter, Mr. Macleod of Dalvey, and other notables, present. Sir William a most genial host, full of life and soul, and making all around him happy. Miss Cumming-Bruce a very delightful girl, an exquisite singer, having the good sense to prefer Scotch and Highland airs to any foreign music.

Nov. 24.—Dined again at Altyre House. Colonel Grant, his wife and daughter, still there.

Nov. 25.—Heard Mr. Stark of the Secession Church, Forres, preach; a most distinguished pulpit orator he is.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Dalvey House. Bonfires all over the country in course of the evening, on account of Brodie of Brodie's marriage. Wrote a song for the occasion at Mr. Macleod's request.

Nov. 30.—Proceeded to Elgin. Magnificent cathedral in ruins; robbed two hundred years ago of the lead on its roof, and otherwise desecrated by the "Wolf of Badenock." The Lossie, a rather sluggish, stream, flows by its walls. Its precincts were for a long time a favourite place of sepulture with the Chiefs of the Clan Gordon and many other once distinguished northern chiefs "of high and warlike name." Elgin's other principal buildings are a huge barn-like church surmounted by a rather elegant dome, an infirmary or hospital, and an educational institution—the two last named being both very handsome structures.

Dec. 2.—Visited, in company with Mr. Brown, editor of the *Elgin Courant*, the Lady's Hill, a little "cnoc" rising immediately behind the town to the west. It was at one time surmounted by a castle, part of the walls of which are still seen. A nunnery once stood close by it. A monumental column in honour of the late Duke of Gordon is intended soon to ornament this little Calton Hill of the north. Dined at Mr. Forsyth's, the bookseller, a brother to Forsyth whose "Travels in Italy" has gone through seven or eight editions, and whose remarks upon the Fine Arts in that country have drawn a high encomium from Lord Byron himself.

Dec. 5.—Dined with Mr. Shearer, late Postmaster-General of the North of Scotland—a worthy hospitable old man. His wife is a very intellectual woman, and must have once been very pretty. She is a daughter of the "Black Captain" of Badenoch, whose death in a snow-storm, when on a hunting excursion, is connected by his

countrymen with so much of the marvellous and mysterious, and by Hogg made the subject of a tale.

Dec. 6.—Read Mr. Brown's "Poetical Ephemeras." Love and friendship almost entirely his themes. Melancholy the prevailing tone of his lyre—a consumptive habit the probable cause of this. His rhymes are always harmonious, yet, being all pitched in the same sombre key, they are to me rather dull reading—a mere "monotony of sweet sounds."

Dec. 16.—Went to hear Mr. Maclaren of the Episcopalian Chapel. He is a good preacher, but a better poet, as several poems which appeared in *Blackwood*, etc., can testify. A great Jacobite, and sings well.

Dec. 17.—Breakfasted with Mr. Maclaren, and went with him afterwards to see one of the only two existing original portraits of Claverhouse. It is, along with another of the great Montrose, in the possession of a maiden lady living in the vicinity of the town.

Dec. 24.—Went six miles to see the Priory of Pluscardine. The devastation made on it by the hand of Time is scarcely more to be regretted than a wretched attempt on the part of its proprietor, Colonel Grant, at something like a renovation, with a view to its becoming a church or *mansion* (I forget which). The effect is to greatly mar the veneration and interest with which we always gaze on real ruins. It was once tenanted by a colony of White Friars, but is now the favourite haunt of a colony of crows. Had an interview with the venerable father of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Leslie, minister of ——. He is ninety-two years old, and yet hearty and hale. He walks to Elgin, a distance of three miles, every other day, and preaches long and loud twice every Sabbath in the year!

Dec. 26.—Bade adieu to Elgin; and, after passing by the castle and lake (or rather *marsh*) of *Swiney*, reached Lossiemouth at night. Fine new harbour—much needed. Speymouth and the woods around Castle Gordon seen in the distance.

Dec. 27.—Set out for Burghead, the most northerly Roman station in Britain. Called at the manse of Drynie, about a mile off; visiting afterwards a field close by it, where, amidst the foundations of what some conjecture to have once been a bishop's palace, and others a fortification, the Rev. Dr. Rose lately discovered a stone coffin and some urns, fragments of both of which were shown me. Three miles further west, on a mound forming at one time an islet in the now drained Lake of Spynie, stand the ruins of the Castle of Duffus. Reached Burghead in the evening. Find it a most shabby-looking village, and determine upon leaving it; not, however, until having a look at the Roman well discovered there, deep hid in earth (or rather sand), about twenty years ago. Till then, the inhabitants of this sterile little promontory must have been very ill

off for water. The well is well worthy of the antiquarian's notice.

Dec. 27, eight o'clock evening.—At Forres again.

Dec. 28.—Left for Grantown, Strathspey, which I reached about 10 P.M., weary enough, and much needing a good glass of "Glenlivet" after so long a walk.

Dec. 29.—Visited the celebrated "Haughs of Cromdale," four miles down upon the east bank of the river Spey. Kindly invited to pass the Sabbath at the manse with Mr. Grant, which I declined doing.

Dec. 30.—Heard Peter Grant, author of the "Dain Spioradail," preach. His discourse most edifying, and wondrously well arranged though delivered *extempore*. His diction and delivery are alike poor, but he is rich in matter, and argues his point with great clearness. Without much mental power, but with a deep religious feeling, and persevering industry to make the most of the little talent given him, he has been enabled to take a deep hold of the minds of his Gaelic-speaking countrymen, both as a poet and a preacher. He is fifty years old, has a numerous family, and lives on the very farm on which his father and grandfather lived before him.

Jan. 1, 1839.—Had an interview with Mrs. Mackay, a granddaughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, lately come from Nairn to Grantown. Here I was presented with a breastpin worn by her mother (Flora's daughter)—a gift which I am proud to possess. Mrs. Mackay is a widow with three daughters, and enjoys a pension from Government of £50 a year. It was procured her through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, when George IV. was at Edinburgh in 1822. There never was a farthing of public money more judiciously bestowed. Mrs. Mackay had been a widow for many years previously; her husband, a respectable shopkeeper in Nairn, having been drowned while bathing, and that in her own sight. It was a brother of hers—a particularly fine young fellow, holding a lieutenant's commission in the army—that Glengarry slew, many years ago, in a duel. The affair arose from a trifling misunderstanding between them at one of the Northern Meeting balls. Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, has set up a sewing and reading school, which is attended by several pretty little girls. She is a very pious, amiable girl, and is the author of several sweet pieces of poetry.

Jan. 2.—I this day received the very highest compliment ever paid me as a minstrel. This was in the shape of a visit from a young lad who came several miles through the snow to see me and solicit a lock of my hair, bringing with him as an offering a copy of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He came three several days upon the same errand, bnt having no one to introduce him, he went home *twice without* having seen me. On the third occasion of his coming

his courage was equal to a self-introduction. Though so young and modest, there seems to be scarcely a poem in the English language that he has not contrived to read and to a very great degree committed to memory.* Having quickly undeceived him as to the awful dignity with which his imagination had invested me, we soon learned to enjoy each other's company immensely.

Jan. 3.—Dined and spent the night with the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Abernethy, a most kind hearted fellow, and author of two or three capital bits of English poetry. A splendid group of hills, amid which *Cairngorm* rises conspicuous, seen from the manse.

Jan. 4.—Proceeded up Speyside to Rothiemurchus. The scenery here charming beyond description, its beauties being chiefly of an Alpine character, with forests of pine and birch spread in the most splendid profusion far over hill and dell. Nature herself is the only planter, and nobly does she accomplish her task! Betwixt the river and the hills that rise sublimely grand to the south and south-east, Loch-an-Eilean sleeps in its mountain cradle. Beautiful it is, with its little castellated islet and its banks thickly studded with pine trees of gigantic stature gazing upon their own dark forms in its ever placid bosom.

Jan. 6.—Left Rothiemurchus, early this morning. Road much blocked by snow. Visited the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, of the Parish of Alvie, on my way further west. Mr. Macdonald has written some pretty fair poetry in his younger days. His manse and church are most picturesquely situated on the banks of a little lake whose name I forget, and close by Kinrara, long a summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon. Seven miles further west is Belleville, the romantic birthplace of Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems. A monument on the north side of the road reminds the traveller that he is on classic ground; and base is he indeed who can pass by it and bless not the memory of the man who had done so much to wrest from oblivion those glorious productions. Two miles further on is Kingussie, where I now write, and from the window of my room can gaze on the Castle of Ruthven, a very picturesque ruin, on the opposite side of the river. It was here that the little hurricane cloud, which in the *'Forty-five* gathered in Glenfinnan and carried distraction and dismay in its course over half the empire, melted at last into "thin air." After the battle of Culloden the muster of scattered clans at the Castle of Ruthven might amount to about 8000. Although in this gathering there was found many a chief whose voice was "still for war," it

* John Grant MacIntosh—afterwards for some time an employé in the *Inverness Courier* office, and more recently an officer of excise—was the lad here alluded to.

was ultimately agreed upon that any further attempt on their part to prolong hostilites would be altogether in vain.

Jan. 8.—Proceeded to Laggan. Snow very deep. A lake on the left hand side ; its scenery about the most romantically beautiful I have ever gazed upon. It was night, but the waste of snow around, with a star here and there peeping through the skirts of the snow-clouds hanging overhead, made it appear less like night than a "day in absence of the sun." It required no small effort to tear myself away from a spot so very bewitching, notwithstanding all that Mrs. Grant has told us of its haunted character. About two miles farther on, on the right, is the seat of Cluny Macpherson, the Chief of that Clan. Two miles still farther on stand the manse and church of Laggan, which I passed, making my way, "weary and worn," to the little inn near to them, on the south side of the river (Spey), where I took up my quarters for the night.

Jan. 9.—Visited the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, by whom I was hospitably received, and much blamed for daring to pass his manse on the preceding night to take up my abode in less comfortable quarters. But a promise to pass a whole week of next summer with him made matters all right. After sufficiently admiring this region of grace and grandeur both, and amid which the gifted Mrs. Grant lived so long and sung so sweetly, I bade farewell to Badenoch ; and after breasting the hill of Drumuachdrach, passed the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn ; very kind landlord. Scenery around wild and dreary beyond description. Close by is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of to-morrow morning for the south, I am determined to visit. In the meantime, however, I shall go and dream of its beauties in bed.

Jan. 10.—It was scarcely dawn this morning when the mail arrived, and I was forced to leave Loch-Errochd unseen. Why should I, or how can I describe my journey to the "Fair City?" It was done in too much hurry, and the snow all along far too deep to admit of my "takin' notes" with any degree of comfort or correctness. Suffice it in the meantime to say that our road lay through scenes of such wonderful beauty as I can scarcely ever expect to see elsewhere. Reached Perth late at night *minus* my portmanteau, which I found to have been taken off the coach during our halt at Dunkeld, likely through a mistake on the part of somebody.

Jan. 11.—Traversed the city. Think it hardly worthy of its flattering title. Its suburbs, however, are sufficiently fair and romantic. The Tay glides, or rather rushes, by it—a majestic flood which, taken all in all, has not its match in Scotland. Waited the arrival of the evening mail, and traced my portmanteau to safe hands. Started about eleven o'clock at night with the mail for Glasgow, where I arrived safely this morning (Jan. 12) at ten o'clock.

ERRATA.

Page 72, line 20 from top, for "fra" read "frae"
" 120, line 1 from top, for the inverted letters read "the spray"
" 179, 3rd last line, for "strand" read "stream"
" 184, 2nd line from top, for "thy" read "thou"
" 247, last line on page, for "the" read "thee"
" 299, 3rd line from foot, for "within" read "without"